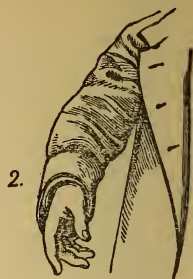




SELECT RECITATIONS, ORATIONS,
AND
DRAMATIC SCENES.

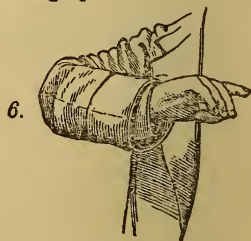
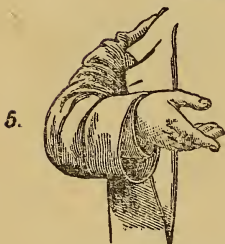
WITH ACTIONS AND EMPHASIS.



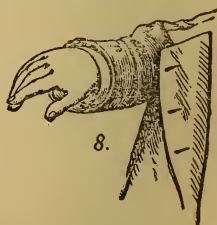
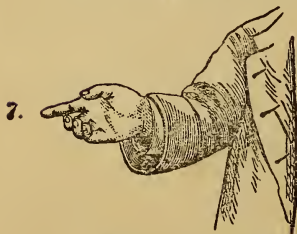
Arm rising—Hand hanging downwards.



Arm falling—Hand pointing upwards.

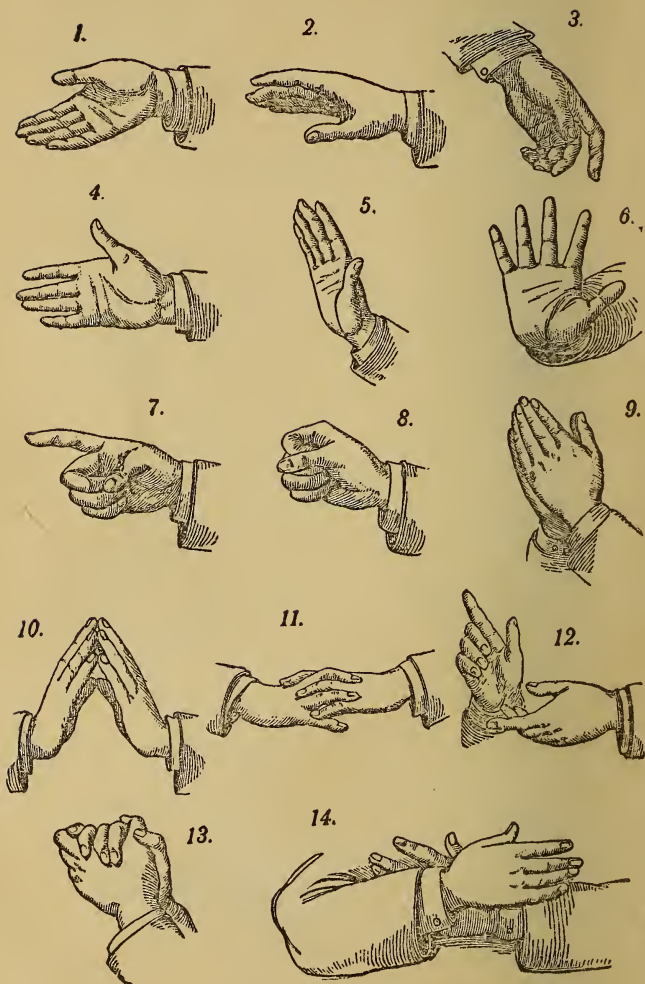


Arm moving outwards—Hand pointing across the body.



Arm moving inwards—Hand pointing outwards.

No. II. HAND POSITIONS.



SELECT
RECITATIONS, ORATIONS,
AND
DRAMATIC SCENES,
WITH
ACTIONS AND EMPHASIS.

AN ELOCUTIONARY MANUAL,
CONTAINING 100 SELECTIONS FROM THE LEADING
POETS, ORATORS, AND DRAMATISTS,
SUPPLIED WITH COPIOUS AND MINUTE DIRECTIONS
FOR THEIR CORRECT, GRACEFUL, AND
IMPRESSIVE DELIVERY.

BY
C. J. BIRBECK,
PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.



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JOSEPH F. WAGNER.
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INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL HINTS ON READING AND RECITING.

THE advantages evolving from the study and practice of elocution even for those who are not destined for the life of a public speaker are too numerous and valuable to be overlooked.

Until quite recently our academies, high schools and colleges did not pay the requisite attention to this essential branch of art. Now, realizing the benefits, physical, useful and ornamental, accruing to the pupil from the study of the above as well as the aid which it furnishes to other kindred studies in the curriculum, a certain allotted time, weekly, is spent in the memorization and recital of prose and poetical selections taken frequently from the standard English and American classics.

Attention is paid more particularly to the proper interpretation of the author's lines. *Emphasis*, which helps to bring so forcibly before the auditor's attention the meaning of the author—*Inflection*, which by the sliding of the voice upward and downward breaks up the monotony of the reading, once so painfully prevalent, and rendering the result agreeable to the ear—the invaluable benefit of *Pauses*—the accuracy and distinctness of *Enunciation* and the proper placing of the *Accent* on words—these form essential adjuncts in the education of every student.

The practice necessary to obtain ease, grace and effectiveness in *posture*, *expression* and *gesture*, in conjunction with an advance toward vocal perfection, tend to make a completeness which all aspiring reciters should wish to attain.

It is frequently asked by the pupil how he should begin the study of a recitation. Our advice is this: having made a choice in accordance with his years and scholastic attainments he should read the same carefully, with concentration of mind from the beginning to the end, in order to gain a comprehensive insight of the author's meaning.

If words be found therein of whose meaning he is doubtful, these should be looked up in the dictionary. Read the selection through once more and *aloud* in a clear, firm voice, attending strictly to the grammatical pauses.

Find out the *emphatic* words in the recurring sentences, as to these is attached the greatest value.

Endeavor to grasp the spirit of the piece and strive to *feel* its full significance.

This preliminary work should be done before committing the words to memory.

The recitation should be learned *Verbatim*; no omissions or interpolations should be made by the pupil without the advice of the teacher or a proper guide. He should study faithfully to perfect the details of his work and a commensurate success will be the reward.

The student in oratorical descriptive and strictly declamatory selections should possess a natural, dignified and impressive carriage; the head gracefully poised, the breast well thrown out, the feet not separated too much, whilst maintaining throughout in his bearing a well-bred and respectful attitude toward the audience.

However, the most perfectly elaborated recitation given under the best possible circumstances—the voice, diction and orthoepical conditions being manifestly cared for, will be greatly marred by the absence of well-regulated and appropriate *ACTION*.

The ancient Greeks thought so much of action, that they spent years in the practice of gesture, posings, expressions and the like.

The lecturer reading from his manuscript, the college essayist giving his well-prepared thoughts, logically arranged and transcribed to paper, will be listened to in many cases with but divided attention or mayhap not at all; and this due to the fact, chiefly, that *action* is wanted and audiences demand it.

The object of this work is to bring before the student the strict mechanism of gesticulation or general action.

The explanations for making of the gestures in the following recitations will be briefly given at the end of the different pieces.

Our object is to make the work as easy and attractive for the pupil as is possible. He frequently forgets the gestures and expressions orally explained by the instructor; or otherwise, in preparing a recitation by his own unaided efforts, he is frequently at a loss *what to do*.

When, finally, ease is acquired through this mechanical practice, grace of action, flexibility and variety of movement will follow.

The mind of the pupil will associate certain gestures and facial expressions with the certain passionate and emotional passages found in the text.

The object of this work is not to make the pupil an automaton, but to aid him over the difficulties which usually beset the path of the young aspirant to recitative fame.

The extracts found in this book have been selected with some care, with attention paid to their fitness and the elevating and entertaining matter contained in them, also their literary worth. Let us hope the one hundred selections contained in this volume may be found available and useful.

C. J. BIRBECK.

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Standard Readings and Recitations with Actions and Emphasis.

Part I. Selections of Poetry.

NOTE.—The words hand plate and arm plate in the footnotes refer to the plates in front of the book, and the numbers to the corresponding gestures illustrated on these plates. Emphasis must be given to the words in *italics* and the pauses marked thus | must be well observed.

1—THE BRAVE FIREMAN.

Eben E. Rexford.

1. ¹*Hark*—through the wild night's darkness
Rings out a *terrible* cry,
And the woman shudders to hear it
In the room up close to the sky;
²*"Fire!"* in accents of terror,
And voices the cry repeat,
And the fire-bells join in the clamour
Out in the stormy street.
2. ³"God grant we are *safe*, my darling,"
She says to the child in her arms,
⁴While the voices far down in the darkness
Add to the bells' alarms;
Then | she thinks of the two little children
⁵Who are sleeping peacefully near,
And ⁶"*God pity the people in danger*,"
She adds, with a thrill of fear.
3. The voices ring *louder* and *shriller*.
⁷She hears the swift tread of feet,
And the sound of engines rumbling
Below in the stormy street.
⁸"It must be the fire is near us."
⁹She listens; | a step on the stair,
¹⁰Then the door is flung wide, and *beyond* it¹¹
She sees the *red flames'* glare.
4. ¹²"Give *me* the child!" cries the fireman.
"There's not a moment to spare;"

LOUD.

FERVENT.

RAPID.

INQUIRY.

QUICK.

The flames like a glittering serpent
Are writhing up the stair.

FIRM.

¹³"No, I will carry my baby."

And then she points to the bed,¹⁴
Where the light from the hall shines brightly
Over a golden head.

5. ¹⁵One little head on the pillow—

One only the fireman sees,
With flossy curls stirring about it,
In the breath of the fiery breeze.

PATHETIC.

¹⁶He lifts the child, while the *other*
Is cuddled away from sight,

¹⁷And *springs* down the stair where the flame-
hounds

Snarl after their prey in its flight.

6. ¹⁸*On, on*, through the fire that leaps round him

As a swimmer breasts the wave,
Scorched, and *blinded*, and *breathless*,
To find escape—or a grave!

QUICK.

LOUD.

On through the fiery whirlpool
Till at last he gains the street;

¹⁹*Thank God!* and lays down his burden²⁰
Safe at the mother's feet.

VERY LOUD. 7. ²¹"*One, only one?*" she cries wildly.

You have left the *other* to die!"

O! the terrible, terrible anguish
That rings in the mother's cry.

"*I will save you, my child, or die with you!*"

And, maddened by love's despair,

²²She puts her babe from her bosom

And *springs*²³ towards the flame-wreathed
stairs.

DECISIVE.

8. ²⁴You shall *not* go," he tells her,
And holds her back from death.

"I left your child—I will save it—
If I can," then, catching his breath²⁵

For the terrible task before him,

He²⁶ leaps up the lurid way.

REVER-
ENTLY.

"God help him!"²⁷ the awed crowd whispers.

"He goes to his death," they say.

9. Moments that seem like ages

Go by, and he comes not back,
The flames leap *higher and higher*,

²⁸The frail walls sway and crack.

PATHETIC.

²⁹"O, my lost little child!" cries the mother,
Forgetting the child at her breast.

In this moment of awful anguish

³⁰She loved the *lost* one best.

10. Up from the crowd,³¹ all breathless

LOUD.

With hope, and doubt, and fear,
Goes a cry,³² "*Thank God, he's coming*

RAPID.

With the child!" and cheer on cheer³³

Rings through the night, blending strangely

With the wind and the wild flames' roar,
As out of the tottering building

³⁴The fireman springs once more.

11. Straight³⁵ to the mother he staggers

With the rescued child, and cries—

SLOW.

"*I | left him, | and I | have | saved him!*"

EX-
HAUSTED.

And the *hero* looks out of his eyes,

³⁶Then he falls at her feet; they crowd round
him,

³⁷And lift his drooping head,

SLOW.

³⁸"*I—saved—the—child!*" he whispers;

SOLEMN.

A gasp, and the HERO IS DEAD.

¹ Hand to ear—advance toward right—expression of expectancy.
² Double gesture of No. 6, plate for hands. ³ Hands crossed as in No. 14 in plate for hands. ⁴ Point downward. ⁵ Point to the left. ⁶ Hands together, No. 9, plate for hand. ⁷ Hand to ear—listening. ⁸ Hands clasped—turning head quickly from side to side. ⁹ Hand near ear—steps to right. ¹⁰ Hands together in front flung quickly apart. ¹¹ Points in front. ¹² Extend both arms. ¹³ Clasp arms over breast. ¹⁴ Points left. ¹⁵ Points left. ¹⁶ Bend forward—use hands in the act of lifting. ¹⁷ No. 6, plate for hands. ¹⁸ Right hand pointing outward and downward. ¹⁹ Clasp hands—No. 13 hand plate. ²⁰ Both hands open pointing to ground. ²¹ Kneel—head thrown back—right arm extended. ²² Rise—extend hands in the act of giving child. ²³ Advance rapidly—arms and hands forward. ²⁴ Extended hands clinched to be drawn back quickly. ²⁵ Left hand clasping throat. ²⁶ Throw upward right hand. ²⁷ Hands together, No. 9 hand plate. ²⁸ Wave hands and arms from side to side. ²⁹ No. 4, arm plate. ³⁰ Repeat same. ³¹ Outward movement, both arms as in No. 5, arm plate. ³² Clasp hands. ³³ Wave right hand over head. ³⁴ Point in front. ³⁵ General action of great fatigue. ³⁶ Both hands inclined downward, palms out. ³⁷ Bend well forward—hands in the action of lifting. ³⁸ Head back—eyes up—hand on chest.

2—DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

*Hester Hunt.*MEDIUM
TIME.

1. You're on the sea of life,¹ boys;
Your ship is stanch and strong;
You're sailing smoothly now, boys,
But storms will come ere long.

CLEAR
TONE.

- ²Then *boldly* furl your sail, boys,
And let the tempest "*rip*";
Stand bravely by the helm, boys,
³And "*Don't give up the ship!*"

LOUD.

FIRM.

2. Though clouds o'ercast the sky,⁴ boys,
The sun is bright behind;
And though the waves roll high, boys,
They'll soon calm down,⁵ you'll find.

PLEASANT.

- ⁶So *always* keep up heart, boys,
With cheerful eye and lip;
And let your watchword e'er, boys,
Be, | ⁷ "*Don't give up the ship!*"

LOUD.

IMPRES-
SIVE.

3. Beyond the raging sea,⁸ boys,
You'll find at last a rest,
If only on your trip, boys,
You always do your best.
There waits for each a crown,⁹ boys;
So take a manly grip;
¹⁰There waits for *all* | eternal life
Who¹¹ "*Don't give up the ship.*"

LOUD.

¹ Right arm and hand extended in front. ² Right arm and hand directed upward. ³ Bring hand down front, very forcibly. ⁴ Both arms and fingers pointing upward and outward. ⁵ Downward movement of depression—fingers loosely extended—palms down. ⁶ Hands as in No. 12 of plate giving hand positions. ⁷ Same as ³. ⁸ No. 2 of plate for hands. ⁹ Arm at right angle; index finger pointing upward. Make circular movement indicative of crown. ¹⁰ Both hands extended widely apart toward audience. ¹¹ Same as ⁸.

3—LET'S TRY TO DO THE RIGHT, BOYS.

W. Townsend.

FULL
VOICE.

1. Let's try to do the *right*, boys,
Be *true men*, come what may;¹
Let's try to do our *duty* well,
For that's the manly way.
For he is brave who does the right,
And *sticks* to what is true:
Then | try to do the right, boys,²
Whatever others do.

STRONG.

2. Let's try to do the right, boys,³
However hard it be.
Let's *bravely* make a noble stand,⁴
And hold on *manfully*.
For he's a *man* that stands his ground,
And does the good he may.
Then | try to do the right, boys,⁵
Whatever others say.

NATURAL.

3. Let's try to do the right, boys,⁶
Try on, through *weal* and *woe*;
Let *nothing* daunt the loyal heart,⁷
Do all the good you know.
For strength shall come as need demands
To help the honest heart:
⁸Then | try to do the right, boys,
And play a true man's part.

EARNEST

4. Let's try to do the right, boys,
Because *it is* the right;⁹
Let's nobly stand by what is true,
And for it *boldly* fight.

For he is true who does his best,
And makes the right his aim.

FORCIBLE.

THEN | TRY TO DO THE RIGHT, BOYS,¹⁰
And win a good man's name.

¹No. 4 plate for hands. ²No. 4 plate for hands. ³No. 1 plate for hands, affirmative gesture. ⁴Bring hand down strongly on the italicized words. ⁵Both hands toward audience. Expression on face candid. ⁶Right hand put forward. ⁷Touch breast. ⁸Both hands toward audience. Head thrown back—step forward with right foot. ⁹Wave upward and downward the index finger on emphatic words. ¹⁰Wave the right hand over head till finish.

4—THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU UP HIGHER.

M. E. Sandford.

MODERATE
TONE.

1. I went last night to the land of dreams,
That *mystic, silent* land,
With mountains high, and crystal¹ streams,
And castles tall and grand.
An *eager, anxious* throng I saw²
Upon a spreading plain,
All rushing on, in earnest haste,³
The self-same goal to gain.

ASTONISH-
MENT.

2. I looked, and, lo! a *ladder* rose⁴
Above the din and strife,
And, looking still, I read these words,⁵
“*This is the scale of life.*”
And now | I watched the surging crowd,
Each struggling, oft in vain,
Upon that crowded lower round¹⁶
A footing to obtain.

3. ⁷Twas strange to see the many | who
One effort forth would put,
And then fall back, content to lie
⁸And grovel at the foot.

But some I saw, whose dauntless will
 No rude repulse could stay—
 Who grew *more strong*, with each defeat,
⁹To push their upward way.

4. A voice that came from lips unseen¹⁰
 Their courage would inspire;
 This seemed the burden of the song—
"There's room for you up higher."
 And springing up, with strength renewed,
 The struggle to endure,
¹¹They *ne'er* gave up, until at length
 They gained a *footing sure*.

EMPHA-
 SIZE.

GRADUAL-
 LY HIGHER.

5. Then,¹² step by step, and round by round,
 They sturdily progressed;
 Each barrier was dashed away
 As *upward* still they pressed.
 And oft, when toil-worn, faint, and weak,
 Then from the unseen choir
 Would come, in chorus *full* and *strong*,
"There's room for you up higher."

CLIMAX.

6. It filled their¹³ souls with courage new,
 And gave them strength to win,
 Until they reached the place they sought,
¹⁴Above the strife and din.
¹⁵The crowd below, who saw them rise,
 Bewailed the adverse fate
 Which held them down | while¹⁶ others rose
 To fill such high estate.
7. It never seemed to dawn on them
 The fault could lie¹⁷ *within*;
 That *bold success* *ne'er* waits on those
 Who have *no will* to win.
 And when, in after waking hours,
 My dream came back to me,

I thought the lesson it conveyed
 Was plain and clear to see.
 For those with¹⁸ spirit *true* and *brave*,
 Who to better things aspire,
IMPRES- ¹⁹*Remember* | that, where'er you stand,
SIVE. ²⁰*There's always room up higher."*

¹ Point upward, then downward. ² Both hands—palms up. ³ Throw both hands forward, letting the fingers fall slightly forward. ⁴ Point upward to the right. ⁵ Moving the head from side to side appearing to look intently. ⁶ Point downward. ⁷ Two hands forward, arms at angle with body. ⁸ Point downward, right hand. ⁹ Elevate right hand obliquely from body. ¹⁰ Attitude of listening—eyes thrown upward. ¹¹ Bring hand to front with force on the word "*ne'er*." ¹² Imitate the ascending movement with left hand, gradually till the end of stanza. ¹³ Both hands laid on breast, fingers slightly apart. ¹⁴ Point upward. ¹⁵ Both hands pointing downward. ¹⁶ Elevate hands. ¹⁷ Hand on breast. ¹⁸ Hand again on breast. ¹⁹ Wave hand in front warningly. ²⁰ Point upward.

5—THE DEATH RIDE.

A TALE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

October 25, 1854.

Westland Marston.

SLOW.

1. We sat *mute* on our chargers, a handful of
 men,
 As the foe's broken columns¹ *swept* on to the
 glen
 Like torn trees when the whirlwind comes;
 Cloven helm and rent banner grew dim to our
 ken,
 And faint was the throb of their drums.

*MEDIUM
 PITCH.*

2. But, no longer pursued,² where the gorge
 opens deep |
 They halt; with their guns they crowd level
 and steep;
 Seems each volley some *monster's breath*,
 Who shows cannon for teeth as he crouches |
 to leap
 From his ambushed cavern of death.

3. ³Their foot *throng* the defile,⁴ they *surge* on
the bank;
Darts a *forest* of lances in front;⁵ o'er each
flank
Peer the muskets, a grisly flock;
They have built their live tower up, rank
upon rank,
⁶And wait, | fixed, | for an army's shock.

SLOW.

4. Far in front of our lines, a dot on the plain,
Mute and moveless we sat till his foam-flecked
rein

At our side gallant Nolan drew.

"They still hold our guns, we must have them
again,"

STRONG.

Was his message—⁷"*Advance, pursue!*"

QUESTION-
ING.

5. ⁸*Pursue* them! What,⁹ charge with our hun-
dreds the foe
Whose massed thousands await us in order
below?

Yes, such were his words. To debate
The command was not ours; we had but to
know,

And, knowing, encounter our fate.

6. We ride our last march; let each¹⁰ crest be
borne high

SOLEMN.

We raise our last cheer;¹¹ let it startle the sky
¹²And the land with one | *brave farewell*,
For soon | *never more* to our voice shall reply
Rock, hollow, fringed river, or dell.

LOUD.

7. ¹³Let our trump ring its *loudest*, in *closest*
array,
Hoof for hoof, let us ride; for the chief who
to-day

Review us—is ¹⁴*Death the victorious*:
Let him look up to *Fame*, as we perish, and
say,

¹⁵"*Enroll them, the fall'n are the glorious!*"

QUICK
TIME.

8. We spur to the gorge; from its channel of ire
¹⁶Livid light bursts like surf, its spray leaps in
 fire;
 As the spars of some vessel stanch,
 Bold hearts crack and fall; we *ne'er*¹⁷ swerve
 nor retire,
 But in mid-tempest we launch.

QUICK.

9. We¹⁸ cleave the smoke billows as wild waves
 the prow;
¹⁹The flash of our sabres gleams straight like
 the glow
 Which a ploughing keel doth break
 From the grim seas around, with light on her
 bow,
 And light in her surging wake.

LOW TONE.

10. We²⁰ dashed *full* on their guns; through the
 flare and the roar
 Stood the gunners bare-armed; *now* | they
 stand there no more,
 The war-throat waits dumb for the ball;
 For those men pale and mazed to the *chine*
 we shore,
²¹And their own cannon's smoke was their
 pall.

QUICK-
AND
LOUD.

11. That done, we're at bay; for the foe with a yell
 Piles his legions around us. Their bayonets
 swell²²
Line on line; we are planted in steel:
 "Good carbine! *trusty blade!* Each shot is
 a knell,
 Each sword-sweep a fate; *they reel!*"

VERY LOUD.

12. ²³One by one fall our men, each girt with his
 slain,
 A death star with belts. *Charge!* we break
 them in vain!
 From the heights their batteries roar,
²⁴The fire sluices *burst*, through that flood, in a
 rain
 Of iron, we strike for the shore.

13. *Thunder* answers to thunder, *bolts* darken the air,²⁵

To *breathe* is to *die*; their funeral glare
The lit hills on our brave ones rolled.

What of that? They had entered the lists
with despair,

²⁶And the lot which they met, they foretold.

QUICK
AND
LOUD.

WITH SYM-
PATHY.

14. Comrade sinks heaped on comrade! A
ghastly band,
That fell tide, when it ebbs, shall leave on the
strand:

Of swimmers who stemmed it that day
A *spent*, *shattered* remnant we struggle to
land

And wish we were even as they.

15. ²⁷O Britain, my country! Thy heart be the
tomb

Of those who for thee rode fearless to doom,
The *sure* doom which they well foreknew!
Though *mad* was the summons, they saw in
the gloom

Duty beckon—and *followed her through*.

16. ²⁸She told *not* of trophies—of medal or star,
Or of glory's sign manual graved in a scar;
Nor how England's coasts would resound
When brothers at *home* | should greet brothers
from *war*,

²⁹As they leaped upon English ground.

17. She told *not* of streets | lined with life up to
heaven,

³⁰One *vast* heart with *one cry* till the welkin is
riven—

³¹“O welcome, ye valiant and tried!”

She told *not* of soft arms that clasp the re-
given,

She only said, “*Die!*”—and they *died*.

PATHETIC.

18. ³²Let *Devotion* henceforth Balaklava own
 No less than Thermopylæ, meet for her throne,
 And *thou*, Britain—*thou* mother bereft—
 By the grief for the sleepers who hear not thy
 moan,
 Count the *worth* of the sons thou hast left.

¹ Sweep gesture with right hand from chest, full outward and hold picture till end of sentence. ² Pointing right. ³ Hands in front. ⁴ Forward movement with hands. ⁵ No. 4 plate for hands; use right and left alternately. ⁶ Hands in front—palms down: attitude of expectancy. ⁷ Commanding sweep of the arm to the right. ⁸ Surprised action—hands elevated with palms outward. ⁹ No. 4 in plate for hands. ¹⁰ Touch side of the head. ¹¹ Point upward. ¹² Double gesture—hands apart. ¹³ Bring the hand from the mouth outward. ¹⁴ Point to the ground. ¹⁵ Look up, stand erect. ¹⁶ Both palms together—then throw the hands as far apart as possible. ¹⁷ Bring right hand quickly down before you from forehead till arm forms an obtuse angle. ¹⁸ Shoot forward quickly right hand. ¹⁹ Turn arm and hand in air, imitating sword practice. ²⁰ Step forward, arm elevated in advance. ²¹ Spread out hands in front, palms down. ²² Point in front. ²³ Indicate with finger the several places. ²⁴ Throw up both hands wildly. ²⁵ Point up quickly. ²⁶ Hands clasped in despair. ²⁷ Hands extended outward and upward—attitude of appealing. ²⁸ Right hand extended. ²⁹ Both hands suddenly thrown carelessly forward. ³⁰ Hand on breast. ³¹ Arms forward—advance on one foot—chest out. Keep position till finish of stanza. ³² Right hand forward—heroic posture till end.

6—THE WILL AND THE WAY.

John G. Saxe.

NARRA-
TIVE
STYLE.

1. It was a noble Roman,
 In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker,
 Before the battle, say:
¹"They're *safe* in such a fortress,
 There is no way to shake it——"
²"*On! on!*" exclaimed the hero,
 I'll *find* a way, or *make* it!"

INTERROG-
ATIVE.

2. ³Is *fame* your aspiration?
 Her path is *steep* and *high*,
⁴In *vain* he seeks the temple,
 Content to gaze and sigh!

The shining throne is waiting,
 But *he alone* can take it
 Who says, with Roman firmness,
⁵"I'll *find* a way, or *make* it."

VIGOROUS.

3. ⁶Is *learning* your ambition?
 There is no royal road;
 Alike the peer and peasant
 Must *climb* to her abode;
⁷Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
 In Helicon may slack it,
 If he has still the Roman will
⁸To "*find* a way, or *make* it!"

4. ⁹Are *riches* worth the getting?
 They must be *bravely* sought;
¹⁰With wishing and with fretting
 The boon that can be bought;
 To all the prize is open,
 But only he can take it
 Who says, with Roman courage,
¹¹"I'll *find* a way, or *make* it!"

DECISIVE.

VIGOROUS.

¹ Pointing to the front. ² Sweep hand from breast to the right majestically. ³ No. 4, plate for hands. ⁴ No. 4, plate for arms. ⁵ Bring hand down in front with vigor on emphatic words. ⁶ No. 12 in plate for hands. ⁷ Elevate hand in front—first finger pointing upward. ⁸ Same as ⁵. ⁹ Double gesture as in No. 5 of plate for arms. ¹⁰ Throw the hands carelessly and loosely outward. ¹¹ Same as ⁵.

7—THE LESSON OF THE MILL.

QUIETLY.

1. Listen¹ | to the water-mill | all the live-long day,
How the clicking of the wheel wears the hours away;
Languidly | the autumn² wind sheds the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing, binding³ up the sheaves;
And a *proverb*⁴ haunts my mind | as a spell that's cast:
"The⁵ mill | will *never* grind | with the water that is past."

NATU-
RALLY.

2. Autumn winds revive *no more*⁶ leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle *cannot* reap corn once gathered—
And the rippling stream⁷ flows on, *tranquil, deep and still,*
Never gliding back again | to that water-mill;
⁸*Truly* speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast:
⁹"The mill | will *never* grind | with the water that is past."

DIDACTIC.

3. Take this¹⁰ lesson to yourselves, loving hearts and true,
Golden years are¹¹ fleeting by, | *youth* is passing too;
Learn to walk the road of life,¹² *lose no* happy day—
Time can *never* bring thee back | chances swept away.
Leave *no* tender word unsaid; love¹³ while love may last;
¹⁴"The mill | will *never* grind | with the water that is past."

4. Work¹⁵ | while yet the daylight shines, men of
strength and will,
Never doth the streamlet glide useless | by the
mill:

EARNEST.

¹⁶Wait *not* till to-morrow's sun beams upon
thy way—

All that thou canst call *thine own* | lies in the
to-day;

¹⁷*Power, intellect, and health* cannot *always*
last;

“The mill | will never grind | with the water
that is past.”

5. ¹⁸O | the *wasted* hours of life that have drifted
by,

SOLEMN.

And the *good* we might have done | *lost* with-
out a sigh;

Loss | that we might once have saved by a
single word—

Thoughts¹⁹ conceived but never penned,
perishing unheard;

Take this motto to thine heart²⁰—*take* and
hold it fast;

“The mill will *never* grind with water that
is past.”

¹ Right hand extended in front. ² Bring hand downward toward ground. ³ Action with both hands one over the other—circular movement. ⁴ Place finger on forehead. ⁵ Point to right. ⁶ Point to ground. ⁷ Sweeping downward gesture of the hand from center to the right. ⁸ No. 7 hand plate. ⁹ Repeat ⁵ ¹⁰ Right hand out—palm up. ¹¹ Gracefully turn hand to the right. ¹² Hand in front—admonishing. ¹³ Open hand on breast. ¹⁴ Repeat ⁵. ¹⁵ No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁶ Wave hand slight to right—wrist movement—palm down. ¹⁷ Move hand in front, having palm upward—bring it slightly down on the emphatic words. ¹⁸ Tips of both hands touching in front of breast. ¹⁹ Indicate forehead with finger. ²⁰ Arms and hands in front. Position of earnestness—hold it till finish.

8—CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*DESCRIP-
TIVE.

1. England's¹ sun was slowly setting o'er the
hill so far away,
²Filling all the land with beauty, at the close
of *one sad* day.
And his last rays kissed the forehead of a
man, and maiden fair,
³*He* | with step so slow and weary,⁴ *she* | with
sunny floating hair;
⁵*He* | with bowed head, *sad* and *thoughtful*, she
with lips so cold and white,
Struggling⁶ to keep back the murmur, "CUR-
FEW *must not ring to-night.*"

LOW.

2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, point-
ing⁷ to the prison old,
With its walls so *dark* and *gloomy*, walls so
dark, and damp, and cold,—
"I've a *lover* in that prison, doomed this very
night to die
At the *ringing* of the *curfew*, and *no earthly*
help is nigh—
Cromwell will not come till sunset," | and her
face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "CURFEW
*must*⁸ *not ring to-night.*"

STAGE
WHISPER.SLOW AND
FIRM.

3. "Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,
⁹"Long, *long* years I've rung the curfew from
that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
twilight hour.
I have done my duty *ever*, | tried to do it *just*
and *right*,
Now I'm old—I will *not* miss it; girl! the
curfew¹⁰ *rings to-night.*"

INCREASED
TONE.

4. *Wild* her eyes,¹¹ and *pale* her features, *stern*
and white her thoughtful brow,
And | within her heart's deep centre Bessie
made a *solemn vow*;
¹²And her breath came fast and faster, and her
eyes grew large and bright,
INTENSE. One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "*Curfew*
must not ring to-night."

HURRIED.

5. She | with light steps¹³ bounded forward,
sprang within the old church door,
¹⁴Left the old man, coming slowly, paths he'd
trod so oft before.
Not one moment paused the maiden; but with
cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the
bell¹⁵ swung to and fro;
¹⁶Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark—
without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "*Curfew*
shall not ring to-night."

OROTUND.

6. She has reached¹⁷ the topmost ladder; o'er
her hangs the great, dark bell,
And the¹⁸ awful gloom beneath her—*like the*
pathway down to hell—
¹⁹*See!* the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis
the hour of curfew—*Now!*
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped
her breath, and paled her brow;
Shall she *let* it ring?²⁰ *No, never!* her eyes
flash with sudden light,
'As she springs,²¹ and grasps it firmly, "*Cur-*
few shall not ring to-night."

LOUD.

7. ²²Out she swung—*far out*—the city seemed a
tiny speck below,
There, | 'twixt heaven and earth suspended,
as the bell swung to and fro;
'And the²³ half-deaf sexton, ringing—years he
had not heard the bell—

NARRA-
TIVE
STYLE.

Thought the twilight curfew | rang young
Basil's funeral knell.

8. O'er the²⁴ distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie
saw him, and her brow
Lately white with sickening horror, glows
with sudden beauty now:
²⁵At his feet she told her story; he saw her
hands²⁶ all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so *haggard*, with
a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his
eyes with misty light—
²⁷"Go—your lover lives," said Cromwell; "cur-
few shall not ring to-night."

FULL SUS-
TAINED
VOICE.

9. ²⁸*Wide* | they flung the massive portal, led the
prisoner forth to die,
All his bright young life before him—'neath
the dark'ning English sky.
Bessie comes with flying footsteps²⁹—eyes
aglow with love-light sweet—
³⁰Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his
pardon at his feet.
10. In his *strong, brave* arms he³¹ clasped her, |
kissed the face upturned and white;
Whispered, "Darling, *you* have saved me,
curfew did NOT ring to-night."

¹ Point left—gradually drop the arm. ² Double gesture No. 5 arm plate. ³ Point to right. ⁴ Point to left. ⁵ Incline the head. ⁶ Hand quietly laid on lower part of neck. ⁷ Gesture to the right and retain it for four lines. ⁸ Hands clasped nervously. ⁹ Fingers directed up to the right. ¹⁰ Close the hand and bring it down with energy. ¹¹ Show great excitement in look and manner. ¹² Both hands pressed tightly over heart—body bent slightly forward. ¹³ Advance quickly—point to right. ¹⁴ Pointing left. ¹⁵ Sway the arm and hand gently from right to left and back again. ¹⁶ Imitate the action of climbing. ¹⁷ Arm and hand perpendicular. ¹⁸ Look downward horrified—hands extended—fingers separated. ¹⁹ Point to bell, great excitement. ²⁰ Bring hand down emphatically. ²¹ Reach forward—advance, bring both hands together, as if clutching bell. ²² Swing the arm widely. ²³ Touch the ear. ²⁴ Point to left. ²⁵ Both hands extended toward ground, palms out—breast out—head back—right foot advanced. ²⁶ Break the picture—show hands and turn them. ²⁷ No. 8, plate for arms. ²⁸ Open widely both arms. ²⁹ Point toward face. ³⁰ Points down. ³¹ Fold arms across breast—hold till the end.

9—THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

1. Weary,¹ and wounded and worn,
 Wounded, and ready to die,
SLOW. A soldier they left, all alone and forlorn,
 On the field of the battle | to lie.
 ²The dead and the dying | alone
QUIET. Could their presence and pity afford;
 Whilst,³ with a *sad* and *terrible* tone,
 He sang the song of the sword.

LOW.
SLIGHT
MONOTONE.

2. ⁴*Fight—fight—fight!*
 Though a *thousand* fathers die;
 Fight—fight—fight!
 Though thousands of children cry;
 Fight—fight—fight!
 Whilst mothers and wives lament;⁵
 And fight—fight—fight!
 Whilst millions of money are spent.

3. ⁶*Fight—fight—fight!*
 Should the cause be foul or fair;
 ⁷Though *all* that's gained is an *empty name*
 And a *tax* too great to bear:
 An empty name and a paltry fame,
 ⁸And thousands lying *dead*;
 Whilst every glorious victory
 Must raise the price of bread.

INCREASED
tone.

4. ⁹*War—war—war!*
 Fire, and famine, and sword;
 ¹⁰Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
 And thousands scattered abroad,
 With never a home and never a shed;
 Whilst kingdoms | perish and fall,
 ¹¹And hundreds of thousands are lying dead,
 And all for¹² *nothing at all.*

PAUSE.

5. ¹³*War—war—war!*

Musket, and powder, and ball:

INTERROG-
ATIVE.¹⁴Ah! | what do we fight so for?

Ah! why have we battles at all?

'Tis *justice* must be done, they say,The nation's *honor* to keep;REGRET-
FUL.¹⁵Alas! | that justice is *so dear*,And human life *so cheap*.6. ¹⁶*War—war—war!*

Misery, murder and crime,

LOW TONE.

Are all the blessings | I've seen in thee

From my youth | to the present time;

¹⁷Misery, murder and crime—

Crime, misery, murder, and woe:

¹⁸Ah! | would I had known in my younger daysA *tenth* of what *now* I know!7. ¹⁹Ah! had I but known in my happier days,

In my hours of boyish glee,

INFLEC-
TIONA *tenth* of the horrors and crime of war—A *tithe* of its misery!²⁰I now | had been joining a happy band

Of wife and children dear,

'And I had lived | in my native land,

Instead of *dying* here.8. 'And many a long,²¹ *long* day of woe,

And sleepless nights untold,

SLOW.

And drenching rain, and drifting snow,

And weariness, famine and cold;

SORROW-
FUL.'And²² worn-out limbs, and aching heart,And *grief too great* to tell,²³And *bleeding wound*, and piercing smart,

Had I escaped full well.

9. Weary,²⁴ wounded, and worn,

Wounded, and ready to die,

'A soldier they left²⁵ *all alone* and *forlorn*,

On the field of the battle to lie.

MUCH
FEELING.

The dead and the dying alone
 Could their presence and pity afford;
 Whilst thus, with a sad and a terrible tone,
 (O, would that *these truths* were more perfectly²⁶ known!)
 He sang | the song | of the sword.²⁷

SLOW.

¹ No. 1, hand plate—hold gesture for four lines. ² Indicate several places. ³ No. 1, hand plate—with emphasis. ⁴ Left hand pressed against side, right hand on forehead. ⁵ Drop right hand. ⁶ Same as ⁴. ⁷ Hands interlaced as in No. 11, hand plate. ⁸ No. 2, arm plate. ⁹ Both hands clasping each side of head—look upward. ¹⁰ Both arms as in No. 1, plate for arms—then extend arms to either side fully. ¹¹ Use open gesture both arms. ¹² Drop them. ¹³ Same as ⁹. ¹⁴ Shake the head gravely. ¹⁵ Clasp hands fervently. ¹⁶ Same as ⁹. ¹⁷ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁸ Nod the head slowly and repeatedly till end of sentence. ¹⁹ Arms folded on breast—head down—eyes toward audience. ²⁰ Raise the head—extend right hand—left palm pressed to side. ²¹ No. 9, hand plate. ²² Touch legs—breast. ²³ Left hand pressed to side. ²⁴ General exhaustion. ²⁵ Bring hands together as in prayer. ²⁶ Slowly shake the head. ²⁸ Hands toward audience.

10—THE SPANISH MOTHER.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

MODERATE
TONE.

The German and the Englishman | were each |
 an open foe.
 And open hatred hurled¹ us back from Russia's
 blinding snow;
 Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires un-
 quenched, remain
 The *dreadful deeds* | wrung forth by war | from
 the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village² in the hills, as *silent* as a dream,
³Nought stirring | but the summer sound of a
 merry mountain stream;

⁴The evening star just smiled from heaven, with
its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods | were still and calm, be-
neath the deepening sky.

SLIGHTLY
INCREASED
FORCE.

But | in that place, self-sacrificed,⁵ nor man nor
beast we found,

⁶Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn
upon the ground;

Each roofless hut was *black with smoke*,
wrenched⁷ up each trailing vine,

⁸Each path was *foul* with mangled meat, and
floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and
burning way,

And when such welcoming we met after that toil-
some day,

The pulses in our maddened breasts | were hu-
man hearts no more,

STRONG.

But, like the spirit of a wolf,¹⁰ *hot on the scent
of gore.*

¹¹We lighted on one dying man, | they *slew* him
where he lay,

His wife,¹² close clinging, from the corpse they¹³
tore and wrenched away;

They *thundered* in her widowed ears, with
frowns and cursings grim,

LOUD.

¹⁴"*Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear
thee limb from limb.*"

The woman, shaking off his blood, rose raven-
haired and tall,¹⁵

And our stern glances | quailed before one
sterner far than all;

"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I
meant them for the *dead*,¹⁶

IMPRESS-
IVE.

But ye¹⁷ are *living still*, and so—let them be
yours instead."

SURPRISE.

The food was brought, the wine was brought,
 out of a secret place,
 But | each¹⁸ one paused *aghast*, and looked into
 his neighbor's face;
 Her haughty step and settled brow,¹⁹ and chill
 indifferent mien,
 Suited so strangely with the *gloom* and *grim-*
ness of the scene;

²⁰She glided here, she glided there, before our
 wondering eyes,
 Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sor-
 row, nor surprise;
 At every step from²¹ *soul* to *soul* a nameless
 horror ran,
 And made us pale and silent as that²² silent
 murdered man.

²³She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a
 slumber sweet;
 Calmly the bright blood on the floor | *crawled*
red around our feet;
 On placid fruits and bread | lay soft the shadows
 of the wine,
 And we like *marble statues* glared—a chill un-
 moving line,

HORROR.

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by
 without a breath,

²⁴A company of living things | where all was
 still—but *death*—²⁵

²⁶My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there |
 unnerved | I stood
 And watched the only thing that stirred—the
rippling of the blood.

LOUD.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it
 broke the solemn spell,
 And human fear displacing awe | upon our
 spirits fell—

"Ho! *slayers of the sinewless, ho! trampers of the weak!*

²⁷What! shrink ye from the *ghastly meats* | and
life-bought wine ye seek?—

"*Feed* and²⁸ *begone*, I wish to weep—I bring
you out my store,
Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be
seen no more.

²⁹*Poison?* is that your craven fear?" she³⁰ snatched
a goblet up,
And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to
drain the cup—

SARCASM.

But our fierce leader³¹ grasped her wrist, "No!
woman, no!" he said,

"A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it
your child instead."³²

She only smiled a bitter smile,—“Frenchman,
I do *not* shrink,
As pledge of my fidelity—behold the *infant*
drink.”³³

³⁴He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning
the *inmost soul*,

But her chill fingers trembled not | as she re-
turned the bowl.

And we,³⁵ with lightsome hardihood dismissing
idle care,

Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our
dainty fare.

³⁶The laugh was *loud* around the board, the jesting
wild and light—

But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank
no wine that night;

I just had filled a single cup, when through my
very brain³⁷

Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an *in-*
fant's cry of pain—

³⁸Through all that heat of revelry, through all
that boisterous cheer,
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a
frozen spear:

VERY LOUD.

“Ay,” shrieked the woman, darting up, “I pray
you trust again
A widow’s hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.”

“Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God
HIMSELF I swore
To treat you | as you treated³⁹ *him*—that body
on the floor.

CONTINUED
FORCE.

⁴¹Yon secret place *I* filled, to feel, that if ye did
not spare,
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready
hidden there.

“A mother’s love is deep, no doubt, ye did not
phrase it ill,
⁴²But in your *hunger*, ye forgot that *hate*⁴³ is
deeper still.
The SPANISH woman speaks for SPAIN, for her
butchered love | the wife—
To tell you, that an *hour*⁴⁴ is all *my* vintage
leaves of life.”

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair
put on,
Nor count the crowded brave | who sleep under a
single stone;
I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour
went by,
⁴⁵I saw the *murderess* | beneath the self-
avengers die;—

But | though | upon her wrenched limbs they
leapt⁴⁶ like beasts of prey,
And with fierce hands | as madmen | tore the
quivering life away,

⁴⁷*Triumphant hate, and joyous scorn, without a
trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that
haughty eye of Spain.*

¹ Inward movement of arms. No. 7 arm plate. ² Indicate with right hand. ³ Two hands extended—palms down. ⁴ Point upward. ⁵ Wave right hand from breast palm down. ⁶ Gesture upward to right. ⁷ Action of pulling from ground. ⁸ Double gesture No. 2, arm plate. ⁹ Open hand on breast. ¹⁰ Bring hand forward. No. 6 hand plate. ¹¹ Point downward. ¹² Arms well out and down—bend forward. ¹³ Close extended hand, draw back quickly. ¹⁴ Shake clinched hand threateningly. ¹⁵ Stand erect. ¹⁶ Points downward. ¹⁷ Place hand in front. ¹⁸ No. 6 hand plate—turn head from side to side. ¹⁹ Show by bearing her majestic mien. ²⁰ Point to several places. ²¹ Open hand on breast. ²² Point downward. ²³ Stand perfectly still—hands crossed in front, down—amazement. ²⁴ Both hands in front. ²⁵ Slowly point downward. ²⁶ Both hands on head. ²⁷ Right hand well out. ²⁸ Turn palm down—sweep hand to right. ²⁹ No. 6 hand plate, both hands. ³⁰ Action of lifting cup. ³¹ Action of grasping wrist. ³² Loosen grasp. ³³ Bend forward—pretend to hold cup to infant's lips. ³⁴ Arms folded—look attentively to the side. ³⁵ Double gesture to the front, careless in manner and expression. ³⁶ Swing arms carelessly about. ³⁷ Touch right side of forehead. ³⁸ Touch breast. ³⁹ Shake index finger violently. ⁴⁰ Point to the dead. ⁴¹ Point to the right. ⁴² Hand on breast. ⁴³ Shake closed hand. ⁴⁴ Bring hand down quickly. ⁴⁵ No. 2 arm plate—one hand. ⁴⁶ Send both hands from forehead outward. ⁴⁷ No. 6 hand plate—keep this till the end.

11—THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

E. Nesbitt.

DESCRIP-
TIVE.

¹In midst of wide green pasture lands, cut
through
By lines of alders | bordering deep-banked
streams,
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,
And rest, and peace, and all the flower of
dreams,
The abbey stood:—so still, it seemed a part²
Of the marsh country's almost pulseless heart

And all the villages and hamlets near
Knew the monk's wealth, and *how*³ that
wealth was spent.

⁴In *tribulation, sickness, want, or fear*,
First to the abbey all the peasants went,
Certain to find a *welcome*, and to be
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

The monks | in such good works were always
glad,

Yet | all men must have sorrows of their own,
And so a ⁵*bitter* grief the good monks had,
And mourned for others' heaviness alone.

⁶*This* was the secret of their sorrowing,

⁷That not a monk in the house *could sing*.

⁸Was it the damp air from the lovely marsh,
Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,

INTERROG-
ATIVE
TONE.

That made their⁹ voices, when they sang, as
*harsh*¹⁰

As any frog's that croaks in evening air;
That *marred* the chapel's peace, and seemed to
scare

¹¹The rapt devotion lingering in the air?

And all their prayers and fasts availing not
To give them *voices sweet* (their soul's de-
sire),¹²

The abbot said, "Gifts *He*¹³ did not allot—

God at our hands will not again require.

The love He gives us He will ask again

In love to HIM and to our fellow-men.

SLOW.

REVERENT
TONE.

¹⁴"Praise Him we *must*, | and since we cannot
praise

As we would *choose*, we praise Him as we *can*.

¹⁵In heav'n | we shall be taught the angels' ways

Of singing—we afford to wait a span.

In singing and in toil *do ye your best*,¹⁶

God will adjust the balance—do the rest."

But | ¹⁷one good brother, anxious to remove

This, the reproach now laid on them so long,

¹⁸*Rejected counsel* and for very love

Besought a monk skilled in the art of song

To come to them—his cloister far to leave,

¹⁹And sing MAGNIFICAT on *Christmas Eve*.

BRISK.

BRIGHT.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,
²⁰By two and two slow pacing to the choir,
 Shrined in his dark oak stall | the strange
 monk's face,²¹

Shone with a light as of devotion's fire.
 Good, young, and fair, his seemed a form
 wherein
 Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

LIGHT AND
FLOWING.

And when the time for singing it had come,
 Magnificat!²²—face raised and voice he sang:
 Each in his stall the monks stood glad and
 dumb,

As through the chancel's dusk his voice out-
 rang²³
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing
 Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

And as the voice rose higher and more sweet,
 The abbot said,²⁴ "Lord, hast Thou heard us
 grieve,

And sent an *angel* from beside Thy feet
 To sing *Magnificat* on *Christmas Eve*;
 To ease our ache of soul and let us see
 How we some day shall sing in heav'n to Thee?"

AMAZE-
MENT.

That night the abbot, lying on his bed,
²⁵A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,
 Poured from the crucifix above his head,
 And cast a stream of light across his cell,
 Where, in the fullest fervor of the light
²⁶An *angel stood, glittering and great and white.*

LOW.

The angel spoke; his voice was low and sweet
 As the sea's murmur on the low-lying shore,
²⁷Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:
 "Brother," he said, "the God we both adore
 Has sent me down to ask—Is all not right?
Why was Magnificat not sung to-night?"

CHANGE
OF TONE.

²⁸Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought
 The abbot answered, "All these weary years
 We have sung *our best*, but always have we
 thought,
 Our voices were unworthy heav'nly ears.
 And so, to-night, we found a clearer tongue,
 And by *it* the Magnificat was sung."

The angel answered, "All these happy years
²⁹In heav'n | has your Magnificat been heard;
 THIS *night alone* the angels listening ears
 Of all its music | caught no³⁰ single word.
 Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong
 Enough | to bear the burden of this song?"

The abbot named his name; "Ah! why," he
 cried,
 "Have angels heard not what we found so
 dear?"
³¹"Only *pure* hearts," the angel's voice replied,
 "Can carry human songs up to His ear;³²
 To-night | in heav'n | was missed the *sweetest*
 praise
 That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

³³"The monk who sang Magnificat | is filled
 With lust of praise and with hypocrisy;
³⁴He sings for earth | in³⁵ heav'n | his notes are
 stilled
 By muffling weight of dead'ning vanity;
³⁶His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear
 His singing higher than the listening air.

MORAL.

"From³⁷ *purest* hearts most perfect music
 springs,
 And while *you* mourned your voices were not
 sweet,—
 Marred by the accident of earthly things,—

GRAVITY.

³⁸In heav'n, | God list'ning, | judged your song
complete;
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,
³⁹The *music* of a *noble life* and *true*."

¹No. 8 arm plate. ²Arms horizontal—palms down. ³Turn palms up. ⁴Move hands upward and downward on the four emphatic words. ⁵Both hands No. 3 arm plate. ⁶Point first finger toward front. ⁷Shake finger in each word of the line. ⁸Wave open both arms, No. 5 arm plate. ⁹Hand on throat. ¹⁰Bring hand down to front. ¹¹Both hands up—look around. ¹²Touch left breast. ¹³No. 4 arm plate. ¹⁴Both hands extended and apart. ¹⁵Point upward. ¹⁶No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁷No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁸Turn hand and wave it to right. ¹⁹No. 1 hand plate. ²⁰Indicate by hand a gradual forward movement. ²¹Touch face then send hand gracefully forward. ²²Throw head backward—eyes up. ²³Two arms extended upward. ²⁴Attitude of devotion, No. 10 hand plate. ²⁵Fingers touching in front of face then slowly separate hands far apart—move and look around. ²⁶Point in front—as. ²⁷Touch lips. ²⁸Arms crossed on breast. ²⁹Point upward. ³⁰No. 1 hand plate. ³¹Hand on left breast. ³²Point upward. ³³No. 2 hand plate. ³⁴Turn hand and point finger toward earth. ³⁵No. 4 arm plate. ³⁶Send hand gently to breast. ³⁷Keep hand on breast. ³⁸Point up. ³⁹Clasp hands—eyes up.

12—THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

F. H. Gassaway.

QUICK.

South Mountain¹ towering on our right;
Far off the river lay;²
And over on the wooded height³
We held their lines at bay.

NATURAL.

At last | the muttering guns were still,
The day died slow and wan;
And while the gunners filled⁴ their pipes
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, | as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
⁵A *little maiden stood*.

⁶A tiny tot of six or seven,
 From fireside *fresh* she seemed.
 (Of such a little one in heaven
 One soldier often dreamed.)

And, | as we stared, her little hand⁷
 Went to her curly head
 In grave salute. "And who are *you*?"
 At length the sergeant said.

GRUFF
 TONES.

CHILD'S
 TONE.

"And where's your *home*?" he growled again.
 She lisped out, "*Who is me?*"⁸
⁹Why, don't you know? I'm *little JANE*,
 The pride of Battery B.

UPWARD
 INFLEC-
 TION.

¹⁰"*My home?* Why, that was burned away,
 And pa and ma are dead;
 And so I ride the guns all day
 Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a *drum*¹¹ that's not a toy,
¹²A cap with feathers, too;
 And I¹³ march beside the drummer-boy
 On Sundays at review.

SORROW-
 FUL.

¹⁴"But now | our 'bacca's all give out,
 The men can't have their smoke,
 And so they're cross; why, even *Ned*
 Won't play with me and joke.

"And the¹⁵ big colonel said to-day—
 I *hate* to hear him *swear*—
 He'd give¹⁶ a *leg* for a good pipe
 Like the Yank had¹⁷ over there.

¹⁸"And so | I thought, when beat the drums,
 And the big guns were still,
¹⁹I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
 Out here across the hill,

“And beg,²⁰ *good Mister Yankee men,*
 You’d give me some ‘Lone Jack.’
PLEADING. ²¹Please do. When we get some again,
 I’ll surely bring it back.

“Indeed I will; for Ned, says he—
 ‘If I do what I say,
 I’ll be a *general* yet, maybe,
²²And ride a prancing bay.’”

LIGHT.
 We brimmed²³ her tiny apron o’er.
 You should have heard her laugh,
 As each man from his scanty store
 Shook out a generous half.

CHANGE VOICE.
 To kiss the little mouth | stooped down²⁴
 A score of grimy men,
 Until the sergeant’s husky voice
 Said, ²⁵“*Tention, squad!*” and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
 The pretty waif we bid,
 And watched her | toddle out of sight—²⁶
 Or else | ’twas *tears* that hid

The tiny form; nor turned about
 A man, nor spoke a word,
 Till, after a while, a far hoarse shout
 Upon the wind we heard.

SYMPATHY.
²⁷We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
²⁸Upon the scene around.
 A *baby’s* hand had touched the ties
 That *brothers* once had bound.

²⁹That’s all—save | when the dawn awoke
 Again the work of hell,
 And through the sullen clouds of smoke
³⁰The screaming missiles fell,

Our general | often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see

PRO-
NOUNCED.

³¹Not a *single shell* that whole day | fell
IN the CAMP of BATTERY B.

¹ Point right. ² Point left. ³ Point center. ⁴ Show action of filling pipe. ⁵ Point in front. ⁶ Hand out showing her size. ⁷ Military salute. ⁸ Fingers of both hands touching breast. ⁹ General surprise. ¹⁰ Pulling apron or dress. ¹¹ Bring both hands to side show action of drumming. ¹² Touch side of head. ¹³ Mark time till end of following line. ¹⁴ Clasp hands—sorrowfully—head on side. ¹⁵ Fingers open in front of face and waving. ¹⁶ Strike leg. ¹⁷ Point center. ¹⁸ Right hand under jaw—left hand supporting elbow of right arm—nodding head. ¹⁹ Make snake-like movement with right hand. ²⁰ Clasp hands. ²¹ Same gesture—advance—pleading. ²² As if holding bridle of horse—toss the head. ²³ As if shaking out tobacco from bag. ²⁴ Bend forward—arms out. ²⁵ Stand erect—arms by the side. ²⁶ Point to front. ²⁷ Wave the hand from the mouth outward. ²⁸ Look from side to side. ²⁹ Carelessly throw hands forward and drop them. ³⁰ Point upward—drop hands. ³¹ Two hands, No. 1 hand plate.

13—THE MELANCHOLY HEN.

W. G. Wills.

RATHER
QUICK.

Some talk of¹ melancholy men— |
I'm sure you'll think them cheerful | when
I tell you² of a *lonely hen*,

Who led a life secluded;

³With other fowls she mingled not;

Her feathered relatives forgot;

She stood *whole hours* upon one⁴ spot,

⁵And | o'er her sorrows brooded.

MOCK
SOLEM-
NITY.

Her face it was depressed and meek,

Pallid were her gill and beak,⁶

Unwholesome white her plumage;

Her voice was *weak*, *peevish*, and *low*,—

The phantom of a broken crow,—

As if the weight of bitter woe

She would express | were⁷ too much.

EMPHATIC.

'Twas said | an egg she *never laid*

⁸(And truly said I am afraid),

⁹In fact she was a *sad old maid*,

Who lived in destitution.

The cocks were slighting, proud, and rough,
 And often called her *thin* and *tough*,
¹⁰As if she weren't sad enough
 Without such persecution.

RAPID.

¹¹The wondering fowls conversed apart,
 A-roosting on an empty cart—
 Some said it was a broken heart
 That drove the creature crazy;
 Love unrequited was her luck,
 Some hinted with a pitying chuck;
 While some, with a malicious cluck,
 Pronounced her only | lazy.¹²

LIVELY.

Some gallant roving cock, we're told,
¹³With arching tail of green and gold,
 And swaggering steps so brave and bold—
 A dainty fowl, and pampered,
 Was once, alas! adored by her
 For his tall crest and dauntless spur,
 And shamefully, the fowls aver,
¹⁴With *her affections* tampered.

¹⁵If this be true | 'twere hard to prove, |
 At *least*, she never told her love—
 A blank is in her history.
 She loved one spot, we only know—
¹⁶The dunghill where *he* used to crow,
¹⁷And there she clucked and cackled so;
 She was involved in mystery.

The fowls would beg of her to feed,
 And, as she was an invalid,
 Would treat her to some nice rape-seed,
 To make a small variety.
 But 'mid that little friendly pick,
¹⁸A grain within her throat would stick,
 And she would leave them, *deadly sick*
 Of rape-seed and—society.

RATHER
SLOW.

¹⁹Alas! | alas! | this mournful hen
Shall *never more* lament again;
One morning she by cruel men,
To make *hen-broth* was taken.
She bowed her head to their decree,
It was a *tearful* sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In one so all-forsaken.

And then | each melancholy bone
²⁰Into a seething pot was thrown,
All but the merry-thought alone,
For she had no such folly;
²¹And a poetic cock averred—
²²(But, mind, you don't believe *his* word)
That 'neath the²³ dunghill lie interred
²⁴Her bones *so melancholy*.

¹No. 1 hand plate. ²Cross the hands and shake head. ³Both hands extended. ⁴Point downward. ⁵Same as "2," ⁶Point to neck. ⁷Throw both hands forward. ⁸No. 1 hand plate both hand—look knowingly. ⁹Cross arms in front—head sideways. ¹⁰Facial expression of sadness. ¹¹Hand out—move quickly from side to side. ¹²Hands forward. ¹³March from side to side tossing head proudly. ¹⁴Hands on breast—bend forward. ¹⁵Both hands—No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁶Point to right. ¹⁷At end of line imitate a hen cackling. ¹⁸Hand on throat. ¹⁹Wave hands in front up and down. ²⁰Extend arm—bend down. ²¹No. 12 hand plate. ²²Change tone for parenthesis. ²³Point downward. ²⁴Cross arms—shake head.

14—THE LAST SHOT.

A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

John D. Reid.

SLOW.

Three¹ to ride and to save, *one*² to ride and be saved—

That's the key of my tale, boys, deep on my heart³ engraved.

FIRM.

With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,

⁴*Four* to ride together, and *three* of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and
 delicate girl,
 With her childlike face and shining eyes, and⁵
 hair of sunniest curl;
 She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to
 be even caressed,
 Yet never was⁶ *braver* heart than beat in that
 girlish breast.

And then there was⁷ Sergeant Gray, a martinet
 old and grim;
 The biggest tyrant alive was a lamb compared
 to him;
⁸Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas was next, a Borderer
 born and bred,
 With a sin on his⁹ soul | for each hair that grew
 on his handsome head.

**MEDIUM
 TONE.**

And then | ¹⁰ there was Fighting Denis—Denis,
 the stout of heart,
 Foremost in every row, and skilled in the
 “manly¹¹ art.”
 Take the three together, the truth is, old and
 young,
 They were three o' the¹² *greatest scamps*, boys,
 that ever deserved to be hung.

What was¹³ *she* doing, you ask, alone with fel-
 lows like these,
¹⁴Down by the Ganges' bank, hid 'mong the
 mango trees?
 Well, | she couldn't help herself, she could only
 wait and pray,
 And they—they were doing their duty as well
 as they knew the way.

**COMMAND-
 ING.**

¹⁵Slowly the red moon rose, and then the ser-
 geant spoke— |
¹⁶“Pat, look to the horses' girths; Graham, give
 the lady¹⁷ this cloak.

Now, miss,¹⁸ be your father's daughter, our lads
are close below,

The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and
we've only five miles to go."

DELIB-
ERATE.

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her
voice was weak, but ¹⁹clear—

"I want you to promise, brave friends, | while
we're together here,

That you'll keep²⁰ the *last shot for me*—when
each heart of hope despairs;

· Better die by hands like²¹ *yours* | ²²than be left
alive in²³ theirs."

²⁴"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices
were hoarse and low,

And each man prayed, I ween, that the task *he*
might not know,

²⁵As out on the plain they rode swiftly and
silently—

Four to ride together, and *three* of the four to
die.

QUICK.

²⁶Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,
As the dusky demons broke from their lurking
ambush near.

"*Noo*, Denis, *boot tae boot*—keep close between,
ye twa—

We've cut her a way through waur than this,
an'—²⁷"CHARGE!" ²⁸"HURRAH!"

As the lightning cleaves the cloud, as the tem-
pest²⁹ rends the oak,

The comrades' | *headlong* rush, the gathering
miscreants broke;

Unharm'd | through the yelling horde the Cap-
tain's daughter fled,

³⁰While *thick and fast* in pursuit the Sirdar's
horsemen sped.

³¹Up on the crest o' the rise | where Cawnpore's
curse of blood

Rushes with horror yet the wide and rolling
flood,
Douglas *reeled* in his saddle, and whispered
brokenly—
GASPING. “Gray,³² dinna let her ken, | but it’s near a’ ower
wi’ me.”

“*Hit?*” “Ay, here in the side.”³³ “*Bad?*”
“Ay, bad, but a-h!
I’ll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye
a minute or twa— |
Tak’ my horse³⁴ | ye may need it for her.
Steady, there!—woa there, Gem!
Dinna forget your promise—yon lassie’s *no* for
them.”³⁵

An iron grip o’ the hands—a mist o’er the ser-
geant’s sight,
RAPID. ³⁶As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished
in the night;
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry
sky,
³⁷Alone with his God, and his *own brave heart*,
Douglas turned to die.

Then | fighting it,³⁸ *thrust* for *thrust*, and fight-
ing it, *blow* for *blow*,
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the
dusky stream below,
LOUD. ³⁹He fell—a *groan*—a *plunge*—wave circles eddy-
ing wide—
And the ne’er-dae-weel was at rest ’neath the
river’s turbid tide.

⁴⁰On and over all—over nullah and stream;
On where the serpents hiss, where the leopard’s
eyeballs gleam;
QUICK. On and on like the wind, faster and faster yet,
While the fingers⁴¹ *clutch* the hilt, and the
grinding teeth are set.

⁴²A splutter of fire on the right, | a flame of fire
 in the rear,
 And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all
 too near
 The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant
 knew
⁴³His life was ebbing away | with every breath he
 drew.

SLOWLY.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he
 made,
 And rising up in his saddle, erect as when on
 parade—
 “Pat, | if you get in, | report that Douglas | and
 I | are dead;
 Tell them we did *our duty*, and mind—*your*⁴⁴
 promise,” he said.

HIGH TONE.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick,
 wild scream of pain—
⁴⁵O Heaven, have pity!” she sobbed, as Denis
 seized her rein.
 Then giving his last command—“*Ride on!*”⁴⁶
 with impatient frown,
 True BRITISH soldier to the last, the brave old
 man went down.

PLEADING.

⁴⁷Then Denis aimed and fired—every shot was
 sure,
 And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each
 blackamoor.
 Till sudden | the maiden’s voice came shrill in
 agony—
 “Oh, Denis, brave Denis, ⁴⁸*you promised* you
 would keep the *last shot* for me!”

Was that the glint of steel that flashed from
 yonder⁴⁹ wood?
 Rose there hoarse commands in voices stern and
 rude?

VERY LOUD.

⁵⁰“*On, on*—O God! so near, and to *fail* at last!

On, on—in vain—our brave brutes fail us—
hope is past!”

Oh, pale was the maiden’s face, and her white
 lips moved in prayer;

Then with never a sign of fear, for the hero
 soul was there;

With the Virgin martyr’s glory lighting her
 bonny brow,

⁵¹She laid her hand on Denis’ arm, and gently
 whispered, “Now!”

⁵²The strong man | shook ’neath the touch of those
 tiny finger-tips,

And | “Say you forgive me, Miss,” broke hoarse
 from his ashen lips.

FORCIBLE. ⁵³FORGIVE YOU! *Again and again!* You see
 I do *not* fear!

⁵⁴“God bless you, gallant soldier! Now, straight
 and sure—*aim here!*”⁵⁵

SLOW. She laid her hands on her heart, then clasped
 them o’er her head,

And into the darkened sky her latest look she
 sped;

⁵⁶And Denis | raised his arm | with slow and
 deadly aim—

QUICK. ⁵⁷When all HELL seemed leaping to meet them
 in thunder and cloud and flame.

⁵⁸Mid the smoke—’mid splintering shells that
 glare and shriek and grate—

’Mid the battery’s bursting blaze—’mid the
 rifle’s flashing hate—

’Mid the pibroch’s savage swell—’mid the
 trumpet’s madd’ning alarms—

The Captain’s daughter fainted, *safe* in her
father’s arms.

QUICK. ⁵⁹While with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang
 of hoof and steel,

With flame in each rider's eyes, and fire at each
charger's heel,
With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-
laden breath,
The British squadrons *thundered* by to the car-
nival of death.

SLOW.

Prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout
of heart,
⁶⁰Still | as she | for whom he had played a hero's
part.
Dying *alone! Unheeded!* What matter?⁶¹
The fight was won.
⁶²He was only a *common* soldier—besides, his
work was done.

Only three *common* soldiers, only three *common*
men,
⁶³Giving their lives for a woman, as men have
again and again;
Only doing their *duty*, teaching *this* lesson
anew—
Where'er *true* woman points the way, *true* man
will *dare* and *do*.

¹ Right hand extended. ² Raise index finger. ³ Touch left side of breast. ⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Hand to the hair. ⁶ Touch breast. ⁷ Point right. ⁸ Point center. ⁹ Hands on breast. ¹⁰ Point left. ¹¹ Take pugilistic position. ¹² Bring hand down—argumentative gesture. ¹³ Inquiring look—hands forward. ¹⁴ Point in front. ¹⁵ Raise left arm up slowly—point left. ¹⁶ Natural off-hand gesture. ¹⁷ Indicating lady. ¹⁸ As if lifting hat. ¹⁹ Right out—pleading. ²⁰ Touch breast with fingers. ²¹ Indicating them. ²² Pause. ²³ Pointing in the distance. ²⁴ Slowly bowing heads. ²⁵ Clasp hands. ²⁶ Point in several directions. ²⁷ Step forward. ²⁸ Waving hand. ²⁹ Bring hand quickly from left to right, upward. ³⁰ Swing right hand to right. ³¹ Point and step to right. ³² Drooping. ³³ Hand on side. ³⁴ Quick movement of the hand. ³⁵ Point languidly in front. ³⁶ Quick action. ³⁷ Drooping. ³⁸ Thrusting and down blow of broad sword combat. ³⁹ Point downward. ⁴⁰ Advance—pointing. ⁴¹ Grasping sword. ⁴² Point to right and behind. ⁴³ Left hand on heart. ⁴⁴ Speak slowly—droop head. ⁴⁵ Clasp hands. ⁴⁶ Commanding gesture from the left shoulder out. ⁴⁷ Aim as to shoot with gun. ⁴⁸ Hands extended then brought back to breast. ⁴⁹ Point forward. ⁵⁰ Step and point to right. ⁵¹ Advance right arm and hand. ⁵² Both hands clinched. ⁵³ Extend right hand—bend forward. ⁵⁴ Shakes his hand. ⁵⁵ Points to heart. ⁵⁶ Imitate action in lines. ⁵⁷ General action—arm out. ⁵⁸ Point forward—hold picture till period. ⁵⁹ Hands and fingers extended—great amazement in look and attitude. ⁶⁰ Gesture directed downward. ⁶¹ Careless, outward gesture with both hands. ⁶² Repeat same. ⁶³ Both hands out—apart palms up.

15—NELLIE'S PRAYER.

G. R. Sims.

It's a month to-day | ¹ since they brought me
 The news of my darling's death;
 I knew what it meant | when the neighbors²
PATHETIC. Whispered under their breath;
 And one good motherly creature,
 Seeing my Nell at play,
³Stooped down, with her eyelids streaming,
 And kissed her and turned away.

It was *there* | ⁴ in the evening paper,
 His name was among the dead—
 We had won a *glorious* battle,
MODERATE And the enemy, *beaten, fled.*
 Then they counted the dead and wounded,
PAS- And found⁵ *him* among the slain;
SIONATE. ⁶*O God!* | had I known when we parted
 We were *never* to meet again!

I couldn't believe the story—
 I could't believe that *he*,⁷
 My darling—*my soldier husband*—
FERVENT. Would never come back to me.
 I had thought of him night and morning;
⁸I had passed long nights on my knees
 Praying | that God would bring him
 Back to me | over the seas.

⁹It all came back like a vision;
 I could hear the band as it played |
 When the regiment marched to the station,
 And the noise that the people made
LOUD. ¹⁰As they shouted "*Good luck*" to the soldiers,
 And gave them *three ringing cheers*,
 While the women with ashen faces,
 Walked by the side in tears.

We walked by *his* side that morning,
 And Nellie was quite elate
¹¹With the *band* and the *crowd* and the *cheering*—
 My Nellie was only eight.

She never thought of the danger;
 He had tried to make her gay,
¹²And he told her | to take care of mother—
 He wouldn't be long away.

He held her¹³ up at the station,
 Lifted her up to kiss,
 And then,¹⁴ with her arms flung round him
 Said to her, | softly, | this:
¹⁵"Nellie, my pet, at bed-time,
 When you kneel at your mother's knee
 To pray to the God who loves us,
 Say a *wee* prayer for me.

QUIETLY.

WITH
 FEELING.

"I shall think of you in the twilight,
¹⁶When the stars come out above,
 And fancy I see you kneeling
 With your blue eyes full of love,
 Breathing *my* name to Heaven.
 And if, | as the good folks say,
 God hears the prayers of children,
 He'll guard *me* while *I'm* away."¹⁷

CHANGE
 VOICE.

"You needn't have asked me, daddy,
 I *always* do that!" she said;
¹⁸"Don't I pray for you and for mammy
 At night when I go to bed?
 God *loves* the little children,
 And *answers* their prayers, they say:
 I'm *sure*¹⁹ that you'll come back *safely*,
 I'll ask in my prayers that you may."

EARNEST.

It's only a month since they started.
 We thought when the regiment went
 That long ere the troops were landed
 The force of the war would be spent.

BRIGHT.

²⁰And so | I had taken courage,
 And looked on the bright side first,
²¹Though | now and again I fretted,
 And sometimes | feared the worst.

I was left *alone* with my sorrow—
²²*Alone* in my little room,
 Where the evening shadows deepened
 Into the twilight gloom.

QUIET.

²³I had heard the words they uttered,
 I had seen *his name* on the list;
 But I sat and peered through the darkness
 As a sailor peers through the mist.

I sat like a sleeper | doubting
 If she dreams or is wide awake,
 Till the *truth* came on me fiercely,
²⁴And I thought | that my heart would break.
 As I sat in the deepening gloaming
 The child came back again,
²⁵And I picked her up | and kissed her
²⁶While my tears ran down like rain.

COAX-
 INGLY.

²⁷"Why are you crying, mammy?" |
 I only shook²⁸ my head.
 "It's nothing, Nellie," I whispered;
²⁹"Kiss me and go to bed."
 "Let me say my prayers, mammy—
 Will you hear me say them now?"
³⁰She *prayed* for her *absent father*;
 I listened, but God knows how.

REVER-
 ENTLY.

She prayed to the Lord | to bring him,
Safe and sound and well,
 Back from the far-off country
 To mother and little Nell—
³¹Prayed *that*, with her father lying
 In that far-off country | *dead*!
 "Now, | father's *SAFE* till to-morrow,"
 She whispered, and went to bed.

BRIGHT.

I hadn't the heart to tell her,
 So night after night she prayed,
 Just as she promised her father
 When the last good-bye he bade.

³²But the prayer was a cruel dagger
 To me as I sat and heard,
 And my heart was stabbed to bleeding
 With *every* childish word.

So | a *weary* month went over,
 Till at last my nerves gave way,
³³And I told her to stop | one evening,
 As she came to my knee to pray.
³⁴My brain | was turned with sorrow,
 I was *wicked* and *weak* and *wild* |
 To speak | as I spoke that evening,
 And *shock* the faith of a child.

FORCEFUL.

³⁵She | heard what I said; then, sobbing,
 Broke from my knee and fled
 Up to her room, | and I heard her,
 Kneeling beside her bed.
 She prayed in her childish fashion,
³⁶But her words | were choked | with tears;
 I had told her | it wasn't *always* |
 God | the prayer of the children hears.

SLOW.

She prayed³⁷ that her absent father
 Might come back *safe* and *well*,
 From the perils of war and battle,
 To mother and little Nell.
 And, ere ever her prayer was finished,
 The door | was³⁸ opened | wide,
 And my *darling* rushed towards me—
 My DARLING WHO HAD DIED!

BRISKER.

INCREASED
 FORCE.

VERY LOUD.

³⁹I gave one cry and I fainted,
 And Nell ran down at the cry:
 "They said God *wouldn't* hear me,"
 She told him by and by.
⁴⁰When the shock of surprise was over
 We knew what the miracle meant,
 There'd been a mistake in the bodies,
 And the news | to the *wrong wife* sent.

⁴¹There were *two of his name* in the regiment,
 The other was killed, and when
 It came to making the list out
 An error was made in the men.
 Yet | I think as I clasp my darling,⁴²
 Would *he* still be there to-day
 Had I taken Nell's simple tenet,
⁴³"GOD LISTENS WHEN CHILDREN PRAY."

VERY IM-
 PRESSIVE.

¹ Hands clasped. ² Touch lips and sway hand outward. ³ Bend down—touch lips again. ⁴ Point to front. ⁵ No. 13 hand plate. ⁶ Hands and eyes directed upward. ⁷ Wring your hands. ⁸ Hands together—prayerful attitude. ⁹ Fingers of both hands on temples. ¹⁰ Opened hand to side of mouth then wave hand over head. ¹¹ Outward movement—both arms as in No. 5 arm plate. ¹² As if patting her on head. ¹³ Action of lifting her. ¹⁴ Put hands over opposite shoulders crossing the arms. ¹⁵ Hold previous position and lean head to left side. ¹⁶ Point and look upward. ¹⁷ Action as if holding her head between your hands and of kissing her. ¹⁸ No. 9 hand plate. ¹⁹ Shake the head slowly. ²⁰ No. 11 hand plate. ²¹ Raise arms as in No. 1 arm plate. ²² Hands folded—general air of dejection. ²³ One hand covering the other folded under chin. ²⁴ Hands over heart. ²⁵ As if lifting and kissing. ²⁶ Wipe tears from eye. ²⁷ Extend hands upward. ²⁸ Shake head. ²⁹ Extend arms downward. ³⁰ Clasp hands. ³¹ Left hand to side of head and right hand pointing in front. ³² Hands clasped—resting on breast. ³³ No. 3 arm plate. ³⁴ Both hands holding head. ³⁵ Sweep right hand from breast outward, then point upward. ³⁶ Hand clutching throat. ³⁷ No. 13 hand plate. ³⁸ Swing arms widely apart—advance right foot—head back—action very forceful—hold till end of stanza. ³⁹ Drop hands. ⁴⁰ No. 1 hand plate. ⁴¹ No. 1 hand plate. ⁴² No. 14 hand plate. ⁴³ Point and look upward.

16—THE LEVEL CROSSING.

[The speaker is supposed to be a railway laborer, and the story is founded on an incident which occurred on an English railway. The provincial dialect should be assumed throughout the delivery of the poem.]

Joe Smith? Yes,¹ mates, I knew him *well*—
 As rough as rough could be;
 Yet, | spite of all that parsons say,
 There's worse on earth than *he*!

USE PRO-
 VINCIAL
 DIALECT.

VERY
 NATURAL.

There wasn't much of the saint in him,
²Only | *he never lied*,

And few | who've lived a better life
A *nobler* death have died.

His death? ³Ay, lads, I mind it well,
And how the sun did shine
On the level crossing that morn,
Athwart the railway line!

REMI-
NISCENT.

The gates were shut and fastened,
That no one might pass through;
⁴A distant rumbling | plainly told
The Scotch express was due.

On the⁵ hillside I was working,
While Joe sat on the grass,
Waiting alongside the rails below,
Until the train should pass.

RATHER
SLOW.

The morn⁶ was *cool*, | and *bright*, | and still,
The lark sang shrill and clear;
I always think of Joe, *poor lad*,
Whene'er that song I hear.

SLOW.

⁷He sat by the railway smoking,
⁸Thinking of who can say?
Mayhap of last night's fun, mayhap
Of some one far away!

QUICK
TIME.

⁹I wrought | and listened, | when¹⁰ sudden
There came a cry from Joe;
¹¹I turned; oh, heav'n! how faint I felt
At what I saw below!

¹²The gates, I said, were bolted fast;
But | clamb'ring through the fence,
On to the line had strayed *a child*.
¹³Heav'n help its innocence!

QUICK.

¹⁴There came the engine *tearing* on,
With its exulting scream,
Ruthless it seemed and *fiercely* sped, like
A monster in a dream.

¹⁵Right on the track the infant stood,
 A primrose in its hand,
 And on the *coming* death it smiled,
Too young to understand.

One moment more had been too late:
¹⁶Joe | *bounded* to his feet,
 And on with some fierce word he dashed
 As any racehorse fleet.

VERY
 RAPID.

I, on the hillside,¹⁷ saw him rush
 Straight to the *jaws* of *death*,

LOUD.

¹⁸And up the hillside seemed to come
 The engine's fiery breath.

His strong hand¹⁹ seized and threw²⁰ the child
Right there, beside the brook;
 A few sharp stings from the thorny side,
 Was all the harm it took!

LOW.

But Joe,²¹ *poor lad*, 'twas worse for him—
 The engine left *him* lying

INTENSE.

Beside the rails, a *ghastly heap*—
Torn, bleeding, stunned and *dying*!

²²We raised him up. I held him,

SLOW.

²³His head on my arm laid.
 He spake | but *once* again, | brave lad,
²⁴And this was all he said:

"*The chick's* | *pulled through*, | *I hope*," and
 then

²⁵Lay closer to my breast.
 I need not tell you more, my mates,
 You all must know the rest.

.

A rough-shaped cross marks where he lies,
²⁶*There* on the lone hillside,

And Tom, the parson, said 'twas right,
'Cos Joe for man had died.

QUIET.

²⁷And wild flowers | oft-times | you will see

Laid lightly on the grave,

SYMPA-
THETIC.

Put there by *her*, now woman grown,

Whom JOE SMITH DIED TO SAVE.

¹ Both hands resting on lips. ² Strike right fist into left hand.
³ Scratching head. ⁴ Point left. ⁵ Point right—left hand on hip. ⁶ Hands
in pockets—sway body gently. ⁷ Point and turn to the left. ⁸ Fold arms
and nod slowly. ⁹ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁰ Strike hands together quickly
then point left. ¹¹ Quick movement. ¹² Still pointing left—bend forward
anxiously. ¹³ Bring hand together, look up. ¹⁴ Point with left hand.
¹⁵ Point with left hand. ¹⁶ Strike left hand with the right then throw
right quickly outward. ¹⁷ Throw both arms forward—hands as in
No. 6 hand plate. ¹⁸ Point index finger left hand. ¹⁹ Action of grasping
child. ²⁰ Swing right arm from the breast to the right. ²¹ Fingers in
vest pockets, head hanging forward and down. ²² Action of lifting. ²³ Ex-
tend left arm and touch it with right hand. ²⁴ No. 1 hand plate.
²⁵ Touch breast. ²⁶ Point right. ²⁷ No. 1 hand plate, direct the gesture
downward.

17—THE TWINS.

Henry S. Leigh.

In form and features, face and limb

¹I grew so like my² brother,

QUICK.

That folks got taking *me*³ for *him*,⁴

⁵And *each* one for another.

It puzzled all our kith and kin,

It reached a *fearful*⁶ pitch;

⁷For *one* of us was born a twin,

And not a soul knew which.

HUMOR-
OUS.

One day⁸ to make the matter worse,

Before our names were fixed,

As we were being washed by nurse,

We got⁹ completely *mixed*;

And thus, | you see, | by fate's decree,

LIGHT.

Or rather nurse's whim,

¹⁰My brother *John* got christened *me*,¹¹

And¹² *I* got christened him.¹³

This fatal likeness | ever dogged
 My footsteps when at school,
¹⁴And I | was always getting flogged,
 When¹⁵ John turned out a fool.
 I put this question, fruitlessly,
 To every one I knew,
 "What would you do, if *you*¹⁶ were¹⁷ *me*,
 To prove | that *you*¹⁸ were *you*?¹⁹"

Our close resemblance | turned the tide
 Of my domestic life,
 For, somehow,²⁰ my intended bride
 Became my *brother's* wife.
 In fact, year after year the same
 Absurd mistakes went on,
 And when²¹ I died the neighbors came
 And buried *brother John*.²²

LOUD FOR
 CLIMAX.

¹ Touch your breast. ² No. 1 hand plate. ³ Touch breast. ⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Both hands out—palms up. ⁶ Bring right hand down in front emphatically. ⁷ Touch breast with both hands then throw them forward. ⁸ Shake index finger. ⁹ Cross the hands repeatedly. ¹⁰ Point in front. ¹¹ Point to breast. ¹² Point to breast. ¹³ Point outward. ¹⁴ Point to breast. ¹⁵ Point outward. ¹⁶ Point outward. ¹⁷ Point to breast. ¹⁸ Point outward. ¹⁹ Point outward. ²⁰ No. 7 hand plate. ²¹ Both hands on breast, bend toward audience. ²² Extend hands.

18—THE CHILDREN.

MODERATE
TONE.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is¹ dismissed,
 And the little ones² gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;
 Oh, the little white arms | that encircle³
 My neck in a tender embrace!
 Oh, the smiles | that are halos of heaven,⁴
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

MEDIUM
TIME.

And | when they are gone | I sit⁵ dreaming
 Of my childhood too lovely to last:
Of love | that my heart will remember,
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
 Ere the world and its wicknedness | made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin,
⁶When the glory of God | was above me,
 And the glory of⁷ gladness | within.

RATHER
SLOW.

Oh, my⁸ heart grows weak as a woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,
 When I think of the paths,⁹ *steep* and *stony*,
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
 Of the¹⁰ *mountains of sins* hanging o'er them,
 Of the *tempest of fate* blowing wild;
 Oh, there's *nothing* on earth | half so holy,
¹¹As the *innocent heart of a child*!

They are¹² *idols* of hearts and of households,
¹³They are *angels* of God in disguise;
 His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
 His glory still gleams in their eyes;
 Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
 They have made me | more manly and mild!
¹⁴And I know | how Jesus | could liken
¹⁵*The Kingdom of God* | *to a child*.

ADVICE.

¹⁶Seek not a life for the dear ones,
 All radiant | as *others* have done,
¹⁶But that life may have just enough shadow
 To *temper* the glare of the sun;

REGRET-
FULLY.

¹⁸I would pray God | to guard them from evil,
But | my prayer would bound back to myself.
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
²⁰But a *sinner must pray for himself.*

²¹The twig is so easily bended,
I have *banished* | ²²the rule and the rod;
I have *taught them* ²³the goodness of knowledge,
²⁴They have *taught me* the goodness of God;
²⁵My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
²⁶My *love* | is the law of the school.

DEJECTED.

I shall leave²⁷ the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold | *no more*;
Ah! how I shall²⁸ sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "*good-nights*" and the kisses,²⁹
And the gush of their innocent glee,
³⁰The group on the green | and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

SOLEMN.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
³¹Their song in the school and the street:
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
³²And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And *Death* says, | "*The school is dismissed!*"³³
³⁴May the little ones | gather around me,
To bid me *good-night* and be *kissed*.

¹ No. 5 arm plate. ² Both arms and hands as in No. 2 arm plate.
³ Cross the hands about the neck. ⁴ Same position—eyes up. ⁵ Right hand supporting cheek—left hand supporting right elbow. ⁶ Both hands up as in No. 4 arm plate. ⁷ Opened hand to breast. ⁸ Hand to heart.
⁹ Point down. ¹⁰ Both hands well up—palms out. ¹¹ No. 13 hand plate.
¹² No. 1 hand plate. ¹³ Point upward. ¹⁴ Shake head slowly. ¹⁵ Point up.
¹⁶ Wave right hand to right—palm down. ¹⁷ Both hands extended—palms up. ¹⁸ Clasp hands reverently. ¹⁹ Touch breast. ²⁰ Both hands on breast—head bowed. ²¹ Place finger and thumb together with both hands—show the bending. ²³ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁴ Hand to breast. ²⁵ Hand on heart. ²⁶ Repeat ²⁵. ²⁷ No. 8 arm plate. ²⁸ Sigh. ²⁹ Send fingers from lips outward. ³⁰ Both hands pointing down palms up. ³¹ Swing hand from mouth upward. ³² Wave hands alternately up and down to imitate pattering of feet. ³³ Move both hands as in No. 5 arm plate. ³⁴ Arms out horizontal—eyes up.

19—THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SOLEMN.

- ¹There is a REAPER, whose name is DEATH,
 And, with his sickle keen,
²He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
³And the flowers that grow between.

SPEAK DE-
LIBER-
ATELY.

- “Shall⁴ I | have *nought* that is fair?” saith he;
 “Have *nought* but the bearded grain?
⁵Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
⁶I will give them all | back again.”

GENTLY.

- He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
⁷He *kissed* their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

- ⁸“My Lord has *need* of these flowerets gay,”
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
⁹“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

- “They shall all bloom¹⁰ in fields of light,
 Transplanted | by *my* care;
¹¹And saints | upon their garments white
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

TEAR-
FULLY.

- ¹²And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers | she *most did love*;
 She *knew* she should *find* them all *again*
¹³In the fields of light above.

¹ No. 12 hand plate. ² A curved movement of the arms. ³ Point downward. ⁴ No. 7 arm plate. ⁵ Both hands down—palms out. ⁶ Fingers touching breast—wave the hands outward. ⁷ Direct fingers from the lips downward. ⁸ No. 4 hand plate. ⁹ Thumb and finger together—look downward. ¹⁰ Point slowly upward. ¹¹ Retain same gesture. ¹² Hands clasped at breast and slightly shake them. ¹³ Slowly raise right hand above head—pointing with first finger.

20—FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

Longfellow.

READ DE-
LIBER-
ATELY AND

When the hours of Day¹ are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
²Wake the better soul, that slumbered, |
To a holy, calm delight;

OBSERVE
THE
PAUSES.

Ere the evening lamps³ are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
⁴Shadows | from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then | the forms of the departed |
⁵Enter at the open door;
⁶The *belovèd*, the *true-hearted*,
Come to visit me | once more;

⁷He, the *young* and *strong*, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
⁸By the road-side | fell and perished,
⁹*Weary* with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
¹⁰Folded their pale hands | *so meekly*,
Spake with us on earth | *no more!*

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
¹¹And is now a saint in heaven.

SLOW
TIME.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that *messenger divine*,
Takes¹² the vacant chair beside me,
¹³Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits | and gazes at me
With those *deep* and *tender eyes*,

Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

¹⁴Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's *voiceless* prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
¹⁵Breathing | from her lips of air.

¹⁶Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but *remember* only
¹⁷Such as *these* have *lived* and *died*!

¹ No. 1 hand plate. ² Wave both hands inward to breast as in No. 7 arm plate. ³ Point outward. ⁴ Position of fingers like No. 6 hand plate—then move hands slowly. ⁵ Point in front—arm straight—look intently. ⁶ Keep same position. ⁷ Right hand to the front. ⁸ Bring hand down—pointing. ⁹ Hand to breast. ¹⁰ Clasp hands, let them drop. ¹¹ Slowly raise finger upward—eyes up. ¹² Turn to left and indicate where chair is. ¹³ Place one hand in the other—palms together. ¹⁴ No. 5 hand plate. ¹⁵ Touch lips. ¹⁶ No. 13 hand plate. ¹⁷ Arms well out—palms up.

21—THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Clement Scott.

Come,¹ my lad, and sit beside me ;² we have often
talked before

Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms
on sea and shore :

When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear
old England's sake,

We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise
of Drake ;

Midst the fever'd³ *din of battle, roll of drum,*
and *scream of fife,*

Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding
up their life.

⁴Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathe-
dral aisles are seen

Marble effigies ; but seldom of the mercantile
marine.

If your playmates love adventure, bid them
gather round at school

Whilst you tell them of a hero, *Captain Strachan*
of *Liverpool*.

LIGHT AND
EASY
STYLE.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale
that lash'd the land,

On the *Cyprian* screw steamer,⁵ *there* the Cap-
tain took his stand.

⁶He | was no fair-weather sailor, and he often
made the boast

That the ocean | *safer* sheltered than the wild
Carnarvon coast.

⁷He'd a *good ship* underneath him, and a ⁸screw of
English form,

So | he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurri-
cane and storm.

All the luck was⁹ dead against him—with the
tempest at its height,

¹⁰*Fires expired, and rudders parted*, in the middle
of the night

¹¹Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he
spoke with bated breath:

LOUD.

¹²*Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drift-
ing to our death!"*

Then | they¹³ looked at one another, and they felt
the¹⁴ awful shock,

SURPRISE.

When, with *louder* crash than tempest, they were
*dashed*¹⁵ upon a rock.

All was over¹⁶ now and hopeless; but | across¹⁷
those miles of foam

They could hear the shouts of people, and could
see the lights of home.

"*All is over!*" screamed the Captain. "You
have answered duty's call.

VERY
LOUD.

*Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have
mercy on us all!"*

¹⁸So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt,
and oar, and rope—

For the sailor knows where life is, there's the
faintest ray of hope—

Then, | amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded
dawn of day,

¹⁹From the hold of that doomed vessel | crept | a
wretched STOWAWAY!

²⁰Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?

Was it wild adventures stirred him, | was he going to the bad?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?

No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralyzing roar

All alone | he felt the danger, and saw the distant shore.

²¹Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,

And the Captain²³ with his lifebelt—he prepared to follow last;

But | he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray,

²⁴“Who are you?” roared out the Captain.²⁵ “I’m the boy what stow’d away!”

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,

For the fatal ship was sinking—*Death* was ready for the two.

QUICK.

²⁶So the Captain called the outcast—as he faced the tempest wild—

²⁷From his *own* waist took the lifebelt—and he bound it round the child!

“I can swim, my little fellow! *Take the belt, and make for land.*²⁸

Up and save yourself!” The outcast humbly knelt and kissed his hand.

With the lifebelt round his body | then | the urchin³⁰ cleared the ship;

³¹Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip.

But the hurricane howled *louder* than it ever howled before,

As the Captain | and the stowaway were³² making for the shore!

³³When you tell this gallant story to your play-fellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan,
of Liverpool.

You must answer: They discovered, | ³⁴ on the beach | at break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;

³⁵And they watched the waves of wreckage and they searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast
—was | *no*³⁶ *more*.

SLOW.

³⁷When they speak of English heroes, tell *this* story where you can,

To the everlasting credit | of the bravery of man,
Tell it out in tones of *triumph* | or | with tears
and quickening breath,

HEROIC.

“Manhood’s | stronger far than storms, and³⁸
Love | is mightier than ³⁹Death!”

¹ Beckoning gesture right hand. ² Sit on chair. ³ Right arm and hand forward. ⁴ Both hands extended. ⁵ Point to front. ⁶ Hands on knees. ⁷ Point downward with index finger. ⁸ No. 5 arm plate. ⁹ Throw both forward from face—palms out. ¹⁰ Point down. ¹¹ Point up. ¹² Throw right arm quickly—head back. ¹³ Turn head and body from right to left—amazement. ¹⁴ Drop hands on knees—look of great astonishment. ¹⁵ Point to right. ¹⁶ Hands hanging down—elbows resting on legs. ¹⁷ Point in front. ¹⁸ Wave both arms wildly. ¹⁹ Point downward. ²⁰ No. 5 arm plate, both hands keep same gesture for six lines. ²¹ Throw hands forward, then downward. ²² Both hands to waist. ²³ No. 8 arm plate. ²⁴ Dejectedly—hang head—hands by sides. ²⁵ Action of beckoning. ²⁶ Action of taking off belt. ²⁷ Point to front. ²⁸ Right hand extended—head down—action of kissing hand. ²⁹ Hands forward then downward, imitating diving. ³⁰ Repeat same. ³¹ Point front. ³² Clasp hands and rest elbows on knees. ³³ Point downward. ³⁴ Right hand shading eyes. ³⁵ Drop hand—dejection. ³⁶ No. 1 hand plate. ³⁷ Hand to breast. ³⁸ Point downward.

22—THE MAIN-TRUCK; OR, A LEAP FOR LIFE.

George P. Morris.

NATURAL
AND
LIGHT.

Old Ironsides¹ at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
²A *dead calm* rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone;
³When | little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, | up⁴ shroud and rigging ran,
And | on the *main-truck* stood!

⁵A shudder shot through every vein,
⁶All eyes were turned on high!
There | stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he *above*, | *below*,
Alone | he stood in air;
To that *far* height | *none* dared to go;
No aid could reach him there.

AMAZE-
MENT.

⁷We gazed,—but not a man could speak!
With *horror* all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the⁸ quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;
⁹As | *riveted* unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

PATHETIC.

The father came on deck,¹⁰ *he gasped*,
“O God! Thy will be done!”
Then | suddenly | a rifle grasped,
¹²And aimed it at his son,
“Jump | far out, | boy, into the wave!
Jump or *I fire!*” he said;
“That only chance thy life can save!
Jump! jump, boy!” He obeyed.¹³

LOUD.

CLIMAX.

He¹⁴ sunk,—he¹⁵ rose,—he¹⁶ lived,—he
moved,—

And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
¹⁷With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
¹⁸Those wet arms round his neck,
Then | folded to his¹⁹ heart his boy,
²⁰And fainted on the deck.

¹ Point to right. ² Both hands extended—palms down—slowly widen them apart. ³ Hand out showing his height. ⁴ Point upward—keep this till end of stanza. ⁵ Step backward—cross hands on breast. ⁶ Point upward to right—advance right foot—head inclined to left—eyes up—hold picture till end of stanza. ⁷ Both hands out—turn quickly from side to side—eyes opened wide—fear. ⁸ Wave hand gently—fingers directed upward. ⁹ Bring hand down quickly. ¹⁰ Stagger—clutch throat. ¹¹ Advance to right—slightly bend and grasp rifle. ¹² Bring gun to right shoulder. ¹³ Drop rifle. ¹⁴ Point down. ¹⁵ Elevate hand. ¹⁶ Open both arms. ¹⁷ Wave hand over head as in cheering. ¹⁸ Hands to sides of neck—arms crossed. ¹⁹ Cross arms over breast. ²⁰ Point downward.

23—AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

Lucretia Davidson.

FLOWING.

I dreamed¹ a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such² beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter;

LIGHT.

It seemed | ³ that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates⁴ should be
laid;

And in order to make them all *willing to marry*,
⁵The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors⁶ grumbled and said 'twas no use—
⁷'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared | that to save their own heart's⁸
blood from spilling

Of such a vile tax they would⁹ not pay a shilling.
¹⁰But the rulers | determined them still to pursue,
So | they set *all the old bachelors*¹¹ up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town | to | and |
fro,¹²

¹³To rattle his bell | and a trumpet¹⁴ to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
LOUD. ¹⁵"*Ho! | forty | old | bachelors | sold | here | to-day!*"

And presently | all the old maids in the town,⁶
Each | in her very best¹⁷ bonnet and gown,
¹⁸From thirty to sixty, *fair, plain, red, and pale.*
Of every description,¹⁹ all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held²⁰ up a man,
LOUD. "*How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?*"
In a twink, every maiden responded, "*I—I.*"²¹
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice:

²²And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
BUR-LESQUE. ²³EACH LUGGED AN OLD BACHELOR HOME ON
HER SHOULDER.

¹Touch forehead to right. ²No. 1 hand plate. ³No. 12 hand plate.
⁴Touch the top of head. ⁵Both hands out, palms up. ⁶No. 8 hand plate—bring hand down forcibly. ⁷Repeat the same. ⁸Hand to heart. ⁹Slap right hand on left. ¹⁰No. 7 hand plate—bend forward and look knowingly. ¹¹Direct right hand upward—palm opened. ¹²Wave hand from right to left and back. ¹³Imitate ringing bell. ¹⁴Opened hand circling mouth. ¹⁵Repeat ¹⁴. ¹⁶Hands out—make low feminine bow. ¹⁷Touch head and garment. ¹⁸Rock the body—simpering. ¹⁹Both hands—No. 3 arm plate. ²⁰Hold up in front right hand, fingers shut. ²¹Both hands thrown up over head—fingers open—jump upward several times. ²²Both hand—No. 5 arm plate. ²³Bend forward—place both hands over left shoulder—walk three or four steps whilst speaking line.

24—THE LIFEBOAT.

G. R. Sims.

NARRATIVE in the style of an old sailor. Colloquial and level at first. THE WIFE.—Slow, faint and in a broken whisper. BEN BROWN.—Loud, strong, and earnest. Reference to the wife should be made in a broken voice. DESCRIPTION OF THE STORM.—With increase in tone and time, beginning at the line "*We launched the boat*," and continuing to "*I knowed no more*." The last part very bright and ending strong.

- You've heard of the¹ *Royal Helen*, the ship
as was wrecked last year;
- DIALECT. ²*Yon* | be the rock she struck on—the boat as
went out be here;
- DESCRIP- The night as she struck | was reckoned the *worst*
TIVE. as ever we had,
- And this is a coast in winter | where the weather
be awful bad;
- ³The beach here | was strewed with wreckage, and
to tell you the truth, sir, then
Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get
the men.
- I was up at my cottage, | ⁴ yonder, | where the
wife lay nigh her end;
- ⁵She'd been ailin' all the winter and nothin' 'ud
make her mend.
- LOW. The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt
by her side and pray'd,
- ⁶With my eyes as red as a babby's, that *Death's*
hand might yet be stay'd.
- ⁷I heard the wild wind howlin', and I looked on⁸
the wasted form,
And thought | of the awful shipwreck as had
come in the ragin' storm;
- ⁹The *wreck* of my little homestead—the *wreck*
of my dear old wife,
Who'd sail'd with me *forty years*, sir, o'er the
troublous waves of life;
- ¹⁰And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been
my harbor lights,
To tell of the *sweet home haven* | in the wildest |
darkest nights.
- She knew | she was sinkin' quickly—she knew |
as her end was nigh,

SORROW-
FULLY.

But | she never¹¹ spoke o' the troubles as I knew
on her heart must lie;

For we had one *great big sorrow* | with¹² Jack, |
our only son—

He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the
lads ha' done;

Then he'd bolted, his master told us—he was
allus what folks call wild.

¹³From the day as I told his mother, her dear face
never smiled.

We heerd no more about him, we never knew
where he went,

And | his mother¹⁴ *pined* and *sickened* | for the
message he never sent.

¹⁵I had my work to think of; but *she* had her
grief to nurse,

So | it eat away at her¹⁶ heart-strings and her
health grew worse and worse,

And the night | as the *Royal Helen* went down
on¹⁷ yonder sands,

I sat and watched her dyin' | holdin'¹⁸ her
wasted hands.

She moved in her doze a little, then | her eyes
were opened wide,

'And she seemed to be seekin' somethin',¹⁹ as she
looked from side to side;

Then | half to herself she whispered,²⁰ "Where's |
Jack | to | say | good-bye?"

It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him
afore I die!"

²¹I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the
tears ran down my cheek,

And my lips | were shaped to whisper the words
I couldn't speak,

When the door of the room²² *burst open*, and
my mates were there outside

With the news that the boat was launchin',²³
"You're wanted!" their leader cried.

"You've *never* refused to go, John; you'll put
these cowards right,

There's a *dozen* of lives, maybe, John, as lie in
our hands to-night!"

LOW.

QUIET.

LOUD.

- MODERATE.** 'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed
at the women's doubt,
²⁴We'd always been *first* on the beach, sir, when
the boat was goin' out.
I didn't move, | but I pointed | ²⁶ to the white
face | on the bed—
- SAD.** "I CAN'T go, mate," I murmured; "*in an hour
she may be dead.*"
²⁷I cannot go and leave her to die in the night |
alone."
As I spoke | Ben²⁸ raised his lantern, and the
light on my wife was thrown;
And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a *plead-
ing* look on me,
While a trembling finger | ²⁹ pointed through the
door | to the ragin' sea.
Then she beckoned me near | and whispered,³⁰
"Go, | and *God's will* be done,
For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor
mother's son.
Go, John, | and the Lord | watch³¹ o'er you! and
spare me to see the light, |
And bring you safe," she whispered, "out of the
storm to-night."
Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried
to hide my tears,³²
And my mates outside | when they saw me set up
three hearty cheers.
We launched the boat in the tempest, though³³
death was the goal in view,
'And never a one but doubted | if the craft could
live it through;
But *our boat* she stood it bravely, | and *weary,*
and *wet,* and *weak,*
³⁴We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so
much to seek.
But | just as we came upon her, she gave a³⁵
fearful roll,
SURPRISE. And went down in the seethin' whirlpool³⁶ with
every livin' soul!
We rowed for the spot, | and shouted, | for all
around was dark—

But only the wild wind answered the cries from
our plungin' bark.

QUICK.

³⁷I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when | I
thought I heard a cry;

And I saw past our bows | a somethin' on the
crest of a wave dash by;³⁸

³⁹I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged
it aboard, and then

SUB-
DUED.

I stumbled and struck my forrud,⁴⁰ and⁴¹ fell
like a log on Ben.

I remember a hum of voices, and then | I knowed
no more

Till I came to my senses here, sir—*here* in my
home ashore.

⁴²My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on
my little bed—

I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a row-
lock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd
heard I was coming round,

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed
like a buzzing sound;

But as soon as my head got clearer, and ac-
customed to hear 'em speak,

I knew | as I'd lain like that, sir, for many | a
long, | long week.

⁴³I guessed what the lads were hidin', for their
poor old shipmate's sake,

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got
some news to break;

So | I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says
to Old Ben, "Look ⁴⁴here—

I'm able to bear it now, lad—*tell me*, and never
fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently
Ben goes out,

And the other slinks away like, and I says,
"What's that about?"

⁴⁵*Why* can't they tell me plainly as the poor old
wife is dead?"

Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my
achin' head;

I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice
cry "JOHN."⁴⁶

And I thought it must be a vision as my weak
eyes gazed upon:

⁴⁷For *there* by the bedside standin', *up* and *well*,
was my WIFE.

LOUD.

And who do ye think was with her? Why,
JACK, *as large as life!*

It was *him* as I saved from drownin' | the night
as the lifeboat went

To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*; 'twas that
as the vision meant.

They'd brought us ashore together; he'd knelt
by his mother's bed,

⁴⁹And the sudden joy had raised her like a *mir-
acle* | from the dead:

And mother and son together had nursed me
back to life,

And my old eyes⁵⁰ woke from darkness to look
on my son and wife.

EXULT-
ING.

JACK? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas⁵¹
Providence pulled him through—

He's allus the *first*⁵² aboard her | when the life-
boat wants a crew.

¹ Hands behind back—attitude careless. ² Point front. ³ Both hands directed to the ground. ⁴ Point to right—rather awkwardly—sway body. ⁵ Shake head twice. ⁶ Rub both eyes. ⁷ Look around—express wonder. ⁸ Point downward. ⁹ Clasp hands—move about uneasily. ¹⁰ Point and bend downward. ¹¹ Hands on hips—shake head. ¹² Abrupt nervous movement of hand. ¹³ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁴ Wave hands in front up and down. ¹⁵ Touch breast. ¹⁶ Hand on heart. ¹⁷ Point to front. ¹⁸ Hand extended and closed—bend. ¹⁹ Turn head and body slowly—expression of eagerness. ²⁰ Bring fingers to lips—speak very quietly and slowly. ²¹ Bend down—rub cheeks with fingers. ²² Quickly stand erect—swing both hands from the center wide apart. ²³ Right arm extended outward and upward—keep this for two lines. ²⁴ Hands in pockets. ²⁵ Point down. ²⁶ Shake head sorrowfully. ²⁷ Imitate holding up lantern. ²⁸ Point front with index finger. ²⁹ Clasp hands. ³⁰ Raise hand reverently as in No. 4 arm plate. ³¹ Rubbing eyes. ³² No. 1 hand plate. ³³ Repeat same. ³⁴ Roll the hand over in front. ³⁵ Make circular movement with first finger—it pointing downward. ³⁶ Shading eyes with hand, bend forward—advance right foot. ³⁷ Sweep hand across body. ³⁸ Action of seizing. ³⁹ Touch forehead. ⁴⁰ Drop both hands in front. ⁴¹ Rub hand across forehead. ⁴² Hands behind back. ⁴³ No. 1 hand plate. ⁴⁴ Both hands extended appealingly. ⁴⁵ Right touching ear—eyes bright, excitement. ⁴⁶ Point in front. ⁴⁷ Slap the leg strongly. ⁴⁸ Elevate both hands. ⁴⁹ Rub eyes once with both hands. ⁵⁰ Point upward. ⁵¹ No. 1 hand plate.

25—LULU'S COMPLAINT.

SPEAK
SLOWLY
AND
SIMPLY.

I'se a¹ poor | 'ittle | sorrowful baby,
For Bidget is way² downstairs,
My *titten* has scratched my fin'er,³
And Dolly | *won't*⁴ say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since *ever*⁵ so long ado;
⁶An' I ain't her tunniest baby
No longer, | for Bidget⁷ says so.

Mamma's dot anoder⁸ *new baby*;
⁹*Dod* dived it—He did—yes'erday;
¹⁰And it kies, | it kies—*oh*, | *so defful*!
¹¹I wis' He would tate it away.

¹²I don't | want | no | "sweet | 'ittle | sister";
I want my *dood* mamma, I do;
I want her to *tiss* me¹³ and *tiss* me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
A 'ittle *dood* titten | some day;
¹⁴Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
¹⁵I wis' she would tate it away.

¹⁶*Oh, oh!* what tunnin' red fin'ers!
¹⁷It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some can'y | whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
¹⁸To play wid 'mos' every day;
¹⁹And I dess, I dess—| Say,²⁰ Bidget,
Ask Dod | *NOT to take it away*.

¹ Hand on breast—shake head. ² Point down. ³ Hold up finger.
⁴ Turn body from side to side poutingly. ⁵ No. 3 arm plate. ⁶ Repeat ¹.
⁷ Shake one finger. ⁸ No. 14, arm plate. ⁹ Point up. ¹⁰ Downward gesture
with right hand twice—bend slightly—raise right foot twice. ¹¹ A
petulant movement of hands. ¹² Nod head at each word. ¹³ Kiss hand
outward. ¹⁴ Run three steps and point. ¹⁵ Turn left shoulder from audi-
ence and speak over right shoulder. ¹⁶ Clapping hands. ¹⁷ Point.
¹⁸ Both hands extended. ¹⁹ Right hand under right cheek, slowly nodding
head. ²⁰ Right hand out.

26—PRESS ON.

FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

N. P. Willis.

MEASURED
READING.

We shall go¹ forth together. There will come
 Alike the day of trial unto² all,
 And the rude world will buffet us alike.
³Temptation | hath a music for all⁴ ears;
 And mad ambition⁵ trumpeteth to all;
 And the ungovernable⁶ thoughts within.

MEDIUM
VOICE.

Will be in every bosom eloquent;—
⁷But | when the silence and the calm come on,
 And the high seal of character is set,
⁸We shall *not all* be similar. The flow
 Of lifetime is a⁹ *graduated* scale,
 And *deeper* than the vanities of power,
 Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
 A standard measuring its worth¹⁰ for Heaven.
¹¹The pathway to the grave may be the same,
 And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
 With his bow'd head, shall bear him company.
¹²*Decay* will make no difference, and *death*,
 With his cold hand, shall make no difference;
 And there will be *no precedence* of power,
 In waking at the coming trump of God;
¹³But | in the temper of the invisible mind,
 The godlike and undying intellect,
 There *are*¹⁴ distinctions that will live in Heaven,
 When time is a forgotten circumstance!

¹⁵The soul of man
 Createth its own destiny of power;
 And as the trial is *intenser* | *here*,
 His being hath a¹⁶ *nobler* strength in Heaven.

EARNEST.

What is its earthly victory!¹⁷ *Press on!*
 For it hath tempted angels.¹⁸ Yet *press on!*
 For it shall make you *mighty* among men;
¹⁹And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
 Ye shall look down on monarchs.²⁰ O *press on*,
 For the high ones and powerful shall come
 To do you reverence: and the beautiful

Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!

²²*Press on!* for it is *godlike* to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
²³And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of Heaven!
Press on!—²⁴for in the *grave* | there is *no* work,
And *no* device.”²⁵—PRESS ON! while yet ye
may!

FORCE.

¹ Stand naturally—gracefully put forth the right hand. ² Both hands out. ³ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁴ Indicate where ear is. ⁵ Touch lips and throw fingers outward. ⁶ Touch breast. ⁷ Step forward—bend—extend right hand—palm down. ⁸ Stand straight—drop hand. ⁹ Quick movement of hand, showing various heights. ¹⁰ No. 4 arm plate. ¹¹ Point downward. ¹² Sway hand from side to side, several times, palm down. ¹³ Touch forehead—advance to the left. ¹⁴ Bring hand down front with emphasis. ¹⁵ Hand open on breast—head thrown back. ¹⁶ Point up. ¹⁷ Throw hand, palm forward—advance—emphatic—loud. ¹⁸ Repeat ¹⁷. ¹⁹ Point upward with right hand. ²⁰ Repeat ¹⁷. ²¹ Repeat ¹⁷—but less intense. ²² Both hands tightly grasping breast. ²⁴ Point downward—advance. ²⁵ No. 5 arm plate.

27—ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Shakespeare.

Friends,¹ Romans, countrymen,
I come to² *bury* Cæsar, *not* | *to praise* him.

³The *evil*, that men do, lives after them;
The *good* is oft interred with their bones;

⁴So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus⁵
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;

⁶If it were so, it was a *grievous* fault;
And ⁷*grievously* | hath Cæsar answer'd it.

⁸Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

⁹(For Brutus is an honorable man;

¹⁰So are they *all*, *all* honorable men;)

¹¹Come I | to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was ¹²*my friend*, *faithful* and *just* to me:

¹³But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an *honorable* man.

¹⁴He hath brought many captives to Rome,
Whose ransoms | did the general coffers fill:

¹⁵Did *this* in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have *cried*, Cæsar hath
wept:

¹⁶Ambition | should be made of *sterner* stuff:

QUIET.

INSINU-
ATING.

STRONG.

MORE
EARNEST
AND
DIRECT.

¹⁷Yet Brutus says he was *ambitious*;

And Brutus | is an honorable man.

¹⁸You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I *thrice* presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did *thrice* refuse. ¹⁹Was *this* am-
bition?

²⁰Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, | he is an *honorable man*.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

²¹But here I am | to speak what I *do know*.

WITH
FEELING.

²²You all | did love him once, not without cause;

²³What cause withholds you then to *mourn* for
him?

²⁴O judgment, | thou art fled to *brutish beasts*,

And MEN have lost their reason!—*bear with*
me. ||

SLOW.

²⁵My *heart* is in the coffin there | with Cæsar,
And I must pause | 'till it come back to me.²⁶

LOUD.

But yesterday,²⁷ the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the ²⁸*world*: ²⁹now | lies he
there

QUIET.

And none so poor to do him reverence.

DIRECT.

³⁰*O masters!* if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

³¹I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong,

Who, you all know, are *honorable* men:

³²I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

³³To wrong the *dead*, to wrong *myself*³⁴ and YOU³⁵

Than I will wrong such ³⁶*honorable* men.

¹ Both hands extended appealingly—increase tone on each word of first line. ² Point downward. ³ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate—turn to left. ⁴ Point downward—emphasize with index finger. ⁵ Point to left. ⁶ No. 5 arm plate—bend forward. ⁷ Point downward—sorrowful bearing. ⁸ Left hand extended to left—palm up. ⁹ Right hand on breast—bend forward respectfully. ¹⁰ Both hands extended—attitude of great respect. ¹¹ Right hand to breast. ¹² Repeat ¹³—throw head back. ¹⁴ Left hand to left. ¹⁵ Advance to right—right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁶ Bend toward audience. ¹⁷ No. 4 arm plate—shake index finger. ¹⁸ Left hand to left—submissively. ¹⁹ Advance to front—both arms extended. ²⁰ Right hand to right—palm up. ²¹ Left hand to left—then bring right hand to breast. ²² No. 1 hand plate—wave hand up and down. ²³ Advance—both hands out. ²⁴ No. 4 arm plate—head up—left foot back. ²⁵ Both fists elevated on either side of head—head thrown back—chest out—very loud. ²⁶ Hand to heart—dejection manner. ²⁷ Turn your back on audience for a short pause. ²⁸ Step to right—right hand out. ²⁹ Both arms well out. ³⁰ Point down. ³¹ Clasp hands under chin—look downward. ³² Point left. ³³ Bring right hand down forcibly. ³⁴ Point down. ³⁵ Touch breast. ³⁶ Both hands to front. ³⁷ Swing right arm to right—very sarcastic manner.

28—THE SAME—Continued.

*Shakespeare.*APPEAL-
ING.

¹—Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, | O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved
him!

STRONG.

²This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,³
⁴Ingratitude, | more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst⁵ his mighty
heart;

LOUD.

And, | in his mantle muffling up his face,⁶
⁷Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great⁸ Cæsar fell.

PATHET-
IC.

⁹O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
¹⁰Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
¹¹Whilst bloody treason | flourish'd over us,
¹²O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops¹³
Kind souls, | what, | weep you, when you but
behold

QUICK.

¹⁴Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.¹⁵
Here is himself, | marr'd as you see | with
traitors.

RATHER
SLOW.

¹⁶Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
¹⁷They, that have done this deed, are honorable,
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,¹⁸
That made them do it; ¹⁹they were wise and
honorable,

'And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
²⁰I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, | as you know me all, | a plain blunt man,
²¹That love my friend: and that they know full
well

QUICK,

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
²²For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

LOUD. ²³I tell you that, which *you yourselves do know*:
²⁴Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor,
 dumb mouths,
 And bid *them* speak for me: But | were I |
 BRUTUS,²⁵
 And BRUTUS | ANTONY, *there* were an Antony
²⁶Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In *every* wound of Cæsar, that should move
RANT. ²⁷THE STONES OF ROME TO RISE AND MUTINY.

¹ Bend well forward—raise right hand over head. ² Point down in front. ³ Point to front. ⁴ Shake both fists forward. ⁵ Both hands clinched over heart and throw them violently to front. ⁶ Action of covering face. ⁷ Point downward. ⁸ Bring hand straight down in front. ⁹ Clasp hand violently—expression of intense pain. ¹⁰ Point to self—in front—then double outward gesture. ¹¹ Wave right hand upward and wildly. ¹² Hands clasped downward. ¹³ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁴ Bend over—hand extended. ¹⁵ Hand brought quickly upward as if stripping garment from corpse. ¹⁶ Arms out—quick turns to right and left. ¹⁷ Right to right side. ¹⁸ Hand on breast—shake head. ¹⁹ Bring down hand quickly. ²⁰ Hand to breast—then quickly extended. ²¹ Bend down—clasp hands. ²² Quick upward and downward movement of hand on emphatic words. ²³ Advance—both hands out—appealing. ²⁴ Bend down—touch body. ²⁵ Stand at full height—raise right hand—very loud—advance and stamp foot on word “*there*.” ²⁶ Point downward quickly. ²⁷ Both hands and arms extended—shake them violently—stand on picture.

29—THE DROWNED MARINER.

E. Oakes Smith.

LIGHT
RATHER
QUICK.
 A mariner sat¹ on the shrouds one night,
 The wind was piping free;
²Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight
 pale,
³And the phospor gleam'd in the wake of the
 whale,
 As it flounder'd in the sea;
 The scud was flying athwart the sky,⁴
 The gathering winds went whistling by,⁵
⁶And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
 Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.
⁷Wild the ship rocks, but he | swingeth at ease,
⁸And holdeth by the shroud;
 And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
⁹The gaping deep the mariner sees,
 And the surging heareth loud.

¹⁰Was that a *face* | looking up at him;
 With its pallid cheek and its cold eyes dim?
¹¹Did it *beckon him down*? Did it call his
name?¹²
 Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner look'd, | and he saw with dread,
¹³A face he knew *too well*;
 And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
 And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
¹⁴Was there a tale to tell?

The stout ship rock'd with a reeling speed,—
 And the mariner groaned, as well he need,
 For ever down as she plunged on her side,
¹⁵The dead face gleam'd from the *briny tide*.

HURRIED.

Bethink thee, mariner, *well* of the past:
 A voice calls loud for thee:
 There's a stifled prayer, the *first*, | the *last*;
 The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
¹⁶O, where shall thy burial be?

Alone in the dark, | alone as the wave,
 To buffet the storm alone;

¹⁷To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
 To struggle, and feel there is *none* to save!
¹⁸God shield thee, helpless one!

SLOWLY.

The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
 The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
 The white brow gleams a moment more,
¹⁹Then slowly sinks,—the struggle is o'er.

OROTUND.

²⁰*Down, down* where the storm is hush'd to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
 Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
 And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep;
²²There | thou shalt *slumber well*.
 The green and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side;
 They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,

From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's
brow,
²²As they | slowly | sunk | to the wave below.

LOW.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
²³The mother and child are there:

SORROW-
FUL.

The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
²⁴The babe, with its silken hair:
As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play:
And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
²⁵*Away from decay, and away from the storm.*

¹ No. 4 arm plate. ² Wave hands to the sides, then backward to center. ³ Point downward to the left. ⁴ Upward movement of hand. ⁵ Sweep right hand from left shoulder across the body—outward. ⁶ Raise the hand and arm upward as in No. 1 arm plate. ⁷ Hold out both hands, palms facing—rock the hands from side to side. ⁸ Right hand elevated—hand closed as if holding on—incline body and head to left. ⁹ Look downward—fingers pointing downward. ¹⁰ Surprised look—point down. ¹¹ Make action of beckoning. ¹² Touch breast with left hand. ¹³ Point down. ¹⁴ Lay left hand on head. ¹⁵ Hands out as in No. 6 hand plate. ¹⁶ Clasp hands over breast—look up—slowly shake the head. ¹⁷ Throw arms about wildly. ¹⁸ Hands together prayerfully. ¹⁹ Point downward. ²⁰ Point downward twice with emphasis. ²¹ Repeat same. ²² Wave both hands downward. ²³ No. 13 hand plate. ²⁴ Quietly brush hair back with left hand. ²⁵ Wave upward left hand. ²⁶ Wave upward right hand.

30—FORGIVE AND FORGET.

M. F. Tupper.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
¹Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
²In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but³ an *angel*, | or *God* can declare
⁴*“I now | can forgive and forget.”*

SLOW AND
EMPHATIC.

But, if the bad spirit is chased⁵ from the heart,
⁶And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong | so repented | the wrath⁷ will
depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;

For the *best* compensation is paid for all ill,
⁸When the cheek with *contrition* is wet,
 And every one feels it is possible still,
⁹At once | to *forgive* and *forget*.

INFLEC-
TION.

¹⁰To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
 However his heart may forgive,
¹¹To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
 And but for the ¹²*future* to live:
¹³Then how shall it be? for at every turn
 Recollection the spirit will fret,
 And the ashes of injury smolder and burn,
¹⁴Though we *strive* | to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! ¹⁵my tongue shall the riddle
 unseal,
 And mind shall be partner with heart,
 While thee to thyself I bid Conscience ¹⁶reveal,
 And show thee how evil thou art;
¹⁷Remember thy *follies*, thy *sins*, and—thy *crimes*,
¹⁸How vast is that infinite debt!
 Yet *mercy* hath seven by seventy times
 Been swift | to ¹⁹*forgive* and *forget*!

ADVISING.

²⁰Brood not on insults or injuries old,
 For thou art injurious too,—
 Count not their sum till the total is told,
 For thou art unkind and untrue:
²¹And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
¹⁸Now *mercy* with *justice* is met,
 Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of
 Heaven,
²³Nor learn to *forgive* and *forget*?

Yes, yes; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
²⁴Be quick to receive him, a friend;
²⁵For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
 Hot coals,—to refine and amend;

²⁶And hearts that are CHRISTIAN more eagerly
yearn,

LOW.

As a nurse on her innocent pet,

²⁷Over lips that, *once* bitter, to *penitence* turn,²⁸

EMPHATIC.

And whisper²⁹ FORGIVE and FORGET.

¹ Bring right hand from heart to the lips. ² No. 7 hand plate. ³ Arm and hand upward as in No. 4 arm plate. ⁴ Opened hand on breast—slightly incline head forward. ⁵ Wave hand from heart outward to the right. ⁶ Touch lips. ⁷ Take arm position No. 6 arm plate and wave the hand to the right. ⁸ Stroke gently the cheek. ⁹ Hand on breast—bend forward. ¹⁰ Fold arms over breast, droop head to left side. ¹¹ No. 2 hand plate—slightly wave the hand. ¹² Point and step forward. ¹³ No. 5 arm plate, both hands. ¹⁴ Right to breast. ¹⁵ Advance, use No. 13 hand plate. ¹⁶ Tap the forehead with finger. ¹⁷ No. 12 hand plate—move the right hand on the emphatic words. ¹⁸ Both arms well spread out—palms up. ¹⁹ Hand to breast. ²⁰ No. 2 hand plate for position, move the hand sideway several times. ²¹ Both hands out. ²² Elevate the right hand—advance. ²³ Step backward—bring hand to breast. ²⁴ Advance quickly—head thrown back—two hands close together and extended. ²⁵ Touch the head. ²⁶ Hand to the heart. ²⁷ Touch the lips. ²⁸ Sway right hand from the body to the right. ²⁹ Let your clasped hands drop slowly in front—bend forward.

31—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Thomas Hood.

MEDIUM
TONE.

SORROW-
FUL.

One more¹ unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone to her death! Take her² up; *tenderly*—lift her with care: fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair! Look³ at her garments, clinging like cerements; whilst the wave | constantly drips from her clothing. Take her⁴ up instantly, *loving, not* loathing. Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully, *gentle and humanly*; not of the stains of her:—all that remains of her *now* | is⁵ pure womanly. Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny, rash and undutiful:⁶ *past* all dishonor, Death has left on her only the beautiful. Still,—for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family!—⁷wipe those poor lips of hers, oozing so clammily. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb—her fair auburn tresses!—whilst wonderment guesses, Where⁸ was her home? *who was her father? who was her mother?* had she a sister? had she a brother? or was⁹ there a dearer one still, and a

PLAINTIVE
READING.

nearer one yet than all other? Alas!¹⁰ for the *rarity* of Christian charity under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! near a¹¹ whole city full, home she had *none*. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly feelings had changed: love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence:¹² even God's providence *seeming* estranged!

Where the lamps quiver¹³ so far in the river, with many a light from window and casement, from garret to basement, she stood with amazement, *houseless*—by night. The bleak wind of March¹⁴ made her tremble and shiver; but not the dark arch, or the black-flowing river: *mad*¹⁵ from life's history, *glad* to death's mystery; swift to be hurled any where,¹⁶ *any where*, out of the world! In¹⁷ she plunged boldly, no matter how coldly the rough river ran;—over the brink of it, picture it, think of it, dissolute Man!¹⁸ lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can!

Take her¹⁹ up | *tenderly*, lift her with care: fashioned so slenderly, *young*, and so fair! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently,²⁰ kindly, smooth and compose them; and her eyes—close them, staring so blindly! Dreadfully staring, through muddy impurity; as when, with the daring last look of despairing,²¹ fixed on futurity! Perishingly gloomily; spurred by contumely, cold inhumanity, *burning insanity*,²² into her rest.—Cross her²³ hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast; owning her weakness, her evil behavior—and leaving, with meekness,²⁴ HER SINS TO HER SAVIOUR!

STRONGER
TONE.

REVER-
ENTLY.

¹ Point down in front and look sadly. ² Action of lifting her with both hands. ³ Point down. ⁴ Repeat ². ⁵ Nod the head slowly. ⁶ Wave left hand to left—palm out. ⁷ Bend down—movement of wiping the lips of corpse. ⁸ No. 5 arm plate—look to right and left. ⁹ Cross hands on breast. ¹⁰ Slowly drop both hands as in No. 3 arm plate. ¹¹ No. 5 arm plate. ¹² Point upward. ¹³ Point to front. ¹⁴ Cross hands on breast—shiver and step back. ¹⁵ Place both hands on temples. ¹⁶ Wave hands downward in front. ¹⁷ Downward plunging movement of right hand. ¹⁸ No. 2 arm plate. ¹⁹ Repeat ². ²⁰ Bend down—move the hand as if composing the limbs of the dead. ²¹ Step forward—point up. ²² Clasp head with hands. ²³ Cross your hands in front—fingers pointing downward. ²⁴ Look up—use No. 4 arm plate.

32—THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Sir Walter Scott.*USE
MEDIUM
TONE.

The way was long,¹ the wind was cold, the Minstrel was infirm and old;² his withered cheek and tresses gray and seemed | to have known a *better* day: the harp, his sole remaining joy, was carried by an orphan boy: the *last* of all the *bards* was he, who sung of Border chivalry. For, well-a-day!³ their date was fled, his tuneful brethren all were dead; and he, neglected and oppressed, wished to be with them, and at rest! No more, on prancing⁴ palfrey borne, he carolled, light as lark at morn; no longer courted and caressed,⁵ high-placed in hall, a welcome guest, he poured, to lord and lady gay, the unpremeditated lay; *old times were changed*—old manners gone—a⁶ *stranger* filled the Stuart's throne. The bigots of the iron time had called his harmless art⁷—a *crime*: a wandering harper, scorned and poor, he begged his bread from door to door; and tuned, to please a peasant's ear, the harp,⁸ a *king* had loved to hear!

MEDIUM
TIME.

He passed, where Newark's stately tower | looks out⁹ from Yarrov's birchen bower: the Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—no humbler resting-place was nigh. With hesitating step, at last, the embattled portal-arch he passed;¹⁰ whose ponderous grate and massy bar had oft rolled back the tide of war, but *never* closed the iron door against the desolate and poor. The Duchess¹¹ marked his *weary* pace, his *timid* mien, and *reverend* face; and bade her page the menials tell that they should tend the old man well:—for *she* | had known adversity,¹² though born in such a high degree; in pride of power, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied, and the old man was gratified, began to rise his minstrel pride; and he began to talk,¹³ anon, of good Earl Francis, dead and gone; and of Earl Walter¹⁴—

ATTEND
TO THE
PAUSES.

rest him, God!—a braver | *ne'er* to battle rode:
and how full many a tale he knew of the old war-
riors of Buccleugh; and, would the noble¹⁵ Duchess
deign to listen to an old man's strain, though
stiff his hand, his voice though weak, he thought,
even yet,—the sooth to speak,—that, if she loved
the harp to hear, he could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained; the agèd
Minstrel¹⁶ audience gained; but when he reached
the room of state, where she¹⁷ with all her ladies
sat, perchance he wished his doom denied; for,
when to tune his harp he tried,¹⁸ his trembling
hand had lost the ease which marks *security* to
please; and scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
came wildering¹⁹ o'er his aged brain;—he tried to
tune his harp, in vain.

Amid the strings²⁰ his fingers strayed, and an
uncertain warbling made; and, oft, he²¹ shook his
hoard head. But, | when he caught the measure
wild, the old man raised²² his face, and smiled; and
lighted up his faded eye, with all a *poet's ecstasy!*
In varying cadence, soft or strong, he swept²³ the
sounding chords along: the present scene, the
future lot, his toils, his wants, were all forgot;
cold diffidence, and age's frost, in the full tide of
soul were lost; each blank in faithless memory's
void, the poet's²⁴ glowing thought supplied; and,
while his harp responsive rung, 'twas *thus* the
latest Minstrel sung:

INCREASED
FORCE.

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

"Breathes there the man, with soul²⁷ so dead,
who *never* to himself hath said, *This*²⁸ is my *own*,
my *native land!*—²⁹whose heart hath *ne'er* within
him burned, as *home* his footsteps he hath turned
from wandering on a foreign strand? If such
there breathe,³⁰ *go—mark him well;* for him, | *no*
minstrel-raptures swell: *high*³¹ though his titles,
proud his name, *boundless*³² his wealth, as wish
can claim; despite those titles, power and pelf, the

RATHER
LOUD.

wretch, concentrated all in³³ self, *living*, shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down³⁴ to the *vile dust* from whence he sprung,³⁵ *unwept, unhonored, and unsung!*"

LOUD.

¹ No. 1 arm plate. ² Touch cheek and hair. ³ Bend head—wave right hand to right. ⁴ No. 8 arm plate—then raise the arm. ⁵ Point upward in front. ⁶ No. 6 arm plate. ⁷ Clinch right hand as in No. 8 hand plate. ⁸ No. 7 hand plate. ⁹ Wave index finger from side to side in front. ¹⁰ Both hands together in front of face—then separate them. ¹¹ Put out right hand—then bring it to breast—bow the head. ¹² Shake head—hands clasped downward. ¹³ No. 1 hand plate—then point downward. ¹⁴ No. 10 hand plate—look up. ¹⁵ Bend low—hand on heart. ¹⁶ Both hands extended—look and turn to right and left. ¹⁷ Repeat the same. ¹⁸ Let the hands tremble. ¹⁹ Place opened hand on forehead. ²⁰ Hands extended—fingers apart—act of touching the strings of harp. ²¹ Shake the head. ²² Throw head well back and smile. ²³ Quick movement of fingers—playing harp. ²⁴ Touch forehead. ²⁷ Look up—place right hand to breast. ²⁸ Both hands extended—view entire audience. ²⁹ Touch breast. ³⁰ Advance to front two steps—use No. 7 hand plate. ³¹ Point up. ³² No. 5 arm plate. ³³ Hand on breast—bend head slightly. ³⁴ Step backward—point downward. ³⁵ No. 1 hand plate—drop the hand on last word.

33—THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.).

SLOW
TIME.

The muffled drum | ¹ rolled on the air,
²Warriors | with stately step were there;
³On every arm | was the black crape bound,
⁴Every carbine | was turned to the ground:
⁵Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
⁶As silent and slow | they followed the dead.

VOICE
SOLEMN.

The riderless horse was led in the rear,
 There were *white* plumes waving over the⁷ bier,
⁸Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
 For it was a *Soldier's* funeral.

OROTUND.

⁹*That* soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
 Where every step was over the slain:
 But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
¹⁰And he came to his native land—to die!
⁷Twas *hard* to come to that native land,
 And not clasp¹¹ one familiar hand!
⁷Twas *hard* to be numbered amid¹² the dead,
 Or | ere he could hear his welcome said!

But 'twas *something* to see its¹³ cliffs | once
more,

¹⁴And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
To think that the friends of his youth | might
weep¹⁵

O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound

As the coffin | was¹⁶ lowered into the ground;

¹⁷A *volley was fired*, a *blessing* said,
One moment's pause—and they¹⁸ *left the*
dead!—

¹⁹—I saw a poor and aged man,

His step was feeble, his lip was wan;

PATHETIC.

²⁰He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,

His face was bowed | to the cold²¹ damp ground:

²²He raised his head, his tears were done,—

SLOW.

The FATHER | had prayed²³ o'er his *only son!*

¹ Movement of drumming. ² No. 1 hand plate. ³ Touch the arm.
⁴ Touch left side of body—left hand hanging—hand closed. ⁵ Arm and
hand out straight—palm down. ⁶ Keep gesture, but move it slowly to the
right. ⁷ Point in front. ⁸ Same gesture. ⁹ Same gesture. ¹⁰ Arm falling
as in No. 3 arm plate. ¹¹ Clasp both hands and shake them. ¹² Point
down. ¹³ Point upward. ¹⁴ Both hands pointing to ground—palm out.
¹⁵ Gently touch the eye. ¹⁶ Hand in front—fingers drooping—gradually
lower them. ¹⁷ As if holding gun in position of firing. ¹⁸ Turn sorrow-
fully to left three steps. ¹⁹ Point with left hand. ²⁰ Point down. ²¹ Same
²² Slowly throw head well back—hands crossed over breast. ²³ Keep the
same picture.

34--EXCELSIOR.

Henry W. Longfellow.

*BRISK,
LIGHT
TONE.*

The shades of night were¹ falling fast,
As | through an Alpine village, passed²

A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice

³A banner | with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

⁴His brow was sad; his eye⁵ beneath
Flashed like a *falchion* from its sheath;

And like a silver clarion rung⁶
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior!"

NATURAL.

In happy homes he saw the light⁷
 Of household fires gleam *warm* and *bright*;
⁸Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
 And from his lips⁹ escaped a groan,
"Excelsior!"

¹⁰"Try not the pass," the old man said;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
 And *loud* that clarion voice replied,¹¹
"Excelsior!"

LOUD.

"Oh, stay,"¹² the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"
¹³A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
 But still | he answered with a sigh,¹⁴
"Excelsior!"

NOT SO
 LOUD.

"Beware"¹⁵ the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last good-night;
 A voice replied,¹⁶ *far up* the height,
"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as, heavenward,¹⁷
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice *cried through the startled air*,¹⁸
"Excelsior!"

QUIET.

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
¹⁹Half-buried in the snow was found;
Still grasping in his hand of ice,²⁰
 The banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

There in the twilight²¹ cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky,²² serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,²³
"Excelsior!"

¹ Describe semi-circle downward with both hands. ² Point to front.
³ Right hand up—hand closed as if grasping pole. ⁴ Touch the brow.
⁵ Touch eye. ⁶ Wave hand from mouth upward. ⁷ Point to left. ⁸ Point
 upward to left. ⁹ Send hand from mouth outward. ¹⁰ Shake the finger
 warningly. ¹¹ Wave right hand high in air. ¹² Bend and step forward—
 both hands extended pleadingly. ¹³ Point to eye. ¹⁴ Hand to breast—sigh.
¹⁵ Shake finger warningly. ¹⁶ Advance—look and point upward. ¹⁷ Look
 up—hands together in prayer. ¹⁸ Place hand behind ear—assume a lis-
 tening attitude. ¹⁹ Point downward. ²⁰ Right hand extended and clinched.
²¹ Both hands extended downward. ²² Point and look upward. ²³ Wave
 right hand.

35—THE GLUTTONOUS DUCK.

Miss Taylor.

*LIGHT AND
 QUICK.*

A duck | once | had got such a habit of¹ stuffing,
 That all the day long | she was² *panting* and
puffing;
 And, by every creature | who | did her great
 crop see,
 Was thought to be galloping fast | for the
dropsy.³

One day, after eating a *plentiful* dinner,—
⁴With full *twice* as much as there should | have
 been in her,—
 Whilst up to the eyes in a gutter a-roking,
 She was greatly alarmed | by the symptoms of⁵
choking!

⁶There was an old fellow, much famed for dis-
 cerning,
 A Drake—who had taken a liking for learning;
 And high in respect with his feathery friends,
 Was called Doctor Drake:⁷ for *this* doctor she
 sends.

⁸In a hole in the dunghill | was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the
crop;—

⁹Small pebbles, and two or three different
gravels,
With certain famed plants | he had found in his
travels.

¹⁰"Dear Sir," said the duck with a *delicate*
quack,—

DELICATE
TONE.

Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
¹¹*My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.*

¹²"I feel so distended with wind, and oppressed,—
So squeamish | and faint, such a load at my
chest."¹³

And day after day, it certainly *is* hard
To suffer with patience these pains in my¹⁴
gizzard!"

"*Give me leave,*"—said the Doctor, with medi-
cal look,

SPEAK
DELIBER-
ATELY.

¹⁵As her cold flabby paw in his fingers he took;
"By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I am
thinking,
Must surely be owing | to *eating* and *drinking*!"

¹⁶"*Oh no, Sir! believe me!*" the lady replied,
Quite alarmed for her stomach, as well as her
pride;

"I am sure, it arises from nothing I *eat*,¹⁷
But I rather suspect I got wet in my *feet*.¹⁸

"I have only been picking a bit in the gutter,
Where cook had been pouring some cold melted
butter,

¹⁹A *slice* of green cabbage, some *scraps* of old
meat—

VERY
SLOWLY.

²⁰Just a *trifle* or *two*, that I thought I could eat."

The doctor was then to his business proceeding,
²¹By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding;
 When, all on a sudden, she rolled on her
 side,—²²
 Gave a horrible²³ “quack,” and a struggle,—
 and died.²⁴

Her remains | were interred in a neighboring
 swamp,²⁵

By her friends,—with a great deal of *funeral*
 pomp;²⁶

²⁷And I’ve heard *this inscription* her tombstone
 was put on—

MOCK
 HEROIC.

²⁸“Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton!”
 And *all the young ducklings* are brought by
 their friends

To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends!

¹Bring hands to mouth. ²Put hands on chest—breathe in and out quickly, with apparent effort. ³Put elbows out—hands in front—indicating stoutness. ⁴Place arm out—finger tips meeting. ⁵Right hand on throat—open the mouth—nodding head. ⁶Turn to right—make gesture No. 12 hand plate. ⁷Put out both hands. ⁸Point downward. ⁹Use right and left hand alternately till period. ¹⁰Place hand on chest and cough. ¹¹Same position—speak slowly and as if ill. ¹²Send both hands from stomach outward—then drop them. ¹³Clasp hands and rock body backward and forward. ¹⁴Pressing both hands to sides—continue rocking body. ¹⁵Put out right hand and close it as if holding patient’s hand. ¹⁶Still rocking—hands clasped. ¹⁷Shake head. ¹⁸Raise one foot. ¹⁹Both hands out. ²⁰Place thumb and finger together. ²¹No. 1 hand plate. ²²Swing both hands over to left side—bend that way. ²³Throw forward both hands and make a noise like a duck. ²⁴Drop hands—bend head downward. ²⁵Point to left. ²⁶Both hands out—bow head. ²⁷No. 7 hand plate. ²⁸Face inscription with finger. ²⁹Bring both hands to stomach.

36—THE EXILE OF ERIN.

T. Campbell.

QUIETLY.

There came to the beach¹ a poor *Exile of Erin*,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;

²For his *country* he sighed, | when at twilight re-
pairingTo wander *alone* by the wind-beaten hill :³But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;⁴For it rose | o'er his own native isle of the ocean,WITH FEEL-
ING.Where once, in the fervor of youth's warm
emotion,He sang | the bold anthem of *Erin go
Bragh!*¹⁵⁶"Sad is *my* fate!"—said the heart-broken
stranger—"The wild deer and wolf to a⁷ covert can flee ;⁸But *I* have no refuge from famine and danger :A home and a country | remain *not* to me!⁹*Never* again, in the green sunny bowersWhere my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,

¹⁰And strike to the numbers of *Erin go Bragh!*

EARNEST.

¹¹"Erin ! | my country ! | Though sad and for-
saken,¹²In *dreams* I revisit thy sea-beaten shore !

PATHETIC.

But, alas ! in a far, foreign land I awaken,

¹³And sigh for the friends that can meet me |
*no more!*¹⁴Oh, cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace meIn a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase
me !—¹⁵They *died* to defend me—or *live* to deplore !

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild
wood?¹⁶

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the *mother* that looked on my child-
hood?

And where is the bosom¹⁷-friend, | dearer than
all?

¹⁸Ah! my *sad soul*, long abandoned by pleasure!
SLOW. Why didst thou dote on a fast-fading treas-
ure?

¹⁹*Tears*, like the rain-drops, may fall without
measure
But *rapture*²⁰ and *beauty* they cannot recall!

"Yet—all its sad recollections suppressing—

²¹*One dying wish* my lone bosom shall draw:—

LOUDER.

²²Erin! an *exile* bequeaths thee—his blessing!

Land of my grandfathers!—*Erin go Bragh!*

²³Buried and cold, when my heart stills her mo-
tion,

²⁴*Green* be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with
devotion,

LOUD.

²⁵*Erin Mavourneen! Erin go Bragh!"*

¹ No. 8 arm plate. ² Place hand on breast. ³ Point upward—move to right. ⁴ Raise hand still higher. ⁵ Both hands to front—head erect. ⁶ Clasp hands—slowly shake the head. ⁷ Point to left. ⁸ Left hand to breast—speak slowly in sympathetic tone. ⁹ No. 14 hand plate. ¹⁰ Movement of touching strings of the harp. ¹¹ Advance—both hands extended. ¹² Touch right side of forehead. ¹³ Both hands to breast—slowly shake head. ¹⁴ Clasp hands—advance with earnestness of manner. ¹⁵ Point downward—then raise the hand. ¹⁶ Turn to left—left hand No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁷ No. 14 hand plate. ¹⁸ Walk to right whilst speaking—hand on breast. ¹⁹ Fingers of both hands to eyes. ²⁰ No. 6 arm plate. ²¹ Clasp hands—advance. ²² Throw out both hands—head erect. ²³ Hand over heart. ²⁴ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁵ Elevate both hands—look up—very earnest.

37—THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

*H. W. Longfellow.*SYM-
PATHY.

Beside the ungathered rice¹ he lay, his sickle in
his hand;

²His breast was bare, his matted hair was buried
in the sand:

Again,³ in the mist and shadow of sleep, he saw
his *native land!*

MEDIUM
TONE.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams | the
lordly Niger flowed;⁴

Beneath the palm-trees on the plain | *once*
more | a *king* he strode,⁵

And heard the tinkling caravans descend the
mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen⁶ among
her children stand;

⁷They *clasped* his neck, they *kissed* his cheeks,
they held him by the hand!

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,⁸ and fell |
into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode along
the Niger's bank;

His bridle-reins were golden chains, and, with a
martial clank,

⁹At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
smiting his war-steed's flank.

Before him,¹⁰ like a blood-red flag, the bright
flamingoes flew;

From morn till night he followed their flight,
o'er plains where the tamarind-grew,

Till he saw the roofs¹¹ of Caffre huts, and the
ocean rose to view.

At night | he heard the lion roar, and the hyæna
scream,

¹²And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds be-
side some hidden stream ;

And it passed like a glorious roll of drums,
through the triumph of¹³ his dream.

LOUD.

¹⁴The forests, with their *myriad* tongues, shouted¹⁵
of *Liberty*;

And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud, with a
voice so wild and free,

That he¹⁶ *started* in his sleep, and smiled | at
their tempestuous glee.

He did not *feel* the driver's whip, nor the burn-
ing heat of day ;

¹⁷For *Death* had *illumined* the Land of Sleep, and
his lifeless body lay

A worn-out fetter, that the¹⁸ soul had broken
and thrown away !

¹ Point downward to right. ² Touch breast with both hands, then wave them outward. ³ Touch right temple. ⁴ Move the hand, which should be down center in front, to right. ⁵ Stand erect majestically. ⁶ No. 1 hand plate. ⁷ Cross hands at neck. ⁸ Touch right eye, then point downward. ⁹ Touch left hip with left hand. ¹⁰ Point in front—wave hand to right. ¹¹ Point right. ¹² Point down. ¹³ Touch forehead. ¹⁴ Both hands, No. 5 arm plate—look around. ¹⁵ Advance—wave right hand. ¹⁶ Rub eyes—throw hands outward—turn head from side to side—move forward. ¹⁷ Point downward. ¹⁸ Opened hand on breast—then wave it to right.

38—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

*H. W. Longfellow.*NARRA-
TIVE
STYLE.¹It was the schooner *Hesperus*, that sailed the wintry sea;And the skipper | had taken his little² daughter to bear him company.³Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds that ope in the month of May.

The skipper | he⁴ stood beside the helm, his pipe in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering flaw did blow the smoke, now west, now south.

Then | up and spake an old sailor, had sailed the Spanish Main:

ROUGH
VOICE.⁵"*I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane:**Last night, the moon had⁶ a golden ring, and to-night | no⁷ moon we see!"*The skipper he blew a whiff⁸ from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laughed he.Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the northeast:⁹¹⁰The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows frothed like yeast.¹¹*Down* came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its strength;She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steel, then¹² *leaped* her cable's length.

LOUD.

¹³"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter, and do not tremble so;For *I* can weather the roughest gale, that ever wind did blow."¹⁴He wrapped her in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast;¹⁵He cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast.

PATHETIC.

"O father! I hear the *church-bell ring*; oh, say,
what may it be?"

16 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—and
he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the *sound of guns*; oh, say,
what may it be?"

17 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live in such
an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light; oh, say,
what may it be?"

But | the father answered *never a word*, a¹⁸
frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, with
his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
on his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden | clasped¹⁹ her hands, and
prayed that *saved* she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
on the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel²⁰ swept towards
the reef of Norman's Woe.

'And ever, the fitful gusts between, a sound came
from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf on the
rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers | were right beneath²¹ her bows,
she drifted a dreary wreck,

22 And a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles
from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
looked soft as carded wool;

But the cruel rocks, they *gored her side* | like the
horns of an angry bull.

23 Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, with
the masts, went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she *stove* and²⁴ *sank*:
Ho!²⁵ Ho! the breakers roared!

STRONG.

- ²⁶At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach a fisherman
stood aghast,
QUIETLY. To see the form of a maiden fair | *lashed close*
to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt
tears in her eyes;
'And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
on the billows fall and rise.
²⁷*Such* | was the *wreck of the Hesperus*, in the
midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this, on the
reef of Norman's Woe!

¹No. 8 arm plate. ²Put hand down and out horizontally, indicating girl's height. ³Touch eye. ⁴Carelessly point left. ⁵Left hand on hip—right hand pointing to front. ⁶Point up—describe ring with finger. ⁷Drop hand. ⁸Action of taking pipe from mouth and puffing smoke. ⁹Point outward. ¹⁰Bring opened fingers gradually downward—palms down. ¹¹Repeat same action, but much quicker. ¹²Swing quickly right arm out and step to right—bending. ¹³Beckoning her with finger. ¹⁴Action of wrapping coat around her. ¹⁵Action of cutting rope. ¹⁶Point. ¹⁷No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁸Point to front. ¹⁹Clasp hands. ²⁰Sweep hand from breast to right. ²¹Point and turn to right. ²²Wave both hands outward energetically—advance. ²³Point upward and shake the hand. ²⁴Point down. ²⁵Place opened hand to side of mouth—trumpet fashion. ²⁶No. 5 arm plate, both hands. ²⁷No. 1 hand plate.

39—THE LAST OF THE RED MEN.

W. C. Bryant.

- MODER-
ATE.** ¹The sun's last ray was glowing fair, on crag,
and tree, and flood;
And fell in mellow softness | where the lonely²
Indian stood.
³Beneath his eye, in living gold, the broad Pacific
lay;
Unruffled there, a skiff might hold its bright
and fearless way.
⁴Far, far behind him, mountains blue in shadowy
distance melt;
'And *far beyond*⁵ the dark woods grew, where
his *forefathers dwelt*!
No breathing sound was in the air, as, leaning
on his bow,⁶
⁷A lone and weary pilgrim there, he murmur'd
stern and low;

8“Far by Ohio’s mighty river, *bright star*, I’ve
worship’d thee!

My native stream—its bosom never the Red Man
more may see;

The Pale-face rears his wigwam | where our
Indian hunters roved;

9His hatchet fells the forest fair, our Indian
maidens loved:

10“A thousand warriors bore in war the *token* of
my sires:

STRONG-
ER TONE.

11On all the hills were seen afar their blazing
council-fires!

The foeman heard their war-whoop shrill, and
held his ¹² breath in fear;

13And in the wood, and on the hill, their arrows
pierced the deer.

14“Where are they now?—the stranger’s tread is
on their silent place!

15Yon fading light on *me* is shed, the last | of all |
my race!

SADLY.

Where are they now?—in Summer’s light, *go*¹⁶
seek the Winter’s snow!

17Forgotten is our name and might, and broken
is our bow.

18“The White Man came; his bayonets gleam
where Sachems held their sway;

And, like the shadow of a dream, our tribe¹⁹
has passed away!

20Curs’d be their race! to faith untrue! *false*
heart! deceitful tongue!—

VERY
LOUD.

21Hear me, *O evil Manitou—revenge the Indian’s*
wrong!

22“I hear him in the hollow moan of the dark
heaving sea;

And whispers murmur in the tone, of vengeance
yet to be!

What if no stone shall mark the spot | where |
 lonely sleep the brave?
 Their mighty arm²³ is *unforgot*, their glory has
no grave!

²⁴"But to our foes we leave a shame!—*disgrace*
 can *never* die;

Their sons shall blush to hear a name still
 blackened with a lie!

²⁵So be it ever to their race,—*false friends*, and
bitter cares!

VERY
 LOUD.

²⁶By *fraud* they have the Indian's place; *the*
Indian's CURSE BE²⁷ THEIRS!"

¹ Point to left and gradually drop the hand. ² Point in front. ³ Spread out both hands—palms down. ⁴ Point backward over left shoulder with left thumb. ⁵ Point and turn to left backward. ⁶ Bend forward and place arm in a leaning position. ⁷ No. 1 hand plate. ⁸ Left hand out to left. ⁹ Bring closed hand quickly down in front—action of chopping. ¹⁰ No. 7 arm plate. ¹¹ Point left upward. ¹² Right hand grasping neck. ¹³ Point left, then upward to left. ¹⁴ Advance two steps—use No. 5 arm plate—look around. ¹⁵ Point left—then touch breast. ¹⁶ No. 8 arm plate. ¹⁷ Hand on breast—shake the head slowly. ¹⁸ No. 8 arm plate. ¹⁹ Swing the arm to right and drop it. ²⁰ Advance—shake right hand up in the air. ²¹ Both hands clasped and up—look up. ²² Point, look, and bend downward. ²³ Shake the head sadly. ²⁴ Quickly swing arm to left. ²⁵ Advance—make No. 8 hand plate—high over head. ²⁶ Bring fist down strongly. ²⁷ Advance—shake both hands over head—very excited—every part of the body in agitation.

40—THE POLISH EXILES.

Miss Pardoe.

DESCRIP-
TIVE.

¹Forth went they from their fatherland, a fallen
and fettered race,

To find,² upon a distant strand, their dark abid-
ing place.

Forth went they:³—not as *freemen* go, with
firm and fearless eye;

⁴But with the *bowèd mien of woe*, as men go
forth to *die*.

⁵The aged | in their silver hair, the young | in⁶
manhood's might,

⁷The mother with her infant care, the child in
wild affright;

Forth went they *all*⁸ a pallid band!—with many
an anguished start:

The chains lay heavy on their hand, but⁹ *heavier*
on their *heart*!

No sounds | disturbed the desert air but those
of bitter woe;

¹⁰Save when, at times, re-echoed there the curses
of the foe—

¹¹When | *hark!* another cry pealed out—a cry of
idiot glee;

¹²Answered, and heightened, by the shout of the
fierce soldiery!

'Twas childhood's voice! but, ah!¹³—how wild,
how demon-like its swell!—

¹⁴The mother | *shrieked*, | to hear her child give
forth that soul-fraught yell!

And fathers¹⁵ *wrung* their fettered hands be-
neath their maddening woe,

While shouted out their infant bands shrill
chorus to the foe!

LOUD.

¹⁶And curses deep and low were said, whose murmurs reached to¹⁷ *Heaven*;
INTENSE. ¹⁸Thick *sighs* were heaved¹⁹—hot *tears* were shed,
 and woman-hearts were riven;
 As heedless of their present woes, the children²⁰
 onward trod,
 And sang—and their young voices rose²¹ a *vengeance-cry to God!*

¹ No. 8 arm plate. ² Point right. ³ Hand on breast—elevate head.
⁴ Slightly bend the head. ⁵ Touch the hair. ⁶ Stand very erect. ⁷ No. 14 hand plate. ⁸ Falling of arms as in No. 3 arm plate. ⁹ Hand on heart.
¹⁰ No. 5 hand plate. ¹¹ Listening attitude to left—hand behind the ear.
¹² Point to left. ¹³ Clasp hands—move head. ¹⁴ Advance—throw up hands wildly. ¹⁵ Wring the hands. ¹⁶ No. 4 arm plate—shake the hand.
¹⁷ Point upward. ¹⁸ Hand on breast and sigh. ¹⁹ Rub the cheek downward.
²⁰ Sweep the hand from breast outward. ²¹ Shake the fist over the head.

41—THE MARINER'S DREAM.

Dimond.

NATURAL. In slumbers of midnight the Sailor-Boy lay;
¹His hammock swung loose | at the sport of the wind;
 But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness² danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamed of his *home*, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
³While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
⁴And restored *every rose*, but concealed *every thorn*.

RATHER QUICK.

⁵Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in *ecstasy* rise;⁶
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the *cot of his forefathers* | blesses his eyes.

⁷The jessamine | clammers in flower o'er the
 thatch,
 And the swallow chirps sweet | from her nest
 in the wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises⁸ the
 latch—
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call!

⁹A *father* bends o'er him with looks of delight;
 His cheek is bedewed with¹⁰ a *mother's* warm
 tear;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the friends, whom his bosom
 holds dear.

QUICK.

The heart¹¹ of the sleeper *beats high* in his
 breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem
 o'er;
 And the murmur of happiness steals through
 his rest—
¹²“O Fate! thou hast *blessed me*—I *ask for no*
more.”

LOUD.

Ah! *whence*¹³ is that flame which now glares in
 his eye?
 Ah! *what* is that sound which now¹⁴ bursts on
 his ear?
¹⁵'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting wrath
 on the sky!
 'Tis the *crashing* of thunders,¹⁶ the *groan* of the
 sphere!

 INCREAS-
 ING
 LOUD-
 NESS.

¹⁷He *springs* from his hammock—he *flies* to the
 deck—¹⁸
 Amazement confronts him with images dire!
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a
wreck—
¹⁹The masts | fly in splinters—the²⁰ *shrouds are*
on fire!

²¹Like *mountains* the billows tremendously
swell—

In vain the lost wretch calls²² on *Mercy* to save:
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

²³And the death-angel | flaps his broad wings o'er
the wave!

SORROW-
FUL.

²⁴Oh, Sailor-Boy! Sailor-Boy! *never again*
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, *down deep* in²⁵ the
main

Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

²⁶No tomb shall *e'er* plead to Remembrance for
thee;

But still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
And the white foam of waves shall thy winding-
sheet be—

Oh, Sailor-Boy! Sailor-Boy! *peace to thy soul!*

¹ Wave hand in front. ² Touch the forehead to the right. ³ Repeat ².
⁴ No. 2 arm plate. ⁵ Touch eyebrows and gently throw hands forward.
⁶ Elevate the hand from a downward position—turning palm out. ⁷ Point
to the left—upward. ⁸ Action of raising the latch. ⁹ Bend down—hands
clasped. ¹⁰ Touch the cheek. ¹¹ Hand on heart. ¹² Clasp the hands
under chin. ¹³ Quick general movement of excitement—hand out. ¹⁴ Place
hand behind ear. ¹⁵ Point and look up—put the left foot well back.
¹⁶ Same as ¹⁵. ¹⁷ Advance quickly, swing arm from chest outward. ¹⁸ Up-
ward movement of right hand. ¹⁹ Point up. ²⁰ Point up again. ²¹ Raise
both arms as in No. 1 arm plate. ²² Hold clasped hands upward—look
up. ²³ Separate and drop the hands. ²⁴ No. 7 hand plate—shake the
finger. ²⁵ Point down. ²⁶ Still pointing down—keep position until finish.

42—THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

H. W. Longfellow.

NATURAL
AND
FLOW-
ING.EMPHA-
SIZE
ITALI-
CIZED
WORDS.

Somewhat back from the village street stands¹ the old-fashioned country-seat: across its antique portico tall poplar-trees their shadows throw, and from its station in² the hall | an ancient time-piece says to all—³*“For ever—never! never—for ever.”* Halfway up the stairs it⁴ stands, and *points* and *beckons* with its hands from its case of massive oak; like a monk, who, under his cloak, crosses himself and sighs, alas! with sorrowful voice to all who pass,—*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”* ⁵By day its voice is low and light; but in the silent dead of night, distinct as a passing footstep’s fall, it echoes⁶ along the vacant hall, along the ceiling, along the floor, and seems to say, at each chamber-door,—*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”* Through days ⁷of sorrow and of mirth, through days of death and days of birth, through every swift vicissitude of changeful time, *unchanged* it has stood; and as if, like God, it all things saw, it calmly repeats those words of awe,—⁸*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”*

⁹In that mansion used to be free-hearted Hospitality; his great fires up the chimney roared; the stranger feasted at his board; but, like the ¹⁰*skeleton* at the feast, that warning timepiece never ceased,—¹¹*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”* There groups of merry children played, there youths and maidens dreaming strayed:¹² O *precious* hours! O *golden* prime, and affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts¹³ his gold, those hours the ancient timepiece told,—*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”* From that chamber,¹⁴ clothed in white the bride came forth on her wedding night; there, in that silent room below, the dead¹⁵ lay in his shroud of snow! and in the hush, that followed the prayer, was heard the old clock on the stair,—¹⁶*“For ever—never! never—for ever!”* All are scattered now and

IMPRESS-
IVE.

fled, some are married, some are dead, and when I ask, with throbs of pain,¹⁷ "Ah! *when* shall they all meet again?" as in the days long since gone by, the ancient timepiece makes reply,—¹⁸"*For ever—never! never—for ever!*" Never here, for ever there, where all parting, pain, and care, and death, and time, shall disappear,—for ever there, but never here! The horologe of Eternity¹⁹ sayeth this incessantly,—"*FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—FOR EVER!*"

¹ No. 8 arm plate. ² Repeat ¹. ³ Imitate action of a pendulum by waving the hand with regular motion. ⁴ Point up. ⁵ No. 1 hand plate. ⁶ Point up—then down. ⁷ Left hand, No. 4 hand plate. ⁸ Repeat ³. ⁹ Extend both hands—walk forward. ¹⁰ Point in front, using index finger. ¹¹ Repeat ³. ¹² Clasp hands earnestly. ¹³ Bend head—imitate a person counting money. ¹⁴ Point to right. ¹⁵ Point down. ¹⁶ Repeat ³. ¹⁷ Both hands, No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁸ Repeat ³. ¹⁹ Point upward.

43—THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

M. G. Lewis.

LOUD.

¹*Stay*, gaoler! *stay*, and hear my woe! she is not mad who kneels to thee;

For what I am *now too well* I know, and what I was—and what *should be!*

²I'll rave no more in proud despair—my language shall be mild, though sad;

But yet I'll *firmly*,³ *truly* swear, I am *not mad!*
I am *not mad!*

PLEAD-
ING.

⁴My tyrant foes have forged the tale, which chains me in this dismal cell!

My fate unknown my friends bewail—Oh!⁵
gaoler, haste that fate to tell!

SUBDUED.

Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer; his heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,

To know, though chained, a captive here,⁶ I am
not mad! I am *not mad!*

INCREASE
THE
TONE.

'He smiles in scorn—he⁸ turns the key—he⁹ quits
the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp *still*,¹⁰ *still* I see—¹¹'tis
gone—and all is gloom again!
¹²Cold, *bitter cold*!—no warmth, no light! Life,
all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night, al-
though | *not mad! no, no—not mad!*

'Tis sure some dream¹³—some vision vain!
What! I the child of rank and wealth!
Am I the wretch who¹⁴ clanks this chain, bereft
of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled, which
never more my heart must glad, |
¹⁵How *aches* my heart, how¹⁶ *burns* my head!
but 'tis not mad! it is *not* mad!

PATHET-
IC.

¹⁷Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this a parent's
face, a parent's tongue?
I'll *ne'er* forget thy parting kiss, nor round my
neck how fast you clung!
Nor how with me you sued to stay, nor how that
suit my foes forbade;
Nor how—¹⁸I'll drive such thoughts away—
they'll *make* me mad; they'll *make* me
mad!

LOUD.

QUIET.

¹⁹Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled; thy mild
blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever saw a lovelier child! and art thou
now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more, my *pretty*,
pretty, *pretty* lad?
²⁰I *will* be free!—Unbar the door! I am *not* mad!
I am *not* mad!

Oh, hark!²¹ what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!²² now, *now*,
my dungeon-grate he shakes!

²³*Help! help!* | ²⁴He's gone!—O fearful woe, such screams to hear, such sights to see!

²⁵My brain, my brain! I *know*, I *know* I am *not* mad—but soon shall be!—

Yes, soon! for lo! now,²⁶ while I speak, MARK
HOW YON DEMON'S EYEBALLS GLARE!

VERY
LOUD.

²⁷He sees me!—now, with dreadful shriek, he²⁸
whirls a serpent high in air!

Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth²⁹ deep in
my heart, so crushed and sad!

³⁰Ay, *laugh, ye fiends!* I feel the truth! your task
is done—³¹I'M MAD! I'M MAD!

¹ Kneel and extend both hands. ² Rubbing side of face downward.
³ Clasp the hands on breast. ⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Clasp hands—extend them. ⁶ Hand on breast—shake the head. ⁷ Point. ⁸ Action of turning key in door. ⁹ Stand up. ¹⁰ Walk three or four steps—looking intently—pointing. ¹¹ Drop hand—dejection. ¹² Cross hands over breast—shiver. ¹³ Clasp the head with the hand—looking about wildly. ¹⁴ Raise arms up and down. ¹⁵ Hand on heart. ¹⁶ Cover forehead with hand. ¹⁷ Kneel down—right hand extended downward. ¹⁸ Throw hand violently from head. ¹⁹ Still kneeling—clasp hands—look down. ²⁰ Jump up—rush three steps—wave hands wildly over head. ²¹ Attitude of listening. ²² Step back—both hands as in No. 6 hand plate. ²³ Throw hands up wildly and fall on stage. ²⁴ Slowly assume a crouching position—hand grasping throat. ²⁵ Both hands holding sides of head. ²⁶ Stand—point and shake fingers. ²⁷ Shrink back—all the fingers pointing to front. ²⁸ Wave hand in circular movement around head. ²⁹ Hand on heart. ³⁰ Take two steps back—shaking both hands violently. ³¹ Look up—both hands clasping head.

44—THE COLLIER'S DYING CHILD.

*Farmer.*CONVER-
SATIONAL.

The cottage was a thatched one,¹ its outside *old*
and *mean*;

²Yet everything *within* the cot was wondrous
neat and clean:

The night was dark and stormy,—the wind was
blowing wild;—

A patient mother | sat beside³ the *death-bed* of
her child,—

A little worn-out creature—his once bright
eyes | grown dim:

⁴He was a Collier's only child—they called him
“*Little Jim.*”

And oh! to see⁵ the briny tears fast flowing
down her cheek,

As she offered up a prayer in thought;—she
was afraid to speak,⁶

Lest she might waken one she loved *far dearer*
than her life;

⁷For she had all a mother's heart, that wretched
Collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see,⁸ she kneels beside the
sufferer's bed,

⁹And prays that God would spare her *boy*, and
take *herself* instead:

She gets her answer from the child—soft fall
these words from him—

SLOW.

¹⁰“Mother, the angels do so smile, and *beckon*
Little Jim!

“I have no pain, dear mother, now; but, oh!¹¹
I am so *dry*:

Just moisten poor Jim's lips once more; and,
mother, do not cry!”

¹²With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips—

He smiled to thank her—then he took three little tiny sips.

¹³“Tell father, when he comes from work, I said ‘good-night!’ to him;

SLOW.

And, mother, now I’ll go to sleep.” . . .

¹⁴Alas! poor Little Jim!

LOW.

She saw that he was dying! The child she loved so dear,

Had utter’d the last words | she’d ever hope to hear.

¹⁵The cottage door is opened—the Collier’s step is heard;

The father and the mother meet,¹⁶ but neither speak a word:

¹⁷He *felt* that all was over—he *knew* the child was dead!

He took the candle¹⁸ in his hand, and stood beside the bed:

¹⁹His quivering lip | gave token of the grief he’d fain conceal;

And see, the mother joins him! the stricken couple kneel;

²⁰With hearts bowed down by sorrow they humbly ask, of Him,²¹

In Heaven | *once more to meet* | their own poor “LITTLE JIM!”

¹ Point in front. ² Both hands open as in No. 5 arm plate. ³ Point downward. ⁴ Same as ³. ⁵ Rub the cheek with fingers. ⁶ Hand on breast—shake the head slowly. ⁷ Send right hand to heart. ⁸ Point down. ⁹ Hands together in prayer. ¹⁰ Hands clasped under chin—look up—speak softly. ¹¹ Right hand on throat. ¹² Join thumb and first finger as holding teacup. ¹³ Clasp hands. ¹⁴ Drop hands—droop the head. ¹⁵ Separate the hands in front—palms up. ¹⁶ No. 11 hand plate. ¹⁷ Hand to breast—bend the head. ¹⁸ Same movement as ¹². ¹⁹ Touch the lips. ²⁰ Clasp hands—bow the head. ²¹ Look upward—hands still clasped.

45—THE RAVEN.

Edgar Allan Poe.

LOW.

¹Once | upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered *weak* and *weary*,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping,² suddenly | there came a tapping,

SURPRISE.

As of some one *gently*³ rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more.”

REMINISCENT.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember⁴ wrought its ghost upon the floor.

⁵*Eagerly* I wished the morrow;—*vainly* I had sought to borrow

⁶From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost *Lenore*—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

QUICK.

⁷And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

⁸Thrilled me—filled me with *fantastic terrors* never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart,⁹ I stood repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance¹⁰ at my chamber door—

Some *late* visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

This it is, and nothing more.”

LOUDER.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating
 then no longer,
¹¹"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly, your forgive-
 ness I implore;
 But the fact is I was¹² napping, and so *gently*
 you came rapping,¹³
 And so *faintly* you came tapping, tapping at
 my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I
 opened wide the door;—¹⁴
¹⁵*Darkness there*, and nothing more.

MONOTONE.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
 there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting; dreaming dreams no mortal ever
 dared to dream before,
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
 gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken, was the
 whispered word "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back
 the word, "Lenore!"—
¹⁶Merely this, and nothing more.

QUICK.

Back¹⁷ into the chamber turning, all my soul
 within me burning,
¹⁸*Soon again* I heard a tapping, something *louder*
 than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at
 my window lattice;
¹⁹Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
 mystery explore—
 Let my heart be *still a moment*, and this mys-
 tery explore;—²⁰
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

²¹Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many
 a flirt and flutter,
²²In there stepped a stately *Raven* of the saintly
 days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
 stopped or staid he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above
 my chamber door—
²³Perched upon a bust of *Pallas*, just above my
 chamber door—
Perched, and *sat*, and nothing
 more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy
 into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the coun-
 tenance it wore,
²⁴“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,”
 I said, “art sure no craven,
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering
 from the Nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s
 Plutonian shore!”
 Quoth the Raven, “*Nevermore.*”

LOUD.

VERY
 QUICK.

Much²⁵ I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
 discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little rele-
 vancy bore:
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living
 human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
 chamber door—²⁶
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above
 his chamber door,
 With such name as “*Nevermore.*”

But the Raven²⁷ sitting lonely on that placid
 bust, spoke only
 That *one* word, as if his *soul* in that one word
 he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather
 then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other
 friends have flown before—

QUIET.

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."

Then the bird said, "*Nevermore.*"

QUICK.

²⁸Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom un-
merciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy
burden bore

Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul
into smiling,

²⁹Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird and *bust* and *door*;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself
to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—

³⁰What this *grim*, *ungainly*, *ghastly*, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "*Nevermore.*"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing

To the³¹ fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into
my bosom's core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head
at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-
light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet lining with the lamp-light
gloated o'er,

SHE shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought,³² the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled³³
on the tufted floor.

MYSTERY.

³⁴"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
by these angels He hath sent thee—
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget
this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "*Nevermore.*"

VERY
LOUD.

"Prophet!"³⁵ said I, "thing of evil;—prophet
still, if *bird* or *devil*!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me
truly, I implore—³⁶

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—*tell me—
tell me—I implore!*"

Quoth the Raven, "*Nevermore.*"

"Prophet!"³⁷ said I, "thing of evil!—prophet
still, if *bird* or *devil*!

By that heaven that bends above us—by³⁸ that
God we both adore—

³⁹Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,

⁴⁰It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
named Lenore—

Clasp a *rare* and *radiant* maiden whom the
angels named Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven, "*Nevermore.*"

HIGH KEY.

"Be that⁴¹ word our sign of parting, *bird* or
fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—⁴²

LOUD.

Get thee *back*⁴³ into the tempest and the
Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave *no black plume* as a token of that *lie*
thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!

⁴⁴*Take thy beak from out my heart, | and take*
thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "*Nevermore.*"

⁴⁵And the Raven, never flitting, *still* is sitting,
still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,

LOW
AND
SLOW. And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor;

And | ⁴⁶*my soul, | from out that shadow that*
lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

¹ The reciter is seated at a table on which a lamp and open book is placed—drops hand on book—looks to front. ² Quick movement of surprise. ³ Action of tapping with fingers. ⁴ Index finger pointing to floor—describe with it a small circle. ⁵ Clasp hands. ⁶ Touch the book. ⁷ Point to right side, then bring hand to breast. ⁸ Grasp the breast. ⁹ Stand up. ¹⁰ Both hands extended. ¹¹ Take slowly four steps to right. ¹² Rubbing the eyes. ¹³ Action of tapping. ¹⁴ Open both arms. ¹⁵ Point to right. ¹⁶ No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁷ Take four steps back to center. ¹⁸ Movement of surprise. ¹⁹ Take three steps to left—hand on heart. ²⁰ No. 1 hand plate. ²¹ Fling hands to left as if opening shutter. ²² Wave the right hand from left side to right. ²³ Point upward to the right. ²⁴ Right hand directed upward to the right. ²⁵ Both hands in front. ²⁶ Point up right. ²⁷ Shake finger up right at Raven. ²⁸ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁹ Move the chair, that when seated you will face Raven. ³⁰ Seated—right hand gesticulating at Raven. ³¹ Point to bird, then bring hand to breast. ³² Both hands out—fingers pointing upward. ³³ Shake finger—pointing at floor. ³⁴ Right hand up—look at Raven. ³⁵ Same gesture. ³⁶ Clasp hands. ³⁷ Right hand up. ³⁸ No. 4 arm plate. ³⁹ Hand on breast. ⁴⁰ No. 14 hand plate. ⁴¹ Shake fist at Raven. ⁴² Rise quickly. ⁴³ Swing right hand from left shoulder across to extreme right. ⁴⁴ Place hand over heart—throw head well back. ⁴⁵ Seated in chair facing audience—hands hanging down. ⁴⁶ Hands on breast.

46—THE DIVER.

Schiller.

(Translated by J. C. Mangan.)

RATHER
LOUD.¹Baron or vassal, is any so bold²As to plunge in yon gulf, and follow,Through chamber and cave, this beaker³ of
gold—

Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?

⁴Who *retrieves* the prize from the horrid abyss
Shall *keep* it: the *gold* and the *glory* be his!"So spake the king, and incontinent flung—⁵

From the cliff, that, gigantic and steep,

High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,

A *glittering wine-cup* down in the deep;And again he asked: ⁶"Is there no one so brave
As to *plunge* for the gold in the dangerous
wave?"'And the knights and the knaves all answerless
hear

The challenging words of the speaker;

And some glance downwards with looks of fear,

And *none* are ambitious of winning the
beaker.

LOUD.

And a third time the king his question urges—

⁷"Dares *none*, then, breast the menacing surges?"⁸But the silence lasts unbroken and long;⁹When a Page, fair-featured and soft,

Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,

¹⁰And his mantle and girdle already are doffed:
And the groups of nobles and damsels nigh
Envisage the youth with a *wondering* eye.He dreadlessly moves¹¹ to the gaunt crag's brow,

And measures the drear depth under;—

But the waters Charybdis had swallowed, she
now

Regurgitates, bellowing back in thunder;

DESCRIP-
TIVE.

¹²And the foam, with a *stunning* and *horrible*
sound,
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

QUICK.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth¹³
Invokes the great name of God;
'And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
Burst forth as he plunges¹⁴ *headlong* unawed:
'And down he descends through the watery bed,
And the waves *boom* over his sinking head.

¹⁵Now, wert thou even, O Monarch! to fling
Thy *crown* in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who *recovers* the crown | shall
be *king*!"
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me,
I wis;
But hark!—¹⁶with a noise like the howling of
storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms.

SUR-
PRISE.

When, lo!¹⁷ ere as yet the billowy war,
Loud raging beneath, is o'er,
¹⁸An *arm* and a *neck* are distinguished afar—
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore;
¹⁹And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land with the *golden beaker*.

Now bearing the booty²⁰ triumphantly,
²¹At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,
²²Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up:

"*All hail* to the King!²³ Rejoice, ye who
breathe
Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven!

DECLAM-
ATORY.

For *ghastly* and *drear* is the region beneath;
And let man beware how he tempts high
Heaven!

Let him *never* essay to uncurtain to light
24 What destiny shrouds in horror and night.

"But the GOD I had cried to answered me²⁵

When my destiny *darkliest* frowned,

26 And He showed me a reef of rocks in the sea,

27 Whereunto I clung, and *there* I found

On a coral crag, the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

INCREASE
THE
FORCE.

"And there I hung,²⁸ *aghast* and *dismayed*,

Among skeleton larvæ; the only

Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid

In that vastness untrodden and lonely.

But the maelstrom grasped me with arms of
strength,

And *upwhirled*²⁹ and *upbore* me to daylight at
length."

Then spake to the page the marvelling king—

30 "The golden cup is *thy own*,

But—I promise thee further this *jewelled ring*,

That beams with a priceless hyacinth stone,

Shouldst thou dive *once more*, and discover
for me

The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea."

Now the king's fair daughter was touched and
grieved,

And she fell at her father's feet—

PLEADING
TONE.

31 "O father! *enough* what the youth has achieved!

Expose not his life *anew*, I entreat!

If this your heart's longing you cannot well
tame,

There are surely knights here who will rival
his fame."

But the king hurled³² downwards the golden cup;

And he spake, as it sank in the wave—

³³“Now, shouldst thou a *second* time bring it me up,

As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,

Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
Who pleads for thee thus thy *wedded* wife
shall be!”

³⁴Then the blood to the youth's hot temples rushes,
And his eyes on the maiden are cast,

QUICK.

And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,
And then growing pale and sinking aghast;

³⁵So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,
For *life*, or for *death*, he *again* plunges³⁶ down!

³⁷The far-sounding din returns amain,
And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. *In vain! in vain!*³⁸

SLOW.

The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar;
But, while ages shall roll, and those billows
shall thunder,

³⁹That youth shall sleep under!

¹ Both hands, No. 1 hand plate—look around. ² Point down. ³ As holding cup. ⁴ Still holding cup. ⁵ Throw it downward. ⁶ No. 1 hand plate—turn body to right and left. ⁷ Point down. ⁸ Both hands extended in front—palms down. ⁹ Point to left. ¹⁰ Action of taking off cloak. ¹¹ Send hand from breast outward. ¹² Point downward. ¹³ No. 10 hand plate—look up. ¹⁴ Quickly point down. ¹⁵ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁶ Step to right—hand to ear. ¹⁷ Step back—hand perpendicular in front of face. ¹⁸ Point down and outward. ¹⁹ Motion of swimming. ²⁰ No. 6 arm plate. ²¹ Point down. ²² Action of pouring wine into cup. ²³ Wave the hand upward. ²⁴ No. 12 hand plate. ²⁵ Clasp hands—look up. ²⁶ Point in front. ²⁷ Both hands to front clinched. ²⁸ Same gesture—eyes up and sparkling. ²⁹ Rising gesture—both hands as in No. 1 arm plate. ³⁰ As holding out cup. ³¹ No. 13 hand plate—advance one step—look up. ³² Action of throwing down cup. ³³ No. 1 hand plate. ³⁴ Send right hand to the forehead. ³⁵ No. 4 arm plate. ³⁶ Quickly point downward. ³⁷ Point down. ³⁸ Clasp hands—looking down. ³⁹ Shake finger downward.

47—OUR FOLKS.

Ethel Lynn.

LIVELY.

"Hi! Harry!¹ *halt a breath*, and tell a comrade
just a thing or two;
You've been on furlough? been to see how all
the folks in Jersey do?
It's long ago since I was there,—I, and a bullet
from Fair Oaks:—
²When you were home, old comrade, say, did you
see any of '*our folks*'?

³"You *did*? Shake⁴ hands. That warms my
heart; for, if I *do* look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling! People think a soldier's
heart is nought but tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot salt-
petre flames and smokes,
⁵While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to
think about his '*folks*.'

EARNEST.

"And so you saw⁶ them—*when?* and *where?*
The Old Man—is he hearty yet?
And Mother—does she *fade* at all? or does she
seem to *pine* and *fret*
For me? And Sis⁷—has she grown tall? And
did you see her friend,—⁸you know,—
That Annie Moss—How this⁹ *pipe chokes!*—
where did you see her? ¹⁰Tell me, Hal,
a *lot* of news about '*our folks*.'

LOUD.

"You saw them in the church, you say; it's likely,
for they're always there.
Not Sunday?¹¹ *No?*—A funeral?¹² *Who?*
Who, Harry?—How you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out—What ails
you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me like a man,¹³ *what is the*
matter with '*our folks*'?"

"I said all well, old comrade—true;¹⁴ I say *all*
well; for¹⁵ He knows best

LOW AND
SLOW.

Who takes the young ones in His arms before the
sun goes to the west.

Death deals at random, right and left, and¹⁶
flowers fall as well as oaks;

¹⁷And so—*fair Annie blooms no more!* . . .
and *that's* the matter with your 'folks.'

¹⁸"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this
white blossom from her breast;
And look,¹⁹ your sister Bessie wrote this letter,
telling all the rest:—

SOOTH-
ING.

Bear up, old friend!" . . . Nobody speaks;
only the old camp-raven²⁰ croaks,
And soldiers whisper:—"Boys, be still; there's
some bad news from²¹ Granger's 'folks.'"

He turns his back—the *only* foe that ever saw
it—on this grief,

And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind
Nature sends to Woe's relief,

SLOW.

Then answers:—"²²Thank you, Hal, I'll try;
but in my²³ throat there's something
chokes,

Because, you see, I've thought so long to count
her in among 'our folks.'

"I daresay she is happier now; but still I can't
help thinking, too,

²⁴I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender,
kind and true—

But maybe not . . . ²⁵She's *safe* up there!
and when God's hand deals other strokes,

²⁶She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know, and
wait | to welcome in 'OUR FOLKS.'"

¹ Carelessly throw out right hand. ² Put both hands in pockets and slightly swagger. ³ Put out right hand. ⁴ As if shaking hands. ⁵ No. 5 arm plate. ⁶ Take two steps to right whilst speaking. ⁷ Put out hand—palm down to indicate her height. ⁸ Careless off-hand gesture. ⁹ Smother a cough. ¹⁰ No. 1 hand plate. ¹¹ Advance. ¹² Right hand out—very earnest. ¹³ Shake right hand. ¹⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁵ Point upward slowly. ¹⁶ Point downward. ¹⁷ Raise the hands up and drop them quickly. ¹⁸ As holding up curl. ¹⁹ Put out hand—thumb and first finger together. ²⁰ Point left. ²¹ Point over left shoulder with left thumb. ²² Hands on head. ²³ Clutch at throat. ²⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁵ Point slowly upward. ²⁶ Still pointing up.

48—SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

LIVELY.

¹Up from the south at break of day, bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, the affrighted air with a shudder bore, like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,² the terrible *grumble* and *rumble* and *roar*, telling the battle was on once more—³and Sheridan *twenty miles away!*

QUICK.

And wilder still those billows of war⁴ *thundered* along the horizon's bar; and louder yet into Winchester | rolled the roar of that red sea uncontrolled,⁵ making the blood of the listener cold—as he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,⁶ with Sheridan *twenty miles away!*

⁷But there is a road from Winchester town, a good broad highway leading down: and there, through the flash of the morning light, a steed as black as the steeds of night, was seen to pass as with *eagle flight*;—as if he knew the terrible need, he stretched away with the utmost speed; ⁸*hills rose and fell*—but his heart was gay, ⁹with Sheridan *fifteen miles away!*

VERY
RAPID.

¹⁰Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering south, the dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth, or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster; foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster: the heart¹¹ of the steed and the heart of the master were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, impatient to be where the battle-field calls; ¹²*every nerve* of the charger was strained to full play, with Sheridan¹³ only *ten miles away!*

Under his spurning feet,¹⁴ the road like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;¹⁵ and the landscape sped away behind, like an ocean flying before the wind; and the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire, *swept*¹⁶ on with his wild eyes full of fire: but, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—he is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray; with Sheridan¹⁷ only *five miles away!*

The first that the General saw,¹⁸ were the groups of stragglers, and then, the retreating troops!—¹⁹ What was done—what to do—a glance told him both; and striking his spurs, with a *terrible oath* he dashed²⁰ down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs, and the wave of retreat checked its course there, because the sight of the master²¹ *compelled* it to pause. ²²With foam and with dust the black charger was grey: by the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play, he seemed to the whole great army ²³to say, "I have brought you Sheridan, all the way from Winchester-town to *save the day!*"

LOUD.

²⁴*Hurrah, hurrah* for Sheridan! *hurrah, hurrah* for *horse* and *man!* and when their statues are placed on high under²⁵ the dome of the Union sky,—the American soldier's Temple of Fame,—there with the glorious General's name, be it said in letters both bold and bright: "*Here* is the steed that saved the day by carrying Sheridan into the fight, from Winchester—*twenty miles away!*"

¹ Sweep the extended right arm inward. ² Right hand out—use the upward and downward movement on emphatic words. ³ Point to the extreme right—step to right. ⁴ Make three waves with the right hand in bringing it from right to center. ⁵ Both hands on chest. ⁶ Point and step to right. ⁷ Gradually bring hand from right to center. ⁸ Elevate and depress hand in front. ⁹ Step and point to right. ¹⁰ No. 8 arm plate. ¹¹ Hand on heart. ¹² Put forward both hands clinched. ¹³ Step and point to right. ¹⁴ Point down. ¹⁵ Sweep hand from breast to extreme right. ¹⁶ Repeat ¹⁵. ¹⁷ Step and point right. ¹⁸ No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁹ Gesticulate alternately with both hands. ²⁰ Send hand from breast out front—advance. ²¹ Bring hand down in front forcibly. ²² No. 1 hand plate. ²³ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁴ Wave hand several times over head. ²⁵ Point upward in front. Retain this position to the end.

49—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

H. W. Longfellow.

QUICK.

¹Listen, friends all, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, on the eighteenth of April, in 'Seventy-five; not one man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year. . . . He said to² his friend, "If the British march by land or sea from the town to-night, hang a latern³ aloft in the belfry arch of the North Church tower, as a signal light,⁴—*one*, if by land, and⁵ *two* if by sea,⁶ and *I* on the opposite shore will be,—ready to ride and spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm, for the country-folk⁷ to be *up* and to *arm*!" Then he said "Good-night!" and, with muffled oar, silently rowed ⁸to the Charlestown shore, just⁹ as the moon rose over the bay, where swinging wide at her moorings¹⁰ lay the *Somerset*, British man-of-war—a phantom-ship, with each mast and spar across the moon like a prison bar; and a huge black hulk, that was magnified by its own reflection in the tide.

BRISK.

Meanwhile, his friend,¹¹ through alley and street, wanders and watches with eager ears, till, in the silence around him, he hears the muster¹² of men at the barrack-door—the sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, and the measured tread of the grenadiers,¹³ marching down to their boats on the shore!¹⁴ Then he climbed to the *Tower of the Church*, up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, to the belfry-chamber overhead, and startled the pigeons from their perch on the sombre rafters,¹⁵ that round him made masses and moving shapes of shade,—up the trembling ladder, steep and tall, to the highest window in the wall, ¹⁶where he paused | to listen and look down a moment on the roofs of the town, and the moonlight flowing over all. Beneath,¹⁷ in the churchyard, lay the dead, in their night encampment on the hill; wrapped in silence so deep and still that he could hear, like

SLOWER.

SURPRISE.

a sentinel's tread, the watchful night-wind, as it went creeping along from tent to tent,¹⁸ and seeming to whisper, "All is well!" A moment only he feels the spell of the place and the hour, and the secret dread of the lonely belfry and the dead;¹⁹ for, suddenly, all his thoughts are bent on a ²⁰*shadowy something* far away, where the river widens to meet the bay,—a line of black, that bends and floats on the rising tide, . . . like a bridge of boats!

QUICK.

FULL
TONES.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, booted and spurred,²¹ with a heavy stride on the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. Now he²² patted his horse's side, now gazed at the landscape far and near; then, impetuous,²³ stamped the earth, and turned and tightened his saddle-girth; but mostly he watched with eager search the belfry-tower of the Old North Church, as it rose above the graves on the hill, lonely and spectral and sombre and still.²⁴ And *lo!* as he looks, on the belfry's height, a glimmer, and then a gleam of light! *He springs to the saddle,*²⁵ *the bridle he turns;* but lingers and gazes, till full on his sight a *second* lamp in the belfry burns! . . . ²⁶A hurry of hoofs in a village street! a shape in the moonlight! a bulk in the dark! and beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark, struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:—that was all! And yet, through the gloom and the²⁷ light, the *fate of a nation* was riding that night; and the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, kindled the land into flame with its heat.

²⁸It was *twelve* by the village clock, when he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, and the barking of the farmer's dog, and felt²⁹ the damp of the river fog, that rises after the sun goes down.³⁰ It was *one* by the village clock, when he galloped into Lexington. He saw the gilded weathercock swim in the moonlight as he passed; and the meeting-house windows, blank and bare, gaze at him with

a spectral glare, as if they already stood aghast at the *bloody work* they would look upon.³¹ It was *two* by the village clock, when he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock, and the twitter of birds among the trees; and felt the breath of the morning breeze blowing over the meadows brown.—And one was safe and asleep in his bed, who at the bridge would be first to fall; who, that³² day, would be lying *dead*, pierced by a British musket-ball!

You know the rest.³³ In the books you have read, how the British ³⁴Regulars fired and fled!—how the farmers gave them *ball* for *ball*, from behind each fence and farmyard wall, chasing the red-coats down the lane;³⁵ then crossing the fields to emerge again under the trees at the turn of the road, and only pausing to *fire* and *load*.—So through³⁶ the night rode Paul Revere; and so through the night went his cry of alarm to every Middlesex village and farm,—a cry of *defiance* and *not of fear*; a voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, and a word³⁷ that shall echo *for evermore*! For, borne on the night-wind of the ³⁸past, through all our history, to the last, in the hour of darkness and peril and need, the people will waken and listen to hear the hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, |³⁹ and the *midnight message of Paul Revere*!

MODER-
ATE
TIME.

¹ No. 1 hand plate. ² No. 8 arm plate. ³ Hold up right hand. ⁴ Put up one finger. ⁵ Put up two fingers. ⁶ Hand on breast. ⁷ Wave upward both hands. ⁸ Point in front. ⁹ Gradually raise left arm—the hand pointing left. ¹⁰ Point in front with left hand. ¹¹ Point twice successively in front. ¹² Right hand behind ear—listening. ¹³ Point to front. ¹⁴ Alternate movement of the hands indicative of climbing. ¹⁵ Point upward. ¹⁶ Step forward—bend—act of listening—hand out. ¹⁷ Both hands pointing down obliquely from body. ¹⁸ Send fingers from mouth outward. ¹⁹ Start. ²⁰ Touch forehead—point in the distance—bend. ²¹ Point in front—step quickly forward. ²² Action of patting. ²³ Stamp with right foot. ²⁴ Step backward with surprise—hands up. ²⁵ Swing right hand from lower breast upward to right. ²⁶ Point down—then straight to the front. ²⁷ No. 8 hand plate—gesticulate strongly. ²⁸ Hold up index finger. ²⁹ Both hands on breast. ³⁰ Same as ²⁸. ³¹ Repeat ²⁸. ³² Point downward—shake finger slowly. ³³ No. 5 arm plate. ³⁴ Position of taking aim with gun—then point left. ³⁵ Bring right hand from left shoulder across body to extreme right. ³⁶ No. 1 hand plate. ³⁷ Throw both hands up—palms out. ³⁸ No. 4 arm plate. ³⁹ No. 5 arm plate.

50—THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

Charles Mackay.

Around the board | ¹ the guests were met, the
 lights² above them beaming,
³And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy
 wine was streaming;
⁴Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright,
 their hearts with pleasure bounded,
 The song was sung, the toast was given, and
 loud⁵ the revel sounded,
⁶I drained a goblet with the rest, and cried,
"Away with sorrow!
Let us be happy for to-day; what care we for
to-morrow?"
 But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber
 deep came o'er me,
 And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues,⁷ this
 vision pass'd before me.

**RATHER
LOUD.**

Methought | I saw a⁸ *Demon* rise: he held a
 mighty beaker⁹
 Whose burnish'd sides ran brimming o'er with
 floods of burning liquor:
 Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste
 this liquor greedy,
¹⁰But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering
 and the needy;
 All those oppress'd by grief or debt,—the disso-
 lute, the lazy,—
 Blear-eyed old men and reckless youths, and
 palsied women, crazy;
¹¹"*Give, give!*" they cried, "*give, give us drink,*
to drown all thought of sorrow;
If we are happy for to-day, what care we for
to-morrow?"
¹²The *first* drop warm'd their shivering skins, and
 drove away their sadness;
¹³The *second* lit their sunken eyes, and filled their
 souls with gladness;

¹⁴The *third* drop made them shout and roar, and
 play each furious antic;
 The *fourth* drop boil'd their very blood: and
 the *fifth* drop drove them frantic.

LOUD.

¹⁵"*Drink!*" said the Demon, "drink your fill!
 drink of these waters mellow;
 They'll make you eyeballs sear and dull, and
 turn your white skins yellow;
 They'll fill your *homes* with care and grief, and
 clothe your backs with tatters;
 They'll fill your *heart* with evil thoughts; but
 never mind!—what matters?

"Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social
 ties dissever,

¹⁶*I'll* be your friend in hour of need, and find you
 homes for ever;

For I have built *three* mansions high, *three*
 strong and goodly houses,

To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life
 carouses.—

¹⁷The *first*, it is a spacious house, to all but sots
 appalling,

Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the
 sunshine crawling,

The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats
 the dole of others,

A *plague* and *burthen* to himself, an *eye-sore*
 to his brothers.

¹⁸"The *second* is a lazarhouse, rank, fetid, and
 unholy;

Where, smitten by diseases foul and hopeless
 melancholy,

The victims of potations deep, pine on the
 couch of sadness,—

Some calling *Death* to end their pain, and some
 imploring *Madness*,

MEDIUM
 TIME.

¹⁹The *third* and last is black and high, the abode
 of guilt and anguish,
 And full of dungeons deep and fast, where
 death-doom'd felons languish.
 So drain the cup, and *drain again!* One of
 my goodly houses
 Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the
 dregs carouses!"

But well he knew—that Demon old²⁰—how *vain*
 was all his preaching,

²¹The ragged crew that round him flock'd were
 heedless of his teaching;
 Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried,
 with shouts of laughter,—

LOUD.

²²"*Out on the fool* | who mars *To-day* with
 thoughts of a *Hereafter!*

We care not for thy houses three; we live but
 for the present;

And merry will we make it yet,²³ and quaff
 our bumpers pleasant." . . .

Loud laugh'd the fiend to hear them speak, and,
 lifting²⁴ high his beaker,

"*Body and Soul* are mine!" said he; "I'll have
 them *both—for liquor!*"

¹ No. 5 arm plate—turn and look around. ² Point upward. ³ Holding up the cup. ⁴ Touch cheek, eye and breast. ⁵ Wave hand upward—wrist movement. ⁶ Act of drinking. ⁷ Wave both hands from eyes outward—fingers apart. ⁸ Point down—gradually raise hand, pointing finger in front. ⁹ Holding out cup. ¹⁰ No. 5 arm plate. ¹¹ Advance—hand extended—eager look and gesture. ¹² Touch breast—send arm to left. ¹³ Touch eye and breast. ¹⁴ Throw both hands up. ¹⁵ Holding out cup—keep position for five lines. ¹⁶ Touch breast with left hand. ¹⁷ Arms wide apart. ¹⁸ Point down. ¹⁹ Elevate arm quite high. ²⁰ Advance to front—shake the finger toward audience. ²¹ No. 5 arm plate. ²² Shake fist. ²³ Action of drinking. ²⁴ Raise the beaker—keep picture till end.

51—TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

William Sawyer.

Towards the¹ scaffold's guard she came: leaped her black eyes into flame; rose² and fell her panting breast—³there a Pardon closely pressed! She had heard her lover's doom,—traitor death and shameful tomb; heard the price upon his head, —“*I will save him!*”⁴ she had said. “Blue-eyed Annie loves him too; *she* will weep, but Ruth will *do*. Who should save him sore distress?—who but she⁵ who love him *best!*”

To the scaffold now she came;⁶ on her lips there rose his name, rose, and yet in silence died. . . .⁷ Annie nestled by his side! Over Annie's⁸ face he bent—⁹round her waist his fingers went, “*Wife!*”¹⁰ he called her—called *her* “*wife!*”¹¹—Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast¹² the pardon lay, but she¹³ coldly turned away:—“He has sealed his traitor fate¹⁴—I can *love*, and I can *hate!* Annie is his wife!” they said; “be she wife, then, to¹⁵ the *dead*: since the dying she will mate—I can *love*, and I can *hate!*”¹⁶ “What their sin? They do but love: let this thought thy bosom move!” Came the jealous answer straight, “I can *love*, and I can *hate!*”¹⁷ “Mercy!” still they cried. But she, “*Who* has mercy upon me? *Who?*”¹⁸ My life is desolate¹⁹—I can *love*, and I can *hate!*”

From the scaffold stairs she went, shouts the noon-day silence rent; all the air was quick with cries²⁰—“See the traitor! see, *he dies!*”²¹ Back she looked; with stifled scream saw²² the axe *up-swinging* gleam; all her woman's anger died—“From the King!”²³ she faintly cried. “From the King! His name—behold!” quick the parchment she unrolled.²⁴ Pausing the axe in upward swing, “*He is pardoned!*” “*Live the King!*”

²⁵Glad the cry, and loud, and long; all about the scaffold throng, there entwining, fold on fold,

VERY
NATU-
RAL.

INTENSE.

LOUD.

QUIET.

LOUD. raven tresses—locks of gold. There,²⁶ against Ruth's tortured breast Annie's tearful face is pressed, while the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate, but I can love!"

¹ No. 8 arm plate. ² Hand on breast—inhale and exhale air in marked manner. ³ Touch twice the breast with finger. ⁴ Clasp hands across breast—look up—one step forward. ⁵ Shake the head slowly. ⁶ Touch lips—then move hand outward. ⁷ Point front. ⁸ No. 1 hand plate—bend slightly forward. ⁹ Let fingers meet in front—act of embracing. ¹⁰ Place right hand on head—left hand on breast. ¹¹ Falling of arm, No. 3 arm plate. ¹² Touch breast. ¹³ Walk to the left. ¹⁴ Clasp hands—intense action. ¹⁵ Point down. ¹⁶ No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁷ Clasp hands—look up. ¹⁸ Cross hands over breast. ¹⁹ Same as ¹⁸. ²⁰ Point front—excitedly. ²¹ Quick turn to right. ²² Raise both hands directly over head—holding axe. ²³ Hold up the pardon. ²⁴ Act of unrolling parchment. ²⁵ Wave the hand—act of cheering. ²⁶ No. 14 hand plate.

52—THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

Bentley Ballads.

LIGHT. In a small pretty village¹ in Nottinghamshire, there formerly lived a respectable Squire, who excelled all his friends in amusements athletic, and whose manner of living was *far* from ascetic. A wife he had² taken for better, for worse, whose temper had proved an *intolerant curse*; but at length, to his great and unspeakable joy, she died when presenting a fine little boy.³ Strange fancies men have!—the father designed to watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind—that, only approached by the *masculine gender*, no room should be left him for feelings more tender. ⁴*"Had I ne'er seen a woman,"* he often would sigh, "what squire in the country so happy as I!"

QUICK. ⁵The boy | was intelligent, active, and bright, and took in his studies uncommon delight;—⁶*no juvenile follies* distracted his mind—⁷*no visions* of bright eyes or damsels unkind; and those fair⁸ demi-sisterly beings so gay, yept *"pretty cousins,"* ne'er popped in his way: till at length⁹ this remarkably singular son could number of years that had passed | *twenty-one*.¹⁰ Now the

NATURAL.

EASY.

father had settled, his promising son should his studies conclude when he reached twenty-one: and he went with a heart beating high with emotion,¹¹ to launch the young man on life's turbulent ocean.

As they entered the town, a young maiden tripped by,¹² with a cheek like a rose, and a light laughing eye. ¹³"Oh! father, *what's that?*" cried the youth with delight, as this vision of loveliness burst on his sight. ¹⁴"*Oh that,*" cried the cautious and politic Squire, who did not the youth's ardent glances admire, ¹⁵"is only a thing called a *Goose*, my dear son—we shall see many more ere our visit is done." Blooming ¹⁶damsels | now passed with their butter and cheese, whose beauty might even an *anchorite* please: ¹⁷"*Merely geese!*" said the Squire: "don't ¹⁸mind them, my dear; there are many things | *better* worth looking at here."

SLOW.

As onward they passed, every step brought to view some spectacle¹⁹ equally curious and new; and the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds at²⁰ the *rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry-go-rounds*. And soon, when the tour of the town was completed, the father resolved that the boy should be treated; so, pausing an instant | he said, "My²¹ dear son, a new era to-day in your life has begun: now of all this bright²² scene and the gaieties in it, *choose | whatever | you like*—it is yours from this minute." ²³"Choose whatever I like?" cried the youthful recluse; ²⁴"O thank you, dear father, *then give me a goose!*"

QUICKER.

¹ No. 8 arm plate. ² Clasp hands—palms down—shake the head. ³ Touch forehead—wave hand outward. ⁴ Hand on breast—sigh—shake head. ⁵ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁶ Wave hand. ⁷ Wave hands from eyes outward. ⁸ Head on one side—hands crossed as in No. 14 hand plate. ⁹ No. 5 hand plate. ¹⁰ Bend forward—use No. 5 arm plate. ¹¹ Place hand on heart—then swing it outward. ¹² Sway hand across the body, following the gesture with eyes. ¹³ Show innocent surprise—point outward. ¹⁴ Careless and quick movement of the hand. ¹⁵ Wave hand carelessly again. ¹⁶ Send quickly right hand from left shoulder across body to right. ¹⁷ Both hands, No. 1 hand plate—facial expression of disgust. ¹⁸ Snap the fingers. ¹⁹ No. 5 arm plate—look up and down and sideways. ²⁰ Point in three directions. ²¹ Rubbing hands together. ²² Separate the hands—palms up. ²³ Raise both hands with surprise. ²⁴ Clap the hands twice, then point outward.

53—RUSTIC LOGIC.

Anonymous.

LIGHT.

Hodge,¹ a poor honest country lout, not overstocked² with learning,
 Chanced on a summer's eve to meet the³ Vicar,
 home returning.

⁴"Ah; Master Hodge," the Vicar cried, "what,
 still as wise as ever?"

The people in the village say that you are *wondrous clever*."

⁵"Why, Measter Parson, as to that | I beg you'll
right conceive me;

I do na brag, but yet I knaw a thing or two,
 believe me."

HUMOR-
OUS.

"We'll *try* your skill," the Parson cried, "for
 learning what digestion:

And this you'll prove or right or wrong, by
 solving me a question.

⁶Noah, of old, *three babies* had, or grown-up
 children rather:—

Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—
 now⁷ *who* was Japhet's father?"

⁸"*Rat it!*" cried Hodge, and scratched his head;
 "that does my wits belabor;

But howsomde'er, I'll homeward run,⁹ and ax
 old Giles my neighbor."

¹⁰To Giles he went, and put the case with cir-
 cumspect intention:

"Thou fool!" cried Giles,¹¹ "I'll make it clear
 to thy dull comprehension.

¹²Three children has Tom Long, the smith, or
 cattle-doctor rather;

Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called; now
 who is Harry's father?¹³

¹⁴"Adzooks, *I have it!*" Hodge replied, "right
 well I know your lingo;

Who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes,—
 why,¹⁵ *Tom Long Smith*, by jingo!"

¹⁶Away he ran to find the priest, with all his
 might and main:

Who, with good humor, instant put the question once again.

¹⁷"Noah, of old, *three babies* had, or grown-up children rather;

Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called: now,¹⁸ *who* was Japhet's father?"

LOUD.

¹⁹"I have it *now*," Hodge grinning cried, "I'll answer like a proctor:

EXULT-
ANT.

Who's Japhet's father? *now* I know;²⁰ why, *Long Tom Smith, the Doctor!*"

¹ No. 11 hand plate. ² Touch the forehead twice. ³ No. 1 hand plate. ⁴ Slightly bowing—smiling. ⁵ Put hands in pockets and swagger. ⁶ Touch the left palm with index finger of right. ⁷ Open arms apart. ⁸ Striking forehead with fist—then scratch head. ⁹ Point to right. ¹⁰ No. 12 hand plate. ¹¹ Shake the finger several times. ¹² Touch three fingers separately of the left hand. ¹³ Put hands under coat-tails. ¹⁴ Slap the leg violently. ¹⁵ Slap both hands loudly. ¹⁶ Swing arm out to left. ¹⁷ Repeat ⁶. ¹⁸ Repeat ⁷. ¹⁹ Bend forward—smile—shake fist in front. ²⁰ No. 1 hand plate.

54—ASK MAMMA!

A. Melville Bell.

MODER-
ATE.

CHEER-
FUL
TONE.

A bachelor Squire of no great possession,¹ long come to what should have been years of discretion, determined to² *change* his old habits of life, and comfort his days by taking | *a wife*. He had long been the sport of the girls of the place,—they liked his good, simple, quiet,³ cheery, fat face; and wherever he went to a tea-drinking party, the ⁴flirts were in raptures—our friend was *so hearty!* They'd fasten a cord near the foot of the door, and⁵ bring down the jolly old beau on the floor:⁶ they'd *pull off* his wig while he floundered about, and hide it,⁷ and laugh till he hunted it out: they would tie his coat-tails to the⁸ back of his seat, and scream with delight when he rose to his feet: they would send him at Christmas⁹ a box full of bricks, and play on his temper *all manner of tricks*. One evening | they pressed him to play on the flute, and he blew in his eyes¹⁰ a rare scatter *of soot!* He took it so calmly, and laughed while

he spoke, that¹¹ they hugged him to pardon their nasty "*black joke*." *One* really appeared so sincere in her sorrow, that he vowed to himself he would ask her to-morrow,—and not one of the girls but would envy her lot, if this jolly old bachelor's offer she got; for they¹² never had dreamed of his playing the beau, or doubtless | they would not have treated him so.

COYLY.

However, next day, to fair Fanny's amazement, she saw him approach¹³ as she stood at the casement; and he very soon gave her to know his desire, that she should become *the dear wife of the squire*. "La! now,¹⁴ Mr. Friendly, what would they all say?"—but she thought that not one of *them* all would say | nay:¹⁵—she was flustered, with pleasure, and coyness, and pride, to be thus unexpectedly sued for a bride. She did not refuse him, but yet did not like to say,¹⁶ "Yes," all at once—the hot iron to strike: so, to give the proposal the greater éclat, she said,¹⁷ "Dear Mr. Friendly,—*you'd best ask mamma!*" "Good morning then, Fanny, I'll do what you say: as she's out, I shall call in the course of the day." Fanny blushed | as she gave him her¹⁸ hand for good-bye, and she did not know which to do first,—laugh or cry; to wed such a¹⁹ dear darling man, nothing loth, for variety's sake, in her joy, she did both!²⁰ "O what will mamma say, and all the young girls?" she thought | as²¹ she played with her beautiful curls. "I wish I had said¹⁸ *yes* at once,—'twas too bad not to ease his dear mind—O, I wish that²³ I had!²⁴ I wish he had asked me to give him a kiss,—but he can't be in doubt of my feelings—that's bliss! O,²⁵ I wish that mamma would come home for the news; such a good, dear, kind soul, *she* will never refuse!²⁶ There's the bell—here she is.—O, mamma!"—"Child, preserve us!²⁷ What *ails* you, dear Fanny? What makes you so nervous?" "I really²⁸ can't tell you just now,—by and bye Mr. Friendly will call—and *he'll*²⁹ tell you—not I." "Mr. Friendly,

EXCITED.

my child! what about him, I pray?" "O, mamma,—he's to call—in the course of the day. He was here just this moment, and shortly you'll see he'll make you as happy as he has made me. I declare he has seen you come home,³⁰ that's his ring: I will leave you and him now to settle the thing."

Fanny left in a flutter: her mother—the gipsy—she'd made her as giddy as though she'd been tipsy! Mr. Friendly came in, and the widow and he were soon as delighted as Fanny could be: he asked³¹ the dear *widow* to change her estate;—she consented at once, and a³² *kiss* sealed her fate. Fanny came trembling in—overloaded with pleasure—but soon she was puzzled in as great a measure. "Dear Fanny," said Friendly, "I've done what you said;"—but what he *had*³³ done never entered her head—"I have asked your mamma, and she's given her consent." ³⁴Fanny flew to his arms to express her content. He kissed her, and said,—as he kissed her mamma,—“I'm so glad, my³⁵ dear Fan, that you like *your Papa!*” Poor Fanny now found out the³⁶ state of the case, and she blubbered outright, with a pitiful face; it was all she could do, under heavy constraint, to preserve herself conscious, and keep off a faint!³⁷ She determined, next time she'd a chance, you may guess, *not* to say,³⁸ “*Ask mamma,*” but at once to say “*Yes!*”

RAPID.

DISAP-
POINT-
ED.

¹ Simple outward movement of hands. ² Turn the hand slightly. ³ Stroke both cheeks. ⁴ Clap both hands together. ⁵ Throw hand downward. ⁶ Action of pulling off wig. ⁷ Strike both knees with hands. ⁸ Place hands behind the back. ⁹ Put hands in front as if holding box. ¹⁰ Movement of blowing—then rub the eyes. ¹¹ Place hands on opposite shoulders—action of hugging. ¹² Touch forehead and send fingers outward. ¹³ Point in front. ¹⁴ Make a low bow. ¹⁵ Move hands and body together from side to side. ¹⁶ Nod the head twice. ¹⁷ Bowing head and moving about uneasily. ¹⁸ Put out hand. ¹⁹ Hug yourself. ²⁰ Clapping hands and jumping about. ²¹ Action with curls. ²² Bow the head naively. ²³ Shake the head—hands clasped downward. ²⁴ Smile and throw a kiss. ²⁵ Walking about excitedly. ²⁶ Run three steps and stop. ²⁷ Hold up both hands in amazement. ²⁸ Moving about nervously, pulling handkerchief through hands. ²⁹ Continue same business—nod the head. ³⁰ Quick start forward. ³¹ Put out right hand—bow. ³² Make noise of loud kiss. ³³ Touch forehead—shake head. ³⁴ Take a step forward—throw out both arms. ³⁵ Bring hand to breast. ³⁶ Step backward—hands to head—surprise—wiping eyes. ³⁷ Slap one hand with the other. ³⁸ No. 1 hand plate—bow.

55—THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Lloyd.

AFFIRMA-
TION.

The very¹ silliest things in life create the most material strife; what scarce will suffer a² debate, will oft produce the bitterest hate. "*It³ is!*" you say; I say, "*'Tis not!*" Why, you grow warm—and I am hot. Thus each alike with passion glows, and words come first—and after,⁵ *blows*.

MODER-
ATE
TONE.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear, some fifty pounds or more a year; and rented, on the farming plan, grounds at much greater sums *per ann.* A man of consequence no doubt, 'mongst all his neighbors⁶ round about: he was of frank and open mind, too honest to be much refined; would⁷ smoke his pipe, and tell his tale, sing a good song, and drink his ale.

LIGHT
AND
QUICK.

⁸His wife | was of *another* mould; her age was—neither young nor old;⁹ her features, strong, yet somewhat plain; her air, not bad, but rather vain; her temper, neither new nor strange; a woman's—very apt to change: what she most hated was¹⁰—*conviction*; what she most loved¹¹—*flat contradiction!* A charming housewife, ne'ertheless; tell me a thing she could not dress:¹² soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies, nought came amiss—she was so wise! for she, bred¹³ twenty miles from town, had brought a world of breeding down, and Cumberland had seldom seen a farmer's wife with such a mien. She could not bear the sound of *Dame*; no,¹⁴—"Mistress Jerkin" was her name.

NARRA-
TIVE
STYLE.

Once on a time,¹⁵ the season fair to exercise and cheerful air, it happened in his morning's roam he killed some birds, and brought them home. ¹⁶"Here, Cicely, take away my gun: how shall we have these starlings done?"—"Done! what, my love? your wits are wild! *starlings*, my dear! they're *thrushes*, child."—"Nay, now, but look, consider, wife; they're starlings."—"No, upon¹⁷ my life! sure I can judge as well as you, I know a thrush and starling too."¹⁸—"Who was

LOUD AND
NOISY.

it shot them, you or I? they're *starlings!*"—"Thrushes!"²⁰—"Wife, *you lie.*"—"Pray, sir, take back your dirty word, I scorn²¹ your language as your bird; it ought to make a husband blush to treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."—"Thrush, Cicely?"—"Yes."—"A starling!"—"No." The lie again, and then²² the blow. Blows carry strong and quick conviction, and mar the powers of contradiction.²³ Peace soon ensued, and all was well: it were imprudence to rebel, or keep the ball up of debate against these arguments of weight.

QUIET.

²⁴A year rolled on in perfect ease; 'twas,²⁵ "*As you like!*" and, "*What you please!*"—At length returned, in annual flight, the day of this most *fowlish* fight; quoth Cicely—"Ah,²⁶ this charming life, no tumults now, no blows, no strife! what fools we were this day last year! Law! how you beat me then, my dear! Sure it was idle and absurd, to wrangle so about a bird, a bird not worth a single rush."—"A *starling.*"—"No, my love, a *thrush!* that I'll maintain."—"That I'll deny!"—"You're *wrong*, good husband."—"Wife, *you lie!*"²⁷ Again the self-same wrangle rose, again the lie, again the blows.²⁸ ²⁹Thus, every year, this man, or wife, begins the same domestic strife; thus, too, each year their quarrel ends—they³⁰ argue, fight, and kiss, and friends. ³¹'Tis "*Starling!*"—"Thrush!"—and "*Thrush!*"—and "*Starling!*"—"You *dog!*"—"You *cat!*"—"My dear!"—"My *darling!*"

LOUD.

¹ No. 2 arm plate. ² No. 1 hand plate. ³ Turn to right, put out right hand. ⁴ Turn to left—use left hand. ⁵ Raise clinched hand. ⁶ No. 5 arm plate. ⁷ Action of taking pipe from mouth and puffing smoke. ⁸ Left hand. No. 1 hand plate. ⁹ Bring hand down in front of face—palm in. ¹⁰ Bring hand forcibly down in front. ¹¹ Strike left hand with the right. ¹² Up and down movement of the hand on the five following nouns. ¹³ Point left. ¹⁴ Make an exaggerated bow. ¹⁵ Walk a few steps—hands as in No. 11 hand plate. ¹⁶ Action of handing gun. ¹⁷ No. 5 hand plate. ¹⁸ Hand out, then brought to breast. ¹⁹ Stamping foot. ²⁰ Strike fist into left palm. ²¹ Swing left hand to left—palm out—turn face to right. ²² Step forward—send clinched hand out from shoulder. ²³ Both hands. No. 5 arm plate. ²⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁵ Bending down extravagantly—rubbing the hand. ²⁶ Both hands extended front. ²⁷ Shake fist and stamp foot. ²⁸ Shoot arm outward. ²⁹ Advance to front—use No. 5 arm plate. ³⁰ No. 7 hand plate—shake the finger. ³¹ Use right and left hand alternately and turn with gesture on each of the nouns till finish.

56—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Mary Howitt.

INSINUAT-
ING.

“Will you walk¹ into my parlor?” said a Spider
to a Fly;

’Tis the *prettiest* little parlor that ever you did
spy.

The way into my parlor is up a² *winding* stair.
And I have many³ pretty things to show you
when you’re there.”

SLOW.

⁴“*Oh no, no!*” said the little Fly, “to ask me is
in vain,

For who goes⁵ *up* your winding stair can ne’er
come⁶ *down* again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary with soaring up⁷
so high;

⁸Will you rest upon my little bed?” said the
Spider to the Fly.

“There are pretty curtains⁹ drawn around, the
sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile I’ll snugly | *tuck*
you in.”¹⁰

¹¹“*Oh no, no!*” said the little Fly, “for I’ve often
heard it said,

They *never*,¹² *never* wake again, who sleep upon
your bed!”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, “Dear
friend, what shall I do¹³

To prove the warm affection I have always felt
for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that’s
nice;

I’m sure you’re very welcome¹⁴—will you please
to take a slice?”

¹⁵“*Oh no, no!*” said the little Fly, “kind sir, that
cannot be;

I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see.”

FLAT-
TERY.

"Sweet creatures!" said the Spider,¹⁶ "you're witty and you're wise!

How *handsome* are your gauzy wings, how *bril-
liant* are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear, your shall behold—¹⁷yourself."

¹⁸"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now, *I'll call another day.*"

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den;

He knew the vain and silly Fly would soon¹⁹ come back again:

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing:

²⁰"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing!

"Your robes are green and purple—²¹there's a crest upon your head,

²²Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but *mine* are dull as lead."

²³Alas, alas! how very soon this silly | little | Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near²⁴ and *nearer* drew,

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,

And dreaming of her crested head—*poor foolish thing!* At last,

²⁵Up jumped the cunning spider, and *fiercely held her fast.*²⁶

He dragged her up his²⁷ winding stair, into his
dismal den,

Within his little parlor—but she *ne'er came
down again!*²⁸

²⁹And now, do you take warning! all who this
story hear;

To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you
ne'er give ear:

LOUDER.

³⁰To all deceitful counsellors, close heart, and ear,
and eye:—

And take *a lesson* from this tale,³¹ of the *Spider*
and the *Fly*.

¹ Bow—conciliating wave of right hand. ² Make circular movement with finger upward. ³ Both hands—No. 5 arm plate. ⁴ Slowly shake the head three times. ⁵ Point up. ⁶ Bring the hand down. ⁷ No. 4 arm plate. ⁸ Hand pointing down. ⁹ Fingers touching, then brought down in curves outward. ¹⁰ Action of tucking in bed clothing. ¹¹ Shake head slowly. ¹² Shake head again. ¹³ Both hands extended front—advance. ¹⁴ Put out hand. ¹⁵ Shake head. ¹⁶ Hand on breast—nodding the head. ¹⁷ Bow low. ¹⁸ Bow. ¹⁹ Bring hand across body as in No. 6 arm plate. ²⁰ Beckoning her. ²¹ Touch top of head. ²² Touch the eye. ²³ Drop the hand. ²⁴ Make circular movement with right hand. ²⁵ Spring forward. ²⁶ Both hands grasping. ²⁷ Send hand upward, the finger making a circular movement. ²⁸ Sadly shake the head. ²⁹ No. 12 hand plate—advance. ³⁰ No. 5 arm plate. ³¹ Right hand out.

57—THE SLAVE SHIP.

Vogl.

(*Translation.*)

A ship bounds¹ o'er the open sea, concealed by
fog and night;

The waves are foaming over it, dashed by the
wild storm's might.

²*Two hundred slaves* | lie prisoned there, between
the narrow beams,

Half wakened by the howling storm³—hair
brooding savage dreams.

FEELING.

They see themselves,⁴ like laboring beasts, sold
on a foreign shore;

They feel⁵ the *scourge's* heavy blows,—the sun-beams scorching sore.

⁶They pray with fervent soul, aloud, amidst the storm and rain:

“O Heaven! release, with sudden death, us from such lasting pain!”

Soon, over slaves and sailors,⁷ howls the storm with savage might:

No beacon shines—the lightning's flash⁸ *alone* illumines the night.

LOUD.

The Captain cries:⁹ “O Allah—help! save us from danger, save!”

The slaves below call wildly out:¹⁰ “O Lord! give *us* the grave!”

And fierce and fiercer drives the storm, the ship bounds¹¹ *madly* on!

Sudden¹²—*it strikes upon a rock!* and splits—¹³*all hope is gone!*

And from the wreck: ¹⁴“O woe! O woe!” howls loudly o'er the sea;

But from two hundred lips resound: ¹⁵“*Hail, Lord! we now are free!*”

¹ Swing right hand from left shoulder across body to extreme right.
² Two hands extended in front downward—look downward. ³ Right hand to the side of head. ⁴ Clasp the hands under chin. ⁵ Place right hand on left shoulder and crouch. ⁶ Clasp hands—look up—advance. ⁷ Swing right hand to right and left hand to left alternately—with palms out.
⁸ Point upward. ⁹ Advance to front—look up—clasp the hands upward.
¹⁰ Step back—cross hands on breast. ¹¹ Throw hand from breast outward—step with the gesture. ¹² Point down. ¹³ Great dejection. ¹⁴ Hands as in No. 13 hand plate—shake the head. ¹⁵ Look up—hands extended to heaven.

58—PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

*Anonymous.*DIDAC-
TIC.

Voyager¹ upon Life's sea, to your own² self be
true,

And, where'er³ your lot may be, ⁴*"Paddle your
own canoe!"*

⁵*Never*, though the winds may rave, falter or
look back;

But upon the darkest wave leave a shining
track!

Nobly⁶ *dare* the wildest storm, ⁷*stem* the hardest
gale;

⁸Brave of heart and strong of arm, you will never
fail.

When the world is cold and dark, keep an aim
in view;

And, toward the beacon-mark, ⁹*"Paddle your
own canoe!"*

Every wave that bears you¹⁰ on to the silent
shore,

From its sunny source has gone, to return no
more:

Then | let not an hour's delay cheat you of
your due;

But, while it is called to-day, ¹¹*"Paddle your own
canoe!"*

ADVICE.

If your birth denied you wealth, lofty state
and power,

Honest fame and hardy health are a *better*
dower:

But, if these¹² will not suffice, golden gain
pursue:

And, | to gain the glittering prize, ¹³*"Paddle
your own canoe!"*

Would you wrest the wreath of fame from the
hand of fate?

EMPHA-
SIZE.

Would you ¹⁴write a *deathless name* with the
good and great?

Would you *bless* your fellow-men? ¹⁵Heart and
soul imbue

With the holy task, and then ¹⁶"*Paddle your
own canoe!*"

Would you ¹⁷*crush* the tyrant wrong, in the
world's free fight?

With a spirit brave and strong, battle for the
right:

And to break the chain | that binds the many
to the few—

¹⁸To enfranchise slavish minds?—¹⁹"*Paddle your
own canoe!*"

Nothing great²⁰ is lightly won, nothing won |
is lost.²¹

MORAL.

Every *good deed*, nobly done, will repay the cost:
²²Leave to Heaven, in humble trust, all you will
to do;

But, if you succeed, you must ²³"PADDLE YOUR
OWN CANOE!"

¹ Hand as in No. 2 hand plate. ² Bring hand gracefully to breast.
³ No. 12 hand plate—walk to the left three steps. ⁴ Slightly wave the hand
up and down—palm down. ⁵ Shake the finger in warning. ⁶ Send right
hand from chest upward—step to the right. ⁷ Both hands No. 6 hand
plate. ⁸ Hand on heart—chest out—head back. ⁹ Same as ⁴. ¹⁰ No. 6
arm plate. ¹¹ Same as ⁴. ¹² No. 5 arm plate. ¹³ Same as ⁴. ¹⁴ Hand in
front of face—action of writing. ¹⁵ Hand on breast—advance. ¹⁶ Same
as ⁴. ¹⁷ Strongly send clinched hand down from head. ¹⁸ Touch fore-
head. ¹⁹ Same as ⁴. ²⁰ No. 12 hand plate. ²¹ Repeat ²⁰. ²² Point upward.
²³ Same as ⁴.

59—SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Mrs. Lacoste.

SYMPA-
THY.

Into a ward¹ of the whitewashed halls, where² the dead and dying lay,—wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,—*Somebody's Darling* was borne one day: *Somebody's Darling*, so young and so brave, wearing yet,—on his pale sweet face, soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,—the lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

ORDI-
NARY
TONE.

³Matted and damp are the curls of gold, kissing the snow of that fair young brow; pale⁴ are the lips of delicate mould—*Somebody's Darling is dying now!* Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow ⁵brush all the wandering waves of gold; ⁶cross his hands on his bosom now. . . . *Somebody's Darling is still and cold!*

⁷Kiss him once | for *Somebody's* sake, murmur a prayer soft and low; one bright curl from its fair mates take—they were *Somebody's* pride, you know: *Somebody's* hand had rested there; was it a *mother's*⁸ soft and white? And have the lips of a sister fair been baptized in these waves of light?

REVERENT.

⁹God knows best! He had *Somebody's* love; *Somebody's* heart¹⁰ enshrined him there; *Somebody* wafted¹¹ his name above, night and morn, on the wings of prayer. *Somebody* wept when he marched¹² away, looking so handsome, brave, and grand; *Somebody's* kiss on his forehead lay, *Somebody* clung¹³ to his parting hand.

SLOW.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—¹⁴yearning to hold him again to her heart;—¹⁵and *there he lies* with his blue eyes dim, and the smiling childlike lips apart! Tenderly bury¹⁶ the fair young dead, pausing | to drop on his grave | a tear; carve on the wooden slab at his¹⁷ head,—
“SOMEBODY'S DARLING SLUMBERS HERE.”

¹ Turn to right—right hand out. ² Both hands as in No. 2 arm plate—keep position until period. ³ Look downward—run the fingers through the hair. ⁴ Bend down and point down. ⁵ Action of brushing hair back from forehead—bend down. ⁶ Cross your hands. ⁷ Throw kiss downward. ⁸ No. 3 hand plate. ⁹ Clasp hands as in No. 13 hand plate—shake head sorrowfully. ¹⁰ Hand on heart. ¹¹ Wave hand upward. ¹² Sweep hand to the right. ¹³ Stand erect—shake head proudly—hand out. ¹⁴ Hands as in No. 14 hand plate. ¹⁵ Point down. ¹⁶ Arms down—hands together in front—head down. ¹⁷ Point in front.

60—PAPA'S LETTER.

*Anonymous.*CHILD'S
DIA-
LECT.

I was sitting in my study, writing letters;
when I heard,

¹"Please, dear mama,—Mary told me mama
mustn't be 'isturbed.

But I'se² *tired* of little kitty, want some *ozzer*
fing to do:

Writing letters, is 'ou, mama?³ tan't *I* wite a
letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mama's busy; ⁴run and
play with kitty, now."

"No, no, mama; ⁵me wite letter; tan, if 'ou
will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait as his sweet
eyes searched my face—

⁶Hair of gold, and eyes of azure, form of childish,
witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded, as I slowly
shook my head,

Till I said, "I'll make a letter of *you*, darling
boy, instead."

⁷So I parted back the tresses from his forehead
high and white,

'And a *stamp* | in sport⁸ I pasted, 'mid its waves
of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,⁹ go away and
bear good news."

And I smiled | as down¹⁰ the staircase clattered
loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried down to Mary,
in his glee;

PLEAS-
ANT.

"Mama's witing¹¹ lots of letters; *I'se* a letter,
Mary,—*see!*"¹²

No one heard the front door open; no one saw
the golden hair,

¹³As it floated o'er his shoulders | in the crisp
October air.

Down the street¹⁴ the prattler hastened, till
he reached the office-door:

¹⁵"*I'se a letter*, Mr. Postman; is there room for
any more?

'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa, papa lives with¹⁶
God, 'ou know,

Mama tamped me—I'm a letter; does 'ou fink
'at I tan go?"

But the Clerk in wonder answered, "Not to-day,
my little man."

EARNEST.

¹⁷"Den I'll find anoizzer office, 'cause I *must* do,
if I tan."

Fain the Clerk would have detained him, but
the pleading face was ¹⁸gone,
'And the little feet were hastening,—by the busy
crowd swept on.

¹⁹Suddenly the crowd was parted,—people fled to
left and right,

²⁰As a pair of maddened horses at the moment
dashed in sight!

No one saw the baby figure,—no one saw the
golden hair,

LOUD.

Till | a *shriek of childish terror* | rang²¹ out
on the autumn air!

'Twas too late!—a moment only | stood the
beauteous vision there;

Then ²²the little face lay lifeless, covered o'er
with golden hair!

OBSERVE
GRAM-
MATI-
CAL
PAUSES.

²³Reverently they raised my darling, brushed away
the curls of gold;
Saw the²⁴ *stamp*, upon the forehead growing
now so icy cold.
Not a mark the face disfigured, showing where
a hoof had trod;
•But the little life was ended,—“*Papa’s letter*”²³
was with God.

¹ Look up pleadingly. ² Impatient wave of the hand. ³ Hand on breast. ⁴ Wave him away with left hand. ⁵ Place hand upward as if on her arm. ⁶ Stroke the hair—send hand down. ⁷ Action of pushing hair back from his forehead. ⁸ Action of wetting stamp and pasting it on his forehead. ⁹ Waving him away with left hand. ¹⁰ Point downward—make quick short movement with both hands, imitating the patter of feet. ¹¹ Both hands, falling movement as in No. 3 arm plate. ¹² Point to forehead. ¹³ Send hand from head to the shoulder. ¹⁴ Point in front. ¹⁵ Point to forehead. ¹⁶ Point upward. ¹⁷ Turn to left—take three steps. ¹⁸ Swing arm to left. ¹⁹ Hands together in front—then send them apart. ²⁰ Step and point to front. ²¹ Advance—throw upward both hands. ²² Bend, point and look down. ²³ Action of raising him from the ground. ²⁴ Point downward. ²⁵ Point up with reverent expression.

61—THE UNHAPPY MAN.

Anonymous.

“He had faults, perhaps had many; but ¹*one*
fault above them all
Lay like heavy lead upon him, tyrant of a
patient thrall;
Tyrant seen, confessed, and hated,² banished
only to recall.”

INTER-
ROGA-
TIVE
AND
DE-
CIDED
RE-
PLIES.

“Oh,³ he *drank*?” “His drink was water.”
⁴“*Gambled*?” “No; he hated play.”
“Then, perchance, a *tenderer*⁵ *feeling* led his
heart and head astray?”
“No; both honor and religion kept him in the
purer way.”
“Then he scorned⁶ life’s mathematics? could
not reckon-up a score?
Pay his debts? or be persuaded two and two
were always four?”
“No; he was exact as Euclid, prompt and
punctual, no one more.”

⁷"Oh, a *miser*?" "No." "Too lavish?" "Worst of guessers, guess again."

"No; I'm *weary* hunting failures. Was he seen⁸ of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues, quite a model man
of men?"

⁹"At his birth | an evil Spirit charms and spells¹⁰
around him flung,

And, with well-concocted malice, laid a curse
upon his tongue;—

Curse that daily made him wretched, earth's
most wretched sons¹¹ among.

"He could¹² *plead*, *expound*, and *argue*, fire with
wit, with wisdom glow;

¹³But *one* word for ever failed him, source of all
his pain and woe:—

Luckless man! he could not say it, could not.
dare not, answer | *No!*"¹⁴

¹ No. 12 hand plate. ² No. 5 arm plate—one arm. ³ Hands behind back—nod the head. ⁴ Repeat the same. ⁵ Place hand on heart—bow and smile. ⁶ No. 2 hand plate. ⁷ Take two steps to left and turn back quickly. ⁸ Both hands extended—palms up—look of inquiry. ⁹ Point the finger downward twice quickly. ¹⁰ Hands up—palms out—turn from side to side. ¹¹ Send hands from forehead downward. ¹² Position of right hand as in No. 1 hand plate—emphasize by this gesture the three following words. ¹³ Step forward and point outward. ¹⁴ Strike left palm with right fist.

62—THE DESERTER.

Bayard Taylor.

“Deserter!” Well, Captain, the word’s about
 right,
 And it’s uncommon queer I should run from a
 fight,
 Or the chance of a fight: I, raised in the land¹
 Where boys, you may say,² are *born* | rifle in
 hand;
 And who’ve fought all my life for the right of
 my ranch,
 With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

MANLY
TONE.

CANDID.

But it’s true, and I’ll own it,³ I *did run away*.
 “Drunk?” No, sir! I’d not tasted a drop all
 day;
⁴But—smile if you will—I’d a dream in the night,
⁵And I woke, in a fever of sorrow and fright,
 And went for my horse; then up and away:⁶
 And I rode like the *wind* till the break of the
 day.

“What was it I dreamt?” I dreamed⁷ | of my
wife—

The true little woman that’s better than life—

⁸I dreamt of *my boys*—I have three—one is
 ten,—

The youngest is four—all brave little men—

⁹Of my one *baby girl*, my pretty white dove!
 The star of my home, the rose of its love!

SLOW.

¹⁰I saw the log-house on the clear San Antone,
 And I knew that around it the grass had been
 mown;

For I felt, | in my dream, | the sweet breath
 of the hay—

I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray;

And the dog that I loved | heard my whispered
command,
And whimpered,¹¹ and put his big head in my
hand.

¹²The place was so still! all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming,¹³ the babe at
her breast:

I saw the fair scene for a moment; then .¹⁴ .
stood

ENTREAT-
ING.

In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood!
The Comanche had the place!—¹⁵Captain, spare
me the rest;

You know what that means, for you come from
the West.

¹⁶I woke with a shout, and I had but *one* aim—

¹⁷To save or revenge them!—my head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was *mad*,¹⁸
I dare say,

For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day;
Then | I knew what I'd done; and, with heart-
broken breath,

When the boys found me out,¹⁹ I was praying
for death.

²⁰"*A pardon!*" No, Captain, I did run away,
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should
pay

With my life. It is not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife have gone over
the grave.—

SLOW.

²¹"Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the
West

Put a ball through my heart! it is *kindest* and
best."

He lifted²² his hat to the flag—bent his head—²³
And the prayer of his childhood | solemnly
said—

SOLEMN.

LOUD.

Shouted: "*Comrades, adieu!*"—²⁴spread his arms to the West—

And a rifle-ball instantly granted him rest.

But o'er his sad grave by the Mexican sea,

Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree,

LOW.

And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say,

²⁵"It was *love—sweetest love*—led that soldier away."

¹ Raise right arm as in No. 1 arm plate. ² Hand extended as holding rifle. ³ Hands on hips—shake head. ⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Rub eyes and look around. ⁶ Step quickly to left—swing out left arm carelessly. ⁷ Speak slowly whilst rubbing forehead. ⁸ Indicate how tall they are. ⁹ Fold the arms—head on breast. ¹⁰ Point front—hold for four lines. ¹¹ Action of patting dog on the head. ¹² Hands out straight in front—palms down. ¹³ No. 14 hand plate. ¹⁴ Describe a circle about you. ¹⁵ Advance—clasp hands—look appealingly at Captain. ¹⁶ Step to front—throw up the arms. ¹⁷ Shake fist in front. ¹⁸ Both hands clutching hair. ¹⁹ Hands clasped—look up. ²⁰ No. 6 hand plate. ²¹ Turn to right—stand very straight. ²² Action of raising hat. ²³ Bend the head—clasp hands. ²⁴ Open arms wide. ²⁵ No. 1 hand plate.

63—THE POLISH BOY.

Ann S. Stephens.

(*Abridged.*)

LOUD,
DIRECT.

Whence ¹come those shrieks so wild and shrill, that cut like blades of steel, the air? causing² the creeping blood to chill with the sharp cadence of *despair!* Whence come they? ³From yon Temple, where an altar, raised for private prayer, now forms the Warrior's marble bed, who Warsaw's gallant armies led. The⁴ dim funereal tapers | throw a holy lustre o'er his brow; and burnish, with their rays of light, the mass of curls that gather bright above the haughty brow and eye of ⁵yon *young Boy* that's kneeling by.

QUES-
TION-
ING.

What hand is that, whose icy press clings⁶ to the dead with death's own grasp, but meets *no* answering caress? *No* thrilling fingers seek its clasp. It is the hand of *her* whose cry rang wildly, late, upon the air, when the Dead Warrior met⁷ her eye⁸ outstretched upon the altar there. With pallid lip and stony brow she murmurs forth her

STAC-
..CATO.

anguish now. . . . ⁹But, *hark!* the tramp of heavy feet is heard along the bloody street!—Nearer and nearer yet they come, with clanking arms and noiseless drum; now whispered curses, low and deep, around the holy Temple creep! ¹⁰*The gate is burst!* a ruffian band rush in, and savagely demand, with brutal voice and oath profane, the startled Boy for exile's chain.

The Mother | sprang with gesture wild; ¹¹ and to her bosom clasped her child:—¹²*“Back, ruffians, back!* nor dare to tread too near the body of my dead, nor touch my living boy! *I stand between him and your lawless band. Take me, and bind these* ¹³ *arms—these hands,—with Russia's heaviest iron bands; or drag me to Siberia's wild | to perish, if 'twill save my child!”*

SHRIEK-
ING.

¹⁴*“Peace, woman, peace!”* the Leader cried, ¹⁵tearing the pale Boy from her side; and in his ruffian grasp he bore his victim to the Temple door:—¹⁶*“One moment!”* shrieked the mother; *“one! Will land or gold redeem my son? Take heritage, take name, take all, but leave him free from Russian thrall! ¹⁷Take these!”* and her white arms and hands she stripped of rings and diamond bands, and tore from braids of long black hair the gems that gleamed like starlight there; her cross of blazing rubies, last, down at the Russian's feet she cast.—¹⁸He stooped to seize the glittering store: ¹⁹*up-springing* from the marble floor, the Mother, with a cry of joy, snatched to her leaping heart the Boy! *But no!* the Russian's iron grasp again undid the Mother's clasp. ²⁰Forward she fell,—with *one | long | cry* of more than mortal agony!

BOLD.

But the brave child is roused at length, and, ²¹breaking from the Russian's hold, he stands, *a giant* | in the strength of his young spirit, fierce and bold:—*“Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can; this hour has made the boy | a ²²man!* I knelt beside my slaughtered Sire, nor felt one throb of vengeful ire; I wept ²³ upon his marble brow,—yes, wept,—I was a child; but now my noble

Mother on her knee has done the work of years for me!"

LOUD.

²⁴He drew aside his broidered vest, and there, like slumbering serpent's crest, the jewelled haft of poniard bright glittered a moment on the sight. "Ha! start ye back? ²⁵*Fool! coward! knave!* Think ye my noble father's glaive could drink the life-blood of a slave? The pearls that on the handle flame would blush to rubies in their shame: the blade would quiver in thy breast,—*ashamed* of such ignoble rest! No; *thus* I rend thy tyrant's chain, and fling him back²⁶ a *boy's* disdain!"

PATHE-
TIC.

A moment and the funereal²⁷ light flashed on the jewelled weapon bright; another, and his young *heart's*²⁸ *blood* leaped to the floor—a crimson flood! Quick to his Mother's side he sprang, and on the air his clear voice rang:—²⁹"Up, Mother, up! I'm *free!* I'm *free!* The choice was death or slavery; up! Mother, up! look on my face, I only wait for thy embrace. One last, *last* word,—a blessing, one, to prove thou know'st what I have done! No look? no word? Canst thou not feel my warm blood o'er thy heart congeal? Speak, Mother,³⁰ speak,—lift up thy head. What! silent still? Then | art thou *dead!* . . . ³¹Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I rejoice,—with thee and thus,—to die." ³²Slowly he falls: the clustering hair rolls back, and leaves that forehead bare; ³³*one long, deep* breath, and his pale head lies on his Mother's bosom . . . DEAD!

¹ Step forward—hand behind ear. ² Both hands on breast. ³ Point front. ⁴ Hands to front—fingers pointing outward. ⁵ Point downward. ⁶ Hand out and clinched. ⁷ Point front. ⁸ Point downward. ⁹ Step to left—hand behind ear—listening. ¹⁰ Step forward, making a loud stamp—wrench hands apart quickly. ¹¹ Run three steps to left—clasp arms over breast. ¹² Look and extend left arm to left. ¹³ Both hands on breast—still looking left. ¹⁴ Turn right—raise right hand. ¹⁵ Advance hand to right—close fingers and draw arm quickly back. ¹⁶ Run three steps to left—arms extended. ¹⁷ Touch hands—neck—hair—throw the hand downward. ¹⁸ Stoop to pick up. ¹⁹ Advance—clasp arms over breast. ²⁰ No. 3 arm plate—both hands. ²¹ Throw both arms apart—then fold them—stand erect—look to left. ²² Touch breast—then raise finger of right hand over head. ²³ Drop both hands in front—look down. ²⁴ Action of opening vest. ²⁵ Step back—laugh—shake left hand at left. ²⁶ Throw hand scornfully to left. ²⁷ Both hands extended to front—fingers pointing outward. ²⁸ Bring hands from breast quickly downward. ²⁹ Kneel—bend down—hands extended downward. ³⁰ Clasp hands. ³¹ Strike palms together—look up—still kneeling. ³² Point downward—stand up. ³³ Hand on breast, then point down.

64—ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.

Béranger.

FULL
MOD-
ERATE
VOICE.

Adieu,¹ charmant pays de France,
Que je dois *tant* chérir!

²Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu! te quitter, c'est mourir.

WITH
AFFEC-
TION.

³Toi que j'adoptai pour patrie,
Et d'où je crois me voir⁴ bannir,

⁵*Entends les adieux* de Marie,
France, et garde son souvenir.

⁶Le vent souffle, on quitte⁷ la plage;
Et, peu touché de mes sanglots,⁸

RATHER
BRISK.

⁹Dieu, pour me rendre à ton rivage,
Dieu n'a point soulevé les flots!

¹⁰*Adieu*, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois *tant* chérir!

¹¹Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu! te quitter, c'est mourir.

STRONGER.

Lorsqu'aux yeux du peuple que j'aime,
Je ceignis les lis éclatants,

¹²Il applaudit au *rang suprême*¹³
Moins qu'aux charmes de mon printemps.

¹⁴En vain la grandeur souveraine
M'attend chez le sombre Ecossais;
Je n'ai désiré d'être ¹⁵reine

¹⁶Que pour *régner sur des Français*.

¹⁷*Adieu*, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois *tant* chérir!

¹⁸Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu! te quitter, c'est mourir.

LOUD.

¹⁹*L'amour*, | *la gloire* | *le génie*
Ont trop enivré mes beaux jours;
Dans l'inculte Calédonie
De mon sort va changer le cours.

FEAR.

²⁰Hélas ! un présage terrible
Doit livrer mon²¹ cœur à l'effroi :
J'ai cru voir, dans un songe horrible,
Un échafaud dressé ²²pour moi.

²³Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois *tant* chérir !
²⁴Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
Adieu ! te quitter, c'est mourir.

ENERGY.

²⁵France, du milieu des alarmes,
²⁶La noble fille des Stuarts,
Comme en ce jour qui voit ses larmes,
²⁷*Vers toi* tournera ses regards.
²⁸Mais, Dieu ! le vaisseau trop rapide
Déjà vogue sous d'autres cieux,
Et la nuit,²⁹ dans son voile humide,
Dérobe tes bords à mes yeux !

SAD.

³⁰Adieu, charmant pays de France,
Que je dois *tant* chérir !
³¹Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
³²Adieu ! te quitter, c'est mourir.

¹ Bring fingers from the lips out to right—then send hand to the breast—look to right. ³ Bend—both hands down—palms out. ⁴ Right hand to right—look to right—throw the head well back. ⁴ Swing left hand from breast to left—palm down. ⁵ Step to right—extend both arms appealingly. ⁶ Slightly wave the hand. ⁷ Right arm No. 5 arm plate. ⁸ Hand on breast. ⁹ Extend both hands upward—look up. ¹⁰ Repeat ¹. ¹¹ Repeat ². ¹² Clap the hands. ¹³ Raise right hand as in No. 4 arm plate. ¹⁴ Drop the arm as in No. 3 arm plate. ¹⁵ Advance—raise right hand high—stand very erect and have a haughty bearing. ¹⁶ Repeat ¹⁶. ¹⁷ Repeat ¹. ¹⁸ Repeat ². ¹⁹ Right hand out—emphasize by gesture the three nouns of the line. ²⁰ Drop hand—look dejected. ²¹ Hand on heart. ²² Bring hand to breast. ²³ Same as ¹. ²⁴ Same as ². ²⁵ No. 5 arm plate—both hands. ²⁶ Spread fingers of right hand on breast—dignified carriage. ²⁷ Turn to right and put out right hand. ²⁸ Clasp hands and look up. ²⁹ Describe semi-circle above the head—palms out. ³⁰ Same as ¹. ³¹ Same as ². ³² Throw kiss with right hand to the right.

65—FRIEDE.

Bodenstedt.

Nun sind Stürme¹ und Gewölk zerstoßen,
 Auf den blauen² Bergen blitzt der Schnee;
 Still, vom reinsten Morgenglanz umwoben,
³Ruht die Welt—vergiss nun ⁴*Leid*. und *Weh*.
Friede ist im⁵ Himmel und auf Erden,
*Friede*⁶ lass auch deinem *Herzen* werden.

Aus dem Dorf am Bergsee klingt⁷ *Geläute*,
 Auf den Wiesen glänzt der Morgenthau.
 Alles⁸ ruht—*der Tag des Herrn* ist heute,
 Und kein⁹ Wölkchen trübt das lichte Blau.
Friede ist im Himmel und auf Erden,
*Friede*¹⁰ lass auch deinem *Herzen* werden.

*Klage*¹¹ *nicht mehr!*—Was du auch gelitten:
*Schuldlos*¹² leiden viele mehr als du!
Keiner siegte noch, der nicht gestritten,
 Doppelt süß labt nach dem Kampf die Ruh.
Friede ist im¹³ Himmel und auf Erden,
*Friede*¹⁴ lass auch deinem *Herzen* werden.

¹ Hold out and up both hands—palms out—then gradually drop them in semicircular form. ² Point upward to right—turn to the right. ³ Both hands extended—turn slowly to right and left sides whilst speaking line. ⁴ Clasp hands—speak quietly and impressively. ⁵ Point upward, then downward. ⁶ Hand over heart. ⁷ No. 8 arm plate—left arm. ⁸ Hands out horizontally—slightly apart—palms down. ⁹ Look up. ¹⁰ No. 12 hand plate. ¹¹ Use the falling movement of arms and hands as in No. 3 arm plate. ¹² Raise both arms as in No. 1 arm plate. ¹³ Advance—point upward, then downward. ¹⁴ Right hand over heart.

Part II.

Selections of Prose, Dialogues and Dramatic Scenes.

66—FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

Orville Dewey.

WELL
SUS-
TAINED
VOICE.

SLOW.

God | has stamped¹ upon our very humanity this impress of freedom. It is the unchartered prerogative of human nature. ²A soul | ceases to be a soul, in proportion as it ceases to be free. Strip it of this, and you strip it of one of its *essential* and *characteristic* attributes. It is this³ | that draws the footsteps of the wild Indian to his wide and boundless desert-paths, and makes him prefer *them* to the gay saloons and soft carpets of sumptuous palaces. It is *this* that makes it so difficult to bring him within the pale of artificial civilization. Our roving⁴ tribes are perishing—a sad and solemn sacrifice upon the altar of their wild freedom. ⁵They come among us, and look with childish wonder upon the perfection of our arts, and the splendor of our habitations: they submit with ennui and weariness, for a few days, to our burdensome forms and restraints; and ⁶then | turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes *onward* till they⁷ sink in the Pacific waves, rather than *not* be free.

⁸It is thus that every people is attached to its country, just in proportion as it is free. No matter if that country be in ⁹the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland, amidst the snows¹⁰ of Tartary, or

RATHER
QUICK.

on the most barren and lonely island-shore; no matter if that country be so poor as to force away its children to *other* and *richer* lands, for employment and sustenance; ¹¹yet | when the songs of those free homes | chance to fall upon the ¹²exile's ear, no soft and ravishing airs that wait upon the timid feastings of Asiatic opulence *ever*¹³ thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony | as those *simple tones*. ¹⁴Sad mementos might they be of poverty and want and toil; yet | it was enough that they *were* mementos of happy freedom.

DEEP AND
INTENSE.

GRADU-
ALLY IN-
CREASE.

¹⁵I have seen *my* countrymen, and I have been with them a fellow wanderer, in other lands; and *little* did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that *foreign* travel would *weaken* our patriotic attachments. One sigh¹⁶ for home—¹⁷HOME, arose from *all* hearts. And¹⁸ *why*, | from palaces and courts—*why*, | from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting | sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—*why*, | from the mountain's awful brow, and the lonely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—*why*, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—*why*, from all these scenes, were they looking *beyond* the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a *dearer* and *holier* spot of earth—their own, *own country*? ¹⁹Doubtless, | it was in part because it *is* their country! But | it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was²⁰ *no* oppression, *no* pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there* *no* curse | causeless did fall, and *no* *blight*, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they

CLIMAX.

knew was LIBERTY—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful villages—*liberty*, the wall of fire | around the humblest home; the crown of glory,²¹ *studded* with her *ever-blazing stars* upon the *proudest mansion*!

¹ No. 1 hand plate—stand erect—right foot advanced—slightly bend the knee—weight of body resting on left foot. ² Bring hand to breast. ³ No. 12 hand plate—use repeatedly this gesture until word “civilization” is spoken. ⁴ Point downward right hand. ⁵ No. 7 arm plate. ⁶ No. 8 arm plate. ⁷ Turn right hand and point downward. ⁸ Both hands extended till period. ⁹ Point upward. ¹⁰ Point and half turn body to right. ¹¹ No. 1 hand plate. ¹² Hand to ear. ¹³ Hand to heart. ¹⁴ Slowly droop the hands—wrist movement. ¹⁵ Walk three steps to left—No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁶ Hand to breast. ¹⁷ Advance on right foot—point toe of left—elevate right hand. ¹⁸ Raise right hand higher than head and shake the hand on the words “why” until “own—own country.” ¹⁹ No. 7 hand plate. ²⁰ Bring hand down forcibly on the following emphatic words until you reach the words “was liberty”—then elevate the hand—advance. ²¹ Still advanced—both arms extended upward and outward till finish.

67—NO NATIONAL GREATNESS WITHOUT MORALITY.

W. E. Channing.

STRONG
CARRY-
ING
VOICE.

When ¹we look forward to the probable growth of this country; when we think of the ² *millions* of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory open to this new people; of the *impulse*³ which *free* institutions (if prosperous), may be expected to give to philosophy, | ⁴ *religion*, | *science*, | *literature*, | and *arts*; of the ⁵ *vast* field in which the experiment is to be made, of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve; ⁶ of the bright page of history | which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages | under which | their toils and virtues ⁷ have placed *us* for carrying on their work; ⁸ when we think of all this, can we help, for a moment, surrendering⁹ ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory, before which all the glories of the past¹⁰ are to fade away? Is it presumption¹¹ to say, that, if just to¹² ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through

INTERROG-
ATIVE.

UPWARD
INFLEC-
TION.

this ¹³whole continent, that we shall spread our¹⁴ *language, institutions, and civilization*, through a *wider* space than any nation has yet filled with a like beneficent influence? And | ¹⁵are we prepared to barter these hopes, this sublime moral empire, for conquests by force? ¹⁶Are we prepared to sink to the level of unprincipled nations, to content ourselves with a vulgar, guilty greatness, to adopt in our youth | *maxims and ends* which must brand our future with ¹⁷*sordidness, oppression and shame*? This country¹⁸ cannot without peculiar infamy run the common race of national rapacity. Our ¹⁹*origin, institutions, and position* are peculiar, and *all* favor an *upright, | honorable* course. We have not the apologies of nations hemmed in by narrow bounds, or *threatened* | by the overshadowing power of ambitious neighbors. ²⁰If we surrender ourselves to a selfish policy, we shall sin almost without temptation, | and forfeit opportunities of greatness | vouchsafed to no other people, for a prize²¹ *below* contempt.

QUESTION-
ING.

I have alluded to the want of wisdom | with which we have been accustomed to speak of our destiny as a people. We are ²²*destined* (*that is the word*), to ²³OVERSPREAD North America; and ²⁴intoxicated with the idea, it matters little to us | *how* we accomplish our fate. ²⁵To spread, | to supplant others, | to cover a | boundless space, this seems our ambition, no matter *what* influence we spread with us. ²⁶*Why* | cannot we rise to noble conceptions of our destiny? *Why* | do we not feel, that our work as a nation is, to carry *freedom, religion, science, and a nobler form of human nature* over this continent? and *why* do we not remember, that to diffuse *these blessings* | we must *first* | *cherish* them in our *own* borders; and that whatever deeply and permanently corrupts us | will make our spreading influence a *curse, | not*²⁷ a blessing, to this new world? I am not prophet enough to read our fate. I believe,

CLIMAX.

SPEAK
SLOWLY,
LOUDLY.

indeed, that ²⁸we are to make our futurity for ourselves. I believe, that a nation's destiny lies in its *character*, in the *principles* which govern its policy, and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens. I take ²⁹my stand on *God's | moral |* and *eternal law*. A nation, renouncing and defying this, *cannot*³⁰ | be *free*, | *cannot* be great.

¹ No. 1 hand plate—stand firmly—eyes well opened and directed to front. ² Same as ¹, but with both hands. ³ Send hand from breast outward. ⁴ No. 7 hand plate. ⁵ Open the arms as in No. 5 arm plate. ⁶ No. 4 hand plate. ⁷ Both hands to breast. ⁸ No. 5 arm plate—both hands. ⁹ Wave hands toward body. ¹⁰ Turn palm outward and swing slowly hand to right. ¹¹ Turn to the right—gesture No. 12 hand plate. ¹² Touch breast. ¹³ No. 5 arm plate—both hands. ¹⁴ Hands and arms horizontal in front—palms down—spread them apart. ¹⁵ No. 12 hand plate—step to the left. ¹⁶ Point downward—head thrown back. ¹⁷ Left hand on hip—waving right hand upward and downward. ¹⁸ Advance to front—both arms out. ¹⁹ No. 1 hand plate—bring hand downward movement on italicized words. ²⁰ Both hands out—turn to left. ²¹ No. 2 arm plate. ²² No. 4 arm plate. ²³ Send both out to right and left. ²⁴ Touch forehead. ²⁵ Both hands out—No. 5 arm plate. ²⁶ No. 1 hand plate—on the words “why” turn alternately to right and left—kept up till “our own border.” ²⁷ Bring fist down forcibly. ²⁸ Point upward in front. ²⁹ No. 4 arm plate, but raise hand higher. ³⁰ Advance—same gesture as ²⁹—shake the hand till end.

68--TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

Charles Sumner.

LOUDLY.

CONVER-
SAS-
TIONAL.

Casting our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern | the succession of *murderous slaughters*, by which their progress has been marked. ¹Even | as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man,²*weary*, | *staggering* with wounds, | through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. ³O, let it *not* be in the *future* ages, as in those we *now* contemplate! Let⁴ the grandeur of man be discerned, *not* in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but | in the *blessings*⁵ which he has secured; in the ⁶*good* he has accomplished; in the *triumphs* of benevolence and justice; in the *establishment*⁷ of *perpetual peace*.

APPEAL-
ING.

SIMILE.

As the ocean⁸ washes every shore, and, with all embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes; so⁹ *peace* | *surrounds, protects,* and *upholds* all other blessings. ¹⁰Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, *justice* is arrested, *happiness* is blasted, virtue | *sickens* and *dies*.

¹¹And *peace* | has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which | Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose¹² their lustre. ¹³*Our own Washington* | rises to a *truly heavenly* stature,—*not*¹⁴ when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton,—*not*¹⁵ when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown,—but | when¹⁶ we regard him in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, ¹⁷upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received | *unmoved* | the clamor¹⁸ of the people *wickedly* crying for war.

LOUD.

¹ Point downward in front. ² Both hands as in No. 1 hand plate—wave them twice up and down. ³ Clasp hands under chin. ⁴ Open arms widely. ⁵ Point upward and turn slightly looking around. ⁶ Same. ⁷ Same. ⁸ Wave both hands outward—palms down. ⁹ Turn palms up—same gesture as ⁸. ¹⁰ No. 12 hand plate—touch left palm with right hand on emphatic words till period. ¹¹ Both hands—No. 5 arm plate—take two steps backward. ¹² Wave right hand to right—palm outward—turn face to left. ¹³ Advance—point upward—wait for applause. ¹⁴ Point to left. ¹⁵ Hand to right. ¹⁶ Quickly raise right hand. ¹⁷ Wave upward and outward both hands. ¹⁸ Shake fist.

69—ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY.

J. W. Miller.

In consulting the history of nations, it will be found | there¹ is an *epoch* in the existence of each, when a temptation presents itself, which | resisted or yielded to, marks the future character of the nation | *for good* or *for evil*. That temptation is now presented to this republic²—it is

MODERATE.

INCREASED
TONE.

LOUD.

DO NOT
DRAG.

Mexico. It is³ a broad and a rich land—a land of silver and gold—a land without a government to protect it, and without a people capable of defending it, and it lies⁴ before us an *easy* | *tempting* prey. There is ⁵*none* to stay our hand, or to resist the gratification of our ambition. The *mystery* of her origin, the *story* of her former conquest, | play ⁶upon our fancy and excite our heroic passions. Already has the tempter⁷ carried us to the pinnacle of the temple and points out the rich treasures of the city beneath. We now stand⁸ upon the *high* mountain—at our ⁹feet | lie twenty states, with their *cities* and *towns*, their *temples of religion*, and *palaces* of state. The tempter¹⁰ whispers in our ear, *all these* shall be yours if you will fall down and worship the God Conquest. History stands ready with her¹¹ pen of steel to record our determination. ¹²*Shall* we bow down to the evil spirit, and fall as other nations have fallen, or shall we *maintain* our virtue and *rise* to *godlike* courage and say, ¹³*“Get thee behind me, Satan.”* The *temptation* is mighty—the power to *resist* | only divine. I know¹⁴ of no nation, in ancient or modern times that would resist so easy, yet so rich, an acquisition to its dominions. To say nothing of the heathen world, not one¹⁵ of the powers of modern Europe | would withstand the temptation. ¹⁶*England* would not, as she has shown by her conquests in the East. *France*¹⁷ would not, as she is now proving by her attempts upon Algeria. As to ¹⁸*Russia, Prussia, Austria*, let the partition of Poland answer. There, ¹⁹too, is old Spain, once | the *proudest* and *mightiest* of them all; she has also had her temptation. It was this same ²⁰Mexico which now fascinates us. ²¹*Allured* by its mines of silver and gold, which now entice us—*excited* by the spirit of propaganda, which now inspires us, she *too*²³ yielded to the tempter, and for a while she went on from conquering to conquer, until in *her* turn, she was made to lick ²⁴the dust beneath the chariot wheels

FULL
TONE.

of that *false* deity | she had worshipped, when that chariot²⁵ rolled in *triumph* over the fair fields of Arragon and Castile. *No*,²⁶ *sir*, | I can find *no* example of this high standard of national virtue and forbearance. If we resist *this* temptation, we shall set an example²⁷ to the *world*. ²⁸*Ours* the wisdom, *ours* the virtue, *ours* the glory, of forbearing to seize upon the territory of a weak and defenceless neighbor, when we had the opportunity and the excuse of doing so. We have already, | in our short history, | set²⁹ *one great example* to the nations of the earth. We have laid the³⁰ foundation of a mighty empire, deep and strong, upon a principle new and startling to the Old World. We have established³¹ self-government, and bound in strong and happy union, *twenty millions* of freemen, who acknowledge *no government*, but that of their³² *own choice*. Let us now establish another principle of national action, equally new and startling. Let ³³*us* declare | that while we admit the oppressed of every land,³⁴ to a free participation of the blessings of our self-government, ³⁵*no* cause of war, *no* excuse, *no* temptation will induce us to conquer a nation by war, for the purpose of³⁶ *SUBJUGATING* its *territory* and *people* to our dominion.

INTENSE.

¹ No. 7 hand plate. ² Drop the hand. ³ Outward both hands—No. 5 arm plate. ⁴ Spread out both hands palms down. ⁵ No. 3 arm plate—falling movement of hand. ⁶ Touch right temple—wave hand outward. ⁷ Wave hand from breast upward—advance to right. ⁸ Both hands out—look from side to side. ⁹ Point downward. ¹⁰ Send fingers from lips outward. ¹¹ Fingers of right hand held out as if grasping pen. ¹² Hand to breast—bow head. ¹³ Throw hand to right strongly ¹⁴ turn head and body to left. ¹⁵ Shake index finger at audience. ¹⁶ No. 1 hand plate—turn to the right. ¹⁷ Same gesture to the left. ¹⁸ Both hands to the front. ¹⁹ Slowly nodding head. ²⁰ No. 12 hand plate—take three steps to right. ²¹ Bend head slightly—wave both hands from forehead outward. ²² No. 8 arm plate. ²³ Shake right hand—pointing downward. ²⁴ Make a circular movement with hand. ²⁵ Strike right fist into left palm. ²⁶ Both arms spread out. ²⁷ Touch breast on the words "*Ours*." ²⁸ Shake index finger three times in front. ²⁹ Point downward. ³⁰ No. 1 hand plate—advancing. ³¹ Hand on breast. ³² Raise right hand—palm out. ³³ Both arms out—palms up. ³⁴ Bring right fist down forcibly. ³⁵ Shake fist to the front.

70—LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM.

De Witt Clinton.

VOICE
FULL.

LOUD.

In revolutionary times¹ | *great talents* and *great virtues*, as well as *great vices* and *great follies* spring into being. The energies of our² nature are put into requisition, and | during the whirlwind and the tempest, innumerable evils will be perpetuated. But | all the transient mischiefs of revolution are *mild*³ when compared with the permanent calamities of arbitrary power. The one | is⁴ a *sweeping deluge*, an *awful tornado*, which quickly passes away; but the⁵ other | is a *volcano*, continually ejecting rivers of lava—an *earthquake* | burying whole countries in ruin. ⁶The alleged inaptitudes of man for liberty is the effect of the oppressions which he has suffered || and until a *free* government can shed its propitious influence over time—until perhaps, a *new* generation⁷ has risen up under the new order of things, with *new* habits and *new* principles, | society | will be in a state of agitation and mutation; ⁸faction will be the lord of the ascendant, and *frenzy* and *fury*, | *denunciation* and *proscription*, will be the order of the day. The *dilemma* is inevitable. Either the⁹ happiness of the many | or the predominance of the few | must be sacrificed. The flame¹⁰ of liberty and the light of knowledge emanate from the *same* sacred fire, and subsist on the *same* element; and the seeds of instruction widely disseminated will, | like the serpent's teeth, in the pagan mythology,¹¹ that were sown into the earth, *rise*¹² *up* | against oppression | in the shape of the iron men of Cadmus. In such a case | who can hesitate to make an election? ¹³The *spirit* of a Republic is the friend, and the *genius* of a monarchy is the *enemy* of peace. ¹⁴The potentates of the earth have, for centuries back, maintained large standing armies, and, on the most frivolous pretexts, have created havoc and desolation. And | ¹⁵when we compare

FORCE

IN-
CREASED.

the world as it is | under arbitrary power, with the world as it¹⁶ was | under free republics, what¹⁷ an *awful contrast* does it exhibit! ¹⁸What a *solemn lesson* does it inculcate! The ministers of famine and pestilence, of death and destruction, have¹⁹ formed the van and brought up the rear of despotic authority. The monuments²⁰ of the arts, | the fabrics of genius and skill, | and the sublime erections of piety and science, have been²¹ prostrated in the dust; the places²² where Demosthenes and Cicero spoke, | where Homer and Virgil sang, | and where Plato and Aristotle taught, | are *now*²³ exhibited | as mementoes of the perishable nature of human glory. The forum²⁴ of Rome is converted into a market for cattle; the sacred fountain of Castalia²⁵ is surrounded, *not* by the muses and graces, but | by the semi-barbarous girls of Albania; the laurel groves, and the deified²⁶ heights of Parnassus, are the *asylum of banditti*; Babylon can only be traced by its bricks; the sands of the ²⁷desert | have overwhelmed²⁸ the splendid city of Palmyra, and are daily encroaching on the fertile territories of the Nile; and the malaria has²⁹ driven man from the fairest portions of Italy, and pursued³⁰ him to the *very gates* of the *Eternal City*.

STRONG.

¹ No. 1 hand plate—right foot advanced. ² Hand to the breast. ³ No. 5 hand plate—slightly bow the head. Send left arm from breast outward quickly. ⁴ Raise quickly right arm as in No 1 arm plate. ⁵ Touch left palm with right index finger. ⁶ Put out right hand—then elevate it. ⁷ No. 7 hand plate—and shake finger on the following emphatic words. ⁸ Both hands extended—earnest expression on face ⁹ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁰ Point downward. ¹¹ Raise both hands as in No. 1 arm plate. ¹² Left hand out turn to left and take three steps. ¹³ Both hands extended—bend toward audience. ¹⁴ No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁵ Repeat same. ¹⁶ Throw both hands from the face outward. ¹⁷ Clasp hands. ¹⁸ Point in front with left hand. ¹⁹ No. 4 arm plate. ²⁰ Point downward. ²¹ Cross back to center holding out right hand—pointing. ²² Open both arms. ²³ Point front. ²⁴ Both hands extended. ²⁵ Point upward. ²⁶ Point downward. ²⁷ Cross both hands in front then sweep them to the sides outward. ²⁸ Touch left shoulder with right hand then wave it to right. ²⁹ Advance—shake finger—arm straight.

71—THE SABBATH.

T. Frelinghuysen.

DIGNITY.

RATHER
SLOW.

MR. PRESIDENT—The *Sabbath*¹ was made for man—not to be contemned and forgotten—the constitution of his² nature requires just such a season. It is identified with his pursuits, and his moral tendencies. God³ has ordained it in infinite benevolence. The *reason* for its institution, as recorded in His Word, was His⁴ *own* example. It began with creation. The first week of time was *blessed* with a Sabbath. The⁵ garden of Eden would *not* have smiled in all its loveliness, had not the light of this day shone upon it. ⁶Blot it out, | and the hope of the world is extinguished. When the whirlwind raged in France, how was it, sir? ⁷They could not carry their measures of ferocity and blood, while this last palladium of virtue remained. Desolation⁸ seemed to pause in its course, its waves almost subsided: when the spirit of evil | struck this hallowed day⁹ from the calendar, and enacted a *decade* to the Goddess of Reason—after which the besom¹⁰ swept all before it.

PERSUA-
SIVE.

Our own¹¹ experience must satisfy us | that it is *essential* to the welfare of our condition. ¹²Put the mind to any action of its powers—let its energies be exerted *incessantly*, with no season for abstraction and repose, | and it would very soon sink¹³ under a task | so hostile to its nature: it would *wear out* in such hard service. So | let¹⁴ the pursuits of business constantly engage our speculations, and the whole year become one unvaried calculation of profit and loss, with *no* Sabbath to open an hour | for the return of higher and nobler feelings, and the heart will become the victim of a *cold* and *debasing* selfishness, and have *no greater susceptibility than* the nether mill-stones. ¹⁵And if | in matters that are lawful, such consequences would ensue, what will be the results of a constant, unbroken progression in

vice? Sir,¹⁶ I tremble at the prospect for my country. If this barrier against the augmenting flood of evil be prostrated,¹⁷ all your penalties and prisons will oppose an *utterly inefficient check*. Irreligion¹⁸ will attain to a magnitude and hardihood | that will *scorn*¹⁹ the restraints of your laws. ²⁰Law, sir! of what avail can this be | against the corrupted sentiment of a whole people? Let us²¹ weigh the interesting truth—that a free people can only flourish under the control of moral causes; and it is the²³ *Sabbath* which gives *vigor*, and *energy*, and *stability* to these causes. The nation expects | that the standard of sound principles will be raised here. Let us give it a ²⁴*commanding* elevation. Let its tone be *lofty*. It is in this way we should expect to excite the enthusiasm of patriotism, or any other virtue. When we would awaken in our youth | the spirit of literary emulation,²⁵ we spread out to their vision | a *rugged path* and a *difficult ascent*, and raise the prize of fame high above the reach of any pursuit, but an ²⁶*ardent, laborious, and vigorous* reach of effort. ²⁷If we would kindle the love of country, we do not *humble* her claims to a miserable posture, just above downright indifference—but | we point²⁸ to a devoted Leonidas, and the brightest names of the scroll, and *thus* urge our youth²⁹ *onward and upward*. Let us, then, sir, be as wise and faithful in the cultivation of sound moral principles.

STRONG.

LOFTY.

¹ Affirmative gesture No. 1 hand plate—have a dignity of carriage all through. ² Hands to breast. ³ Point upward right hand. ⁴ Bring hand to breast—bend head. ⁵ Wave forward both arms No. 5 arm plate. ⁶ Send right hand from breast outward. ⁷ Send hand from forehead downward. ⁸ Both hands to front—fingers as No. 6 hand plate. ⁹ Wave hand to right—palm out. ¹⁰ Sweeping movement of hand. ¹¹ Touch breast, incline body forward. ¹² Touch the forehead quickly several times. ¹³ Drop hand. ¹⁴ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁵ No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁶ No. 13 hand plate, then shake the hands clasped. ¹⁷ Move hand downward. ¹⁸ Describe semicircle with hands—palms out. ¹⁹ Bring right hand down quickly. ²⁰ Step backward—amazed look—no gesture. ²¹ See-saw both hands. ²³ No. 10 hand plate. ²⁴ Point upward—advance. ²⁵ Hands horizontal—palms down—move them to right and left. ²⁶ Forceful downward movement of right hand on emphatic words. ²⁷ Walk to the left—left hand out. ²⁸ Point in front. ²⁹ Send both hands from the chest outward—palms out.

12—POWER OF WEALTH PRODUCED BY LABOR.

Tristram Burgess.

DIRECT
AND
EARNEST
STYLE.

Sir, in *this* age of the world, the wealth of nations depends on their *labor*. There ¹*was* a time | ²*nay*, | for many ages, *plunder* was the *great* resource of nations. ³The first kingdom established on earth | was sustained by the conquest and pillage of many nations; and ⁴“great Babylon, the glory of the Chaldean empire,” was *built* and *adorned* | by the spoil of ⁵all Asia. ⁶The exorbitant wealth of one nation, *thus* obtained, gave an example to the world, and awakened the ambition, and sharpened the avarice of others; until the ⁷Assyrian was *conquered* and *plundered* by the Persian, | the Persian by the Macedonian, | and ⁸*he*, at last, devoured by the Roman power. ⁹The wolf | which *nursed* their founder | seems to have given a hunger for prey, *insatiable*, to the *whole nation*. ¹⁰Perhaps | there was not a house, nor a temple, between the Atlantic and the Euphrates, which was not plundered by *some one* of that nation of marauders. ¹¹Sir, the tide of ages, century after century, ¹²had rolled over the last fragment of Roman power; the light of science | ¹³dawned on the world, and knowledge of letters was disseminated by the press, before men seemed to believe that our Creator¹⁴ had, in fact, announced to the first of our race, that ¹⁵“*by the sweat of his face | man should eat his bread all the days of his life.*” ¹⁶No one cause has done¹⁷ *so much* in changing that character from war and plunder, as that *pure*, | *meek*, and *quiet* philosophy, which has taught ¹⁸all men to “*do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.*” Rebuked by this divine precept, men have¹⁹ *sheathed* the sword, and put their hand to the plough; they have mined²⁰ the earth, and not for the *instruments* of war, but for the *machines* of labor. If, ²¹now, wars break out, it is *not* for plunder; cities are *not* given up to pillage; captives are ²²*not* sold for slaves; territories do ²³*not*

change owners; men return again with eagerness to the²⁴ habits of peace, and do not look to the labors of the camp, but to those of the *plough*, the *loom*, and the *sail*, for emolument and wealth.

LOUD.

IMPRESS-
IVE.

²⁵*Wealth* is power; and the defense of every nation depends on its wealth. The wealth of a nation is its labor, its skill, its machinery, its abundant control of all the great agents of nature employed in production. ²⁶What but a *mighty phalanx* of labor, an almost *boundless* power of consumption and reproduction, | has defended, and now *sustains* England | in all the athletic vigor of the most glorious days of that extraordinary nation? With a valor truly Spartan she builds²⁷ no wall against the wars of the world. ²⁸The little island, accessible at a thousand points, and often within gun-shot²⁹ of the embattled fleets of her enemies, has not, for more than³⁰ seven hundred years, been stepped upon by a hostile foot. ³¹What has enabled her to do this? Her untiring *labor*; her unrivalled *skill*; her³² unequalled *machinery*; her exhaustless *capital*, and *unbounded control* over all the agents of production. This manufacturing nation, in the last war of Europe, exhibited a spectacle ³³*never before* seen by the world. She stood ³⁴*alone* against the embattled continent; and, at last, with her own spindle and distaff, ³⁵demolished a despotism, an iron pyramid of power, built on a base of all Europe.

¹ No. 1 hand plate. ² Turn hand. ³ No. 1 hand plate. ⁴ Raise right arm and hand. ⁵ Both hands. ⁶ Left hand—step to left. ⁷ Turn to right side, use right hand—No. 7 hand plate. ⁸ Emphasize same gesture. ⁹ No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁰ Both hands out—turn to right. ¹¹ Raise left hand from side deliberately upward. ¹² Shake index finger of left hand deliberately—nodding head. ¹³ Spread out hands—palms down. ¹⁴ Point upward. ¹⁵ No gesture—manner impressive whilst speaking. ¹⁶ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁷ Emphasize the same. ¹⁸ Both hands to the front. ¹⁹ Action of returning sword to scabbard. ²⁰ Point downward. ²¹ Both hands forward—advance. ²² Emphatic downward gesture. ²³ Repeat same. ²⁴ Both hands forward—eager and earnest. ²⁵ Advance—erect bearing—head well up—raise right hand over head shake fingers. ²⁶ Arms fully extended to either side until end of sentence. ²⁷ Three steps to right—right hand extended. ²⁸ Slight turn to left—left hand as in No. 1 hand plate. ²⁹ Point left. ³⁰ Bring left hand down strongly. ³¹ Both hands out—look of inquiry. ³² Right hand brought down quickly on following emphatic words. ³³ Throw both hands forward. ³⁴ Advance right foot—raise right hand. ³⁵ Bring tips of fingers of both hands together and throw quickly apart.

73—GLORY OF ARMS.

Charles Sumner.

STYLE OF
AFFIRMATION.

Whatever¹ may be the judgment of poets, of moralists, of satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain | that the glory of arms still exercises | no mean influence over the minds of men. The ²art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, the *baleful art* by which men learn to *exterminate* one another, is *yet* held, even ³among *Christians*, to be an honorable pursuit; and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, | is prized as transcendent virtue. It will be for ⁴another age, and a *higher* civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character | of the art of benevolence—the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind,—which, in blessed contrast with the ⁵*misery*, the *degradation*, the *wickedness* of war, shall shine⁶ resplendent | the *true grandeur* of *peace*. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying at least:—

MEDIUM
TIME
AND
VOICE.

“Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
’Tis greater glory to *reform the age*.”

Then⁷ | shall the soul thrill with a *nobler* heroism than that of battle. Peaceful industry, with untold multitudes of cheerful and beneficent laborers, shall be its gladsome token. ⁸*Literature*, | full of sympathy and comfort for the heart of man, shall appear in garments of purer glory than she has yet assumed. ⁹*Science* | shall extend the bounds of knowledge and power, adding *unimaginable* strength to the hands of men, opening *innumerable* resources in the earth, and revealing new secrets and harmonies in the skies. ¹⁰*Art*, elevated and refined, shall lavish fresh streams of beauty and grace. ¹¹*Charity*, in streams of milk and honey, shall diffuse itself among all the habitations of the world. Does ¹²any one ask for the signs of this approaching era?

¹³The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, | the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, | the widening thoughts of men, | the longings¹⁴ of the heart for a *higher condition* on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian Progress, | are ¹⁵the auspicious auguries of this *Happy Future*. As early voyagers | over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the *signs of land*. The green¹⁶ twig and fresh red berry have floated by our bark; the ¹⁷odors of the shore | fan our faces; *nay*, ¹⁸we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more *earnest* observers, as Columbus¹⁹ heard, after midnight, from the mast²⁰ head of the *Pinta*, the joyful cry of | ²¹LAND! LAND! and lo! || ²²a *new world* broke upon his early morning gaze.

LOUD.

¹ No. 5 arm plate—both hands. ² No. 12 hand plate. ³ No. 5 arm plate. ⁴ No. 5 arm plate—turn from side to side, addressing the entire audience. ⁵ Downward gesture in front—make emphatic on italics. ⁶ Hold both hands up—palms toward audience. ⁷ Advance—hand on breast. ⁸ Put out right hand. ⁹ Both hands out—wide apart. ¹⁰ Raise right hand—point finger. ¹¹ Clasp hands. ¹² Two steps to front—hands and eyes directed to audience. ¹³ Walk to left whilst speaking—left hand out. ¹⁴ Hand on heart. ¹⁵ No. 4 arm plate. ¹⁶ Point downward—wave hand to right. ¹⁷ Let fingers approach nostrils. ¹⁸ Advance—look and point to front. ¹⁹ Wave right hand over head. ²⁰ Point upward and out. ²¹ Advance and wave hands. ²² Retire back—extend both hands.

74—FOURTH OF JULY 1851.

Daniel Webster.

ANIMATED. On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right *ought to be, free and independent* States. This¹ declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection² of Providence—and yet | not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has stood for ³seventy-five years, and still stands. It was *sealed*⁴ in blood. It has ⁵met dangers | and overcome them; it has had *enemies*, and it has

RATHER
BRISK.

FULL
TONES.

SUSTAINED
AND
STRONG.

conquered them; it has had *detractors*, and it has abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, | to-day⁷ raising its august form higher than the clouds, ⁸twenty millions of people | contemplate it with hallowed love, and the *world* beholds it, and the consequences which have followed, with *profound admiration*. This anniversary | animates⁹ and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other¹⁰ days of the year | we may be party men, | indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences | often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. ¹¹But to-day | we are | *Americans* | all in all, *nothing* but *Americans*. As the ¹²great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and frogs, cheersthe whole hemisphere, so do the associations | connected with this day | disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. ¹³Every man's heartswells within him—every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more¹⁴ proud and lofty, as he remembers | that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is | *still*¹⁵ *his*; *his*, undiminished and unimpaired; *his*, in all its original glory; *his* to enjoy, *his* to protect, and *his* to transmit to future generations. If Washington were now amongst us—and if he could draw¹⁶ around him the shades of the great public men of his own days—patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen—and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us—“Ye¹⁷ men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were *not in vain*. You are prosperous—you are happy—you are grateful. The fire of liberty¹⁸ burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it | from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. ¹⁹Cherish liberty as you

INCREAS-
ING

DIGNITY.

love it—cherish its securities as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which | we labored so painfully to establish, and which | has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. ²⁰*Preserve the Union of the States*, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true²¹ to God, your *country*, and your *duty*. ²²So | shall the whole Eastern world | follow²³ the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so | shall all succeeding generations | honor *you* as they honor *us*; and so | shall that²⁴ Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower²⁵ its everlasting blessings | upon *you* and your posterity.

¹ Right hand out—palm up. ² No. 4 arm plate. ³ No. 8 arm plate. ⁴ Bring right hand down forcibly and walk towards the right. ⁵ Open the arms—then clasp the hands. ⁶ Fingers meeting over the head, then drop hands on either side. ⁷ Fold arms on breast and look upward to the left. ⁸ No. 5 arm plate. ⁹ Send the right hand to the heart. ¹⁰ Walk to the left—hands as in No. 11 hand plate. ¹¹ Striking breast several times. ¹² Point upward. ¹³ Hand on heart. ¹⁴ Fold arms over breast—stand erect. ¹⁵ Touch breast with hand—bend toward audience. ¹⁶ Inward gesture, both hands, as in No. 7 arm plate. ¹⁷ Advance—head well back—No. 7 hand plate. ¹⁸ Bring right hand to breast—look from side to side. ¹⁹ No. 14 hand plate—repeat gesture on the second “cherish.” ²⁰ Arms out straight in front—finger pointing upward. ²¹ Advance two steps to right—point upward—look at audience. ²² No. 1 hand plate. ²³ Left hand pointing left. ²⁴ Clasp hands. ²⁵ Both hands up—hands hanging downward—move them to show action of scattering.

75—ASPIRATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

R. M. T. Hunter.

MEDIUM.

The sense of national honor | beats high in the American heart,¹ and its every pulse | vibrates at the mere suspicion of a stain upon its reputation. But | that same heart is warmed with generous impulses and noble emotions. ²If you would moderate its lust of empire | and its spirit of acquisition, appeal to its magnanimity towards a feeble and prostrate foe—appeal to it in the name of the *highest aspirations* which can animate the

ADVICE.

DIRECT
STYLE.ANTITHE-
SIS.TONES
CLEAR.ENUN-
CIATE.

human heart, the desire for moral excellence, the love of liberty, and the noble ambition to take the post of honor among nations, | and lead the advance of civilization. ³If our people | are *once awakened* to a true conception of the real nature and grandeur of their destiny, the *first* and *greatest* step, | in my opinion, | is taken for its accomplishment. If my imagination were tasked | to select the *highest* blessing for my countrymen, I should say, ⁴may they be *true* to themselves and *faithful* to their mission. I can conceive of nothing ⁵of which it is possible for human effort to obtain, *greater* than the destiny which we may reasonably hope to fulfill. If war has its dreams, | dazzling in a splendid pageantry, peace *also* has ⁶its visions of a more enduring form, of a higher and purer beauty. ⁷To solve by practical demonstration the grand problem of increasing social power | consistent with personal freedom—to increase the efficiency of the human agent | by enlarging individual liberty—to triumph over, not only the physical, but more difficult still ⁸the *moral* difficulties which lie in the path of a man's progress, and to adorn that path | with all that is *rare* and *useful* in art, and whatever is highest in civilization, are, in my opinion, the ⁹*noblest* achievements of which a nation is capable. These are the ends to which our ambition should be directed. ¹⁰If we reverse the old idea of the Deity | who presides over our boundaries, let us see | so far as we are concerned, that his movements are consistent with the peace of the world. ¹¹The sword may be occasional, but it is *not* the familiar weapon of our god | Terminus. ¹²The axe and the hoe are his more appropriate emblems. Let him ¹³turn aside from the habitations of civilized man, his path is toward the wilderness, ¹⁴through whose silent solitudes, for more than two centuries, he has been rapidly and triumphantly advancing. ¹⁵Let him plunge *still deeper* into the forest, as the natural gravitation of the tide

OBSERVE
PAUSES.VOICE
SUS-
TAINED.

of population | impels him onward. His progress in that direction is one of unmixed beneficence to the human race. The earth¹⁶ smiles beneath his feet, and a new creation arises | as if by *enchantment* | at his touch. ¹⁷Household fires illuminate his line of march, and new-born lights, strange visitants to the night of primeval solitude, kindle on domestic altars | erected to all the peaceful virtues and kindly affections which consecrate a hearth and endear a home. Victorious industry | sacks¹⁸ the forest and mines the quarry, for materials for its stately cities, or ¹⁹spans the streams and saps the mountain to open the way | for the advance of civilization | *still deeper* into the pathless forest and neglected wild. The light of human²⁰ thought | pours in winged streams from sea to sea, and the lingering nomad | may have but a moment's pause, to behold the flying car | which comes to invade the haunts | *so long* secured to savage life. ²¹THESE are the aspirations worthy of our name and race, and it is for the AMERICAN *people* to decide²² whether a taste for peace | or the habits of war are most consistent with such hopes. ²³I trust that they may be guided by *wisdom* | in their choice.

¹ Extend both hands clinched and shake them quickly. ² No. 12 hand plate—repeat this several times till period. ³ Bring finger tips together, then wave hands apart. ⁴ Walk to right three steps—use No. 7 hand plate. ⁵ Sweep hand from breast outward—palm down—hold it till period. ⁶ Turn to the left—use left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁷ No. 2 hand plate. ⁸ Point downward. ⁹ Wave right hand over head—right foot back. ¹⁰ Turn hand and wave it from breast outward. ¹¹ Bring gracefully right hand to left side. ¹² Point downward in front. ¹³ No. 8 arm plate—walk to the left. ¹⁴ Same gesture. ¹⁵ Shoot the right arm forward—fingers straight. ¹⁶ Both hands extended downward—palms out. ¹⁷ No. 6 arm plate. ¹⁸ Sweep hand from breast—palms down. ¹⁹ Describe a circle with both hands. ²⁰ Touch forehead. ²¹ Both hands on breast. ²² No. 1 hand plate. ²³ Both hands extended in front.

76—ELOQUENCE.

Henry B. Stanton.

MODERATE.

In every enlightened age, *eloquence*¹ has been a controlling element in human affairs. ²Eloquence is not a *gift*, but an *art*—not an *inspiration*, but an *acquisition*—not an *intuition*, but an *attainment*. Excellence in this art | is attained only by unwearied practice, and the careful study of the best *models*. The models³ lie all around us. The rest | is *within us*. ⁴Demosthenes and Cicero will be household words, in all climes, to the end of time. But, the more one studies the masters of Grecian and Roman eloquence, the more readily will he yield to the growing opinion | that ⁵England, France, and America, during the last sixty or seventy years, have produced a greater ⁶number of eloquent orators than flourished in all Grecian and Roman history. As objects increase in⁷ size | when seen through a mist, so men | *tower into giants* when seen through the haze of antiquity. Without neglecting the ancient models, let us study those of *our own* times. ⁸From both | we may catch some of that inspiration which bound the audience to the orator, and bade him play upon their emotions | as the master⁹ touches the keys of his familiar instrument—which subdued them to tears | or convulsed them with laughter—which bore ¹⁰them aloft on the wing of imagination, or blanched them with horror | while narration | threw the colors upon the canvass | which¹¹ held the judgment and the fancy captive, as *reason* | forged the chain of argument, ¹²and *poetry* | studded its links with the gems of illustration—which poured over the subject | a flood of rare knowledge, laden with the contributions of ¹³*all* sciences and *all* ages—which ¹⁴gambolled in playful humor, or opened the sparkling *jet d'eau* of wit, or barbed the point of epigram, or sketched¹⁵ the laughing caricature, gliding¹⁶ from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with majesty,

DELIBERATE.

and grace;—that inspiration¹⁷ which, as Paul reasoned of *righteousness, temperance, and the judgment*, made Felix tremble; as Demosthenes anathematized Macedonia, made the Greeks cry out, *LOUD.* ¹⁸*Lead us against Philip;*” at the thrilling tones of Henry, made America ring with the shout, *LOUD.* ¹⁹*Give us liberty, or give us death;*” when the thunder of Danton | *shook*²⁰ the dome of the Convention, | ²¹roused all Paris to demand the head of Louis; and lashed into fury or hushed into repose | ²²*acres* of wild peasantry, as the voice of O’Connell *rose*²³ or *fell*.

¹ No. 1 hand plate. ² No. 5 arm plate. ³ Both hands out—turn to right and left sides. ⁴ No. 4 hand plate. ⁵ No. 8 arm plate. ⁶ Raise both arms and bring them down emphatically. ⁷ Arm out straight—palm down—gradually raise it. ⁸ No. 1 arm plate—raise both arms. ⁹ Work fingers as if manipulating keys of piano. ¹⁰ Touch forehead and extend hand to right. ¹¹ Touch forehead again. ¹² No. 1 hand plate. ¹³ Gentle waving of both hands in front. ¹⁴ Both hands out—palms up. ¹⁵ Same as ¹³. ¹⁶ Use No. 7 hand plate twice. ¹⁷ Touch right temple. ¹⁸ Advance—wave right hand upward. ¹⁹ Advance to front—both hands up—head thrown back. ²⁰ Shake index finger of right hand above the shoulder. ²¹ Bring hands up quickly from hanging position and wave them upward and to the sides. ²² No. 5 arm plate. ²³ Elevate and depress hands.

77—DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

John M. Mason.

QUIET. It must ever be difficult | to *compare*¹ the merits of Washington’s characters, because he always appeared *greatest* in that which he *last* sustained. Yet² if there is a preference | it must be assigned to the lieutenant-general of the armies of America. ³*Not* because the duties of that station were more arduous | than those which he had often performed, but because it *more fully* displayed | his ⁴*magnanimity*. While ⁵others become great by elevation, Washington becomes *greater*⁶ by condescension. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! ⁷*Thrice* *favored country*, which boasts of such a citizen!

APOSTRO-PHE.

**INTERROG-
ATIVE.** We gaze with astonishment: we ⁸exult that we are Americans. We augur everything great, and good, and happy. But ⁹*whence* this sudden horror? ¹⁰What *means* that cry of agony? Oh! 'tis the shriek of America! ¹¹The fairy vision is fled: ¹²Washington is—*no more!*—

DEJECTED. “How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

¹³Daughters of America, who erst prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress grove, and water it with tears.

QUIET. “How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

**IMPRESS-
IVE.** ¹⁴The *death* of Washington, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we ¹⁵*never* mistook him. ¹⁶Take his affecting testament, and read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. ¹⁷Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read ¹⁸his *fidelity* to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character.

STRONG. In his acts, Americans, you have seen the ¹⁹*man*. In the complicated excellence of character, he *stands alone*. Let ²⁰*no* future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no ²¹soldier of fortune, let no usurping conqueror, let *not* Alexander ²²or Cæsar, let *not* Cromwell or Bonaparte, let *none* among the dead or the living, appear in the same picture with Washington: or let them appear ²³as the shade to his light.

**EMPHA-
SIZE.**

¹ Slightly wave hand across breast. ² No. 1 hand plate. ³ No. 12 hand plate. ⁴ Touch right temple twice. ⁵ Left hand out—turn to left. ⁶ Bring left down from forehead forcibly. ⁷ Advance two steps—both hands and arms well thrown out—chest out. ⁸ Elevate and wave right hand—stand on toes of right foot. ⁹ Both hands out—looking from side to side. ¹⁰ Repeat the same. ¹¹ Index fingers touch in front of face—wave hands apart. ¹² Drop hands—lower the head—dejection in manner. ¹³ Quickly raise head—both arms out. ¹⁴ Arm straight out—index finger pointing down. ¹⁵ Argumentative gesture—bring opened hand from forehead down. ¹⁶ Place both hands front as if holding manuscript. ¹⁷ Repeat same. ¹⁸ Same. ¹⁹ No. 4 arm plate. ²⁰ Shake finger warningly in front. ²¹ Strike palm of right hand into left palm. ²² Repeat. ²³ Open both arms wide.

78—AMERICAN HISTORY.

Julian C. Verplanck.

AFFIRMA-
TIVE.

The study of the history of most other nations, fills¹ the mind with sentiments | not unlike those | which the American traveller feels | on entering² the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. ³Its *solemn grandeur*, its *vastness*, its *obscurity*, strike awe to his heart. From the⁴ richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim ⁵religious light falls around. A ⁶thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. ⁷He is surrounded by the tombs of the *mighty dead*, rich | with the labors of ancient art, ⁸and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

IMAGINA-
TIVE.OBSERVE
EMPHA-
SIS.

⁹*What names* does he read upon them? Those of princes¹⁰ and nobles who are now remembered | only for their *vices*; and of sovereigns,¹¹ at whose graves *no tears* were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour | in the affections of their people. ¹²There, too, he sees *other* names, long familiar to him for their *guilty* and *ambiguous* fame. ¹³*There* rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the *orator*, who was ever | the ready apologist of tyranny—*great scholars*, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and *poets*, who profaned the high gift of genius, ¹⁴to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

GRACEFUL
DECLAMA-
TION.

¹⁵*Our own history*, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by¹⁶ the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated | to the memory of the *truly* great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of¹⁷ Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty | amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and “the toys of modern state.” Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The¹⁸ pure light of heaven | enters from above and sheds an equal¹⁹ and serene radiance around. ²⁰As the

eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of *brave* and *good* men | who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, ²¹or it rests on votive tablets | inscribed with the names of the *best benefactors* of mankind.

¹ Gracefully touch forehead. ² Send hand outward from chest—palm up. ³ Step backward—expression of awe. ⁴ Point to left side. ⁵ Hands upward and touching—wave downward and apart. ⁶ Touch forehead—look around—moving body also. ⁷ Outward movement, both hands, as in No. 5 arm plate. ⁸ Wave hands and look around—speak with dignity. ⁹ No. 7 hand plate—advance. ¹⁰ Shaking finger—be very animated. ¹¹ Point downward. ¹² Still pointing. ¹³ Repeat same alternately. ¹⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁵ Both hands slightly touch breast—then outward movement. ¹⁶ Touch right temple. ¹⁷ Point and step to the right. ¹⁸ Point upward. ¹⁹ Bring both hands down in pyramidal form. ²⁰ Finger of right hand close to right eye—wave hand outward. ²¹ Point to right—assume and hold graceful attitude till end.

79—INJUSTICE THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL RUIN.

Theodore Parker.

EARNEST.

LOUD.

Do you know how ¹empires find their *end*? Yes, | ²the *great* states eat up the *little*; as with fish, so with nations. Aye, but *how* do the *great* states come to an end? ³By their own *injustice*, and *no other cause*. ⁴Come with me, | my friends, comewith me into the INFERNO of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires | buried long ago, and ⁵learn a lesson from the TOMB.

GRAVE.

LOUD.

⁶Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown. ⁷*What laid thee low?* ⁸⁷I fell | by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground.” O queenly Persia, | flame of the nations, ⁹*wherefore* art thou so fallen, who troddest the people under thee, | bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, | and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the west-

- ern world? ¹⁰"Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. ¹¹I fell | by *my own misdeeds!*"
- GRAVE.
- ¹²Thou, muselike, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world | with thy sweet witchery, | speaking in art, and most seductive song, ¹³*why liest thou there |* with the beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp? ¹⁴"I *scorned the law of God;* banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone; ¹⁵I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that | in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of *justice*, the loveliness of *love*, I *trod them down to earth!* Lo, ¹⁷therefore, have I become as those Barbarian states—as *one of them!*"
- ELEVATED TONE.
- ¹⁸Oh manly, | majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown | all *broken* at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low; for thy Great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, ¹⁹*Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right!* "It was not the saint's ideal, it was the *hypocrite's* pretence!
- CHANGE VOICE.
- LOUD.
- ²⁰I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces,—where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl—it fed my courtiers and my courtezans. *Wicked men* | were ²⁰my cabinet councillors—the flatterer | breathed his poison in my ear. ²¹*Millions of bondmen* wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying *yet to God?* ²²Lo, | *here* have I recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! ²³Go back and tell the new-born child, who sitteth on the Alleghanies, | laying his either hands upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars above his youthful brow—*tell* him there are ²⁴*rights* which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. ²⁵Tell him there is a God | who keeps the *black* man and the *white*, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that *breaks His just,*
- RATHER HIGH.
- GRAVE.
- WARNING.

eternal law! Warn the young empire | that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! ²⁶Tell him that *Justice* | is the *unchanging, everlasting* will to give each man his *Right*. ¹⁷I knew it, | *broke it*, and am *lost*. Bid him | to *keep it* and be safe!"

¹ No. 1 hand plate. ² Turn hand and wave it. ³ No. 5, emphasize this gesture on the emphatic words. ⁴ Both hands extended—palms up—lower hands on the word "Inferno." ⁵ Shaking right index finger downward. ⁶ Turn to the right—look up—send right hand upward to right. ⁷ Same position—shake the hand gravely. ⁸ Bring hand slowly downward. ⁹ Turn to left—left hand up. ¹⁰ Slowly bring down left hand—then open both arms on "millions." ¹¹ Drop the arms—slowly bend head. ¹² No. 7 hand plate. ¹³ Same as No. 7, but finger pointing downward. ¹⁴ Send both hands from breast outward—palms out. ¹⁵ Touch forehead. ¹⁶ Stamp right foot and bring right fist down strongly on the word "trod." ¹⁷ Deject manner. ¹⁸ Turn to the right—use No. 8 arm plate. ¹⁹ No. 4 arm plate. ²⁰ No. 14 arm plate. ²¹ Spread apart both arms. ²² Step back—hold up right hand—palm out. ²³ Bring right hand across breast as in No. 6 arm plate. ²⁴ Bring right hand to front—palm up. ²⁵ Step forward—point upward—continue pointing until "shameful tomb." ²⁶ Hands as in No. 10 hand plate—whilst so, slightly shake them. ²⁷ Raise right hand warningly in first part of sentence—drop it at the end.

80—BLESSINGS OF EDUCATION.

Phillips.

QUIET.

No doubt, you have¹ all personally *considered*—no doubt, you have all personally ²*experienced*, that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is³ *not one* which breathes a *purser fragrance*, or bears a heavenlier aspect than *education*. It is a companion which ⁴*no* misfortune can depress, ⁵*no* clime destroy, *no* enemy alienate, *no* despotism enslave; at home | a *friend*, abroad | an *introduction*, in *solitude* | a *solace*, in *society* | an *ornament*; it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. ⁶Without it what is man? A splendid *slave*! a reasoning *savage*, vacillating between the dignity of an

MEDIUM.

intelligence derived from⁷ God, and the degradation⁸ of passions participated with brutes; and | in the accident of their alternate ascendancy,⁹ shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. ¹⁰*What* | is this wondrous world of his residence?

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan,"

DECLAM-
ATORY.

¹¹a dark | and desolate | and dreary cavern, without *wealth*, | or *ornament*, | or *order*. ¹²But | light up within it the torch of knowledge and how *wondrous* the transition! The seasons ¹³*change*, the atmosphere *breathes*,¹⁴ the landscape¹⁵ *lives*, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens ¹⁶display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises | ¹⁷revealed before him, its varieties *regulated*, and its *mysteries* | *resolved*! ¹⁸The phenomena | which *bewilder*, the prejudices which *debase*, the superstitions which *enslave*, ¹⁹*VANISH* before education. Like the holy symbol | which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if²⁰ man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of *this* world, but open²¹ the *very portals* of omnipotence for his admission. ²²Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire, and the splendors of philosophy. ²³*What* erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, | placing in her hand the sceptre of legislation, and wreathing²⁴ round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? ²⁵*what* extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? ²⁶*what* animated Sparta with that *high, unbending, adamantine* courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of *national independence*? ²⁷*What* | but those *wise* | *public* institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the prin-

QUESTION-
ING
TONES.

DECIDED.

ciples of action, and sent²⁸ them into the world,
too vigilant to be deceived | by its calms, and²⁹
too vigorous to be shaken by its *whirlwinds*!

¹ Outward movement, both arms, as in No. 5 arm plate. ² Repeat same, No. 5. ³ Use the right hand alone. ⁴ Wave downward the right hand on emphatic words. ⁵ Repeat. ⁶ Move out both arms—palms up. ⁷ Point upward. ⁸ Point downward. ⁹ Step backward—both hands as in No. 6 hand plate. ¹⁰ Astonishment—look from side to side. ¹¹ No. 7 hand plate—finger pointing downward. ¹² Wave both hands from the center outward and upward. ¹³ No. 5 hand plate—wave the hand in that position to the right. ¹⁴ Both arms up—look up—step back with left foot. ¹⁵ Change the hand to front. ¹⁶ Repeat ¹⁴. ¹⁷ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁸ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁹ Wave hands apart—palms out. ²⁰ Two steps to the right oblique—raise right hand. ²¹ Touch tips of fingers—wave both hands apart—palms up. ²² Point in front downward. ²³ No. 4 arm plate. ²⁴ Same position, but describe a circle with finger. ²⁵ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁶ Place open hand on breast—advance. ²⁷ No. 1 hand plate—bearing and look earnest, animated. ²⁸ No. 8 arm plate. ²⁹ Bring right hand down strongly.

81—WHAT IS THE FRENCH REVOLUTION?

Lamartine.

QUESTION-
ING.

What, then, is the French Revolution? ¹Is it, as the adorers of the past say, a great sedition of a nation disturbed for *no reason*, and destroying in their insensate convulsions, their *church*, their *monarchy*, their *classes*, their *institutions*, their *nationality*, and even rending² the map of Europe? ³No! the Revolution has not been a miserable sedition of France; for a sedition | subsides as it rises, and leaves nothing | but ⁴corpses and ruins behind it. The Revolution has left scaffolds and ruins, it is true; *therein* | is its remorse; but it has ⁵also left a *doctrine*; it has left a spirit⁶ which will be enduring and perpetual so long as human reason shall exist.

DECISION.

⁷We are *not* inspired by the spirit of faction! No factious idea enters our thoughts. We do not wish to compose a faction—⁸we compose opinion, for it is nobler, stronger, and more invincible. ⁹Shall we have, in our first struggles, *violence*, *oppression* and *death*? ¹⁰No, gentlemen! let us give thanks to our fathers—it shall be *liberty* which they have bequeathed to us, *liberty* which now has its own arms, its pacific arms, to develop itself

STRONG
FULL
TONE.

without anger and excess. ¹¹Therefore shall we triumph—be sure of it! and if you ask¹² what is the moral force | that shall bend the government beneath the will of the nation, I will answer you; it is the sovereignty of *ideas*, the royalty of *mind*, the Republic, the true Republic of intelligence, in one word—¹³*opinion*—that modern power whose very name was unknown to antiquity. Gentle-
men,¹⁴ public opinion was born | on the very day when Guttenberg, who has been styled the artificer of a new world, invented, by printing, the multiplication and indefinite communication of thought and human reason. ¹⁵This incomprehensible power of opinion | needs not for its sway | either the brand of vengeance, the sword of justice, or the scaffold of terror. It holds in its¹⁶ hands | the equilibrium between ideas and institutions, the *balance* of the human mind. In ¹⁷one of the scales of this balance—understand it well¹⁸—will be for a long time placed, mental superstitions, prejudices self-styled useful, the divine right of kings, distinctions of right among classes, international animosities, the spirit of conquest, the venal alliance of church and state, the censorship of thought, the silence of tribunes, and the *ignorance and systematic degradation* of the masses.
¹⁹In the other scale, we ourselves,²⁰ gentlemen, will place the lightest and most impalpable thing of all that God has created²¹—*light*, a little of that light which the French Revolution evoked at the close of the last century, ²²from a volcano, doubtless, but | from a *volcano of truth*.²³

MODERATE
TIME.

DELIBER-
ATE.

FORCIBLE.

¹ Look from side to side—use No. 1 hand plate. ² Wrench hands apart. ³ Bring right down forcibly in front. ⁴ Point downward twice. ⁵ No. 12 hand plate. ⁶ Hand on breast. ⁷ Both hands out front—walk to the right. ⁸ Touch forehead—bend forward. ⁹ Turn back to center—both hands moving outward—move them up and down on emphatic words. ¹⁰ Bring down right hand into left palm. ¹¹ Stand very erect—No. 4 arm plate, but the fingers higher. ¹² No. 1 hand plate. ¹³ Bend forward—hands as in No. 11 hand plate. ¹⁴ Shake finger several times. ¹⁵ Inward movement of hand and arm in No. 7 arm plate. ¹⁶ Put out right hand. ¹⁷ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁸ Turn hand quickly—extend index finger till period. ¹⁹ Put out right hand. ²⁰ Send hand to breast. ²¹ Advance—point upward. ²² No. 2 arm plate. ²³ Send hand upward quickly.

82—DECLINE OF THE CELTIC RACE.

Michelet.

SYMPATHY.

Ireland! Poor¹ first-born of the Celtic race!
²So far from France, yet its sister, whom it cannot
 succor across the waves! ³The *Isle of Saints*—
 the *Emerald Isle*—so fruitful in men, so bright in
 genius!—the country⁴ of Berkeley and Toland, of
 Moore and O'Connell!—the land of bright⁵
 thoughts and the⁶ rapid sword, which preserves,
 amidst the old age of this world, its poetic in-
 spiration. Let the English smile when, passing
 some hovel in their towns, they hear⁷ the Irish
 widow chant the coronach for her husband.
*Weep!*⁸ mournful country, ⁹and let France *too*
 weep, for degradation which she *cannot* prevent—
 calamities which she *cannot* avert! In ¹⁰vain!
 have four hundred thousand Irishmen perished
 in the service of France. The Scotch Highlanders
 will ere long ¹¹disappear from the face of the
 earth; the mountains¹² are daily depopulating;
 the great estates have ruined the land of the Gaul |
 as they did ancient Italy. ¹³The Highlander will
 ere long exist only in the *romances of Walter Scott*.
 The tartan and the claymore excite surprise in
 the streets of Edinburgh; ¹⁴they disappear—¹⁵they
 emigrate; their national airs will ere long be lost,
 as the music of the Eolian harp | when ¹⁶the winds
 are hushed.

REGRET.

LOW.

Behind the Celtic world, the old red granite
 of the European formation has arisen¹⁷—a *new*
world, with different passions, desires, and des-
 tinies. Last of the savage races which overflowed
 Europe, the Germans¹⁸ were the *first* to introduce
 the spirit of independence; the thirst for¹⁹ *indi-*
vidual freedom. That bold²⁰ and youthful spirit—
 that youth of man, who feels himself *strong* and
free in a world which he appropriates to himself
 in anticipation—in²¹ forests of which he knows
 not the bounds²²—on a sea which wafts him to un-
 known shores—that spring of the unbroken horse |

SUSTAINED
VOICE.

RATHER
RAPID.

DIRECT.

which bears him²³ to the Steppes and the Pampas—²⁴all worked in Alaric, when he swore that ²⁵an *unknown force* impelled him to the gates of Rome; they ²⁶impelled the Danish pirate when he rode on the stormy billow; they animated the Saxon outlaws when under Robin Hood | they contended for the laws of Edward the Confessor against the Norman barons. ²⁷That spirit of *personal freedom*, of unbounded personal pride, shines in all their writings, it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. ²⁸From the day when, according to the beautiful German fable, the "*Wargus*" | scattered²⁹ the dust on all his relations, and threw the grass over his shoulder, and resting on his staff³⁰ overleapt the frail paternal enclosure, and let his plume float to the wind—³¹from *that* moment he aspired to the empire of the world. ³²He deliberated with Attila | whether he should overthrow the empire of the east or the west; he aspired with England to³³ overspread the western and southern hemispheres.

¹ Arms hanging in front—hands clasped—palms down. ² Look and point to right. ³ Slowly shake the head—standing erect. ⁴ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Touch forehead with left hand. ⁶ Touch left side where sword should hang with right hand. ⁷ No. 8 arm plate. ⁸ Take one step forward—observe No. 13 hand plate. ⁹ Point to the right. ¹⁰ Wave both hands from forehead downward—palms out. ¹¹ Wave left hand to the left. ¹² Point upward with left hand. ¹³ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁴ Wave left hand to the left. ¹⁵ Wave right hand to the right. ¹⁶ Hold both in front horizontally—palms down. ¹⁷ No. 1 arm plate—rising movement of both hands and arms. ¹⁸ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁹ Send both hands to breast—incline body forward. ²⁰ Wave right hand upward. ²¹ Point and turn left. ²² Point in front. ²³ Point to front, then quickly to right side without lowering arm. ²⁴ Emphatic gesture of right hand. ²⁵ Point upward. ²⁶ Make a waving movement with hand. ²⁷ Hand to breast—be animated. ²⁸ No. 12 hand plate—walk three or four steps whilst speaking. ²⁹ Quickly separate hands to right and left sides. ³⁰ A forward plunging movement with both hands. ³¹ Put out right hand and quickly elevate it. ³² No. 1 hand plate. ³³ Outward movement of both hands as in swimming.

UPWARD
INFLEC-
TION.

conference with powers like themselves, in what *wild* region do the elements hold council, or ¹²*where* unbend in terrible disport?

INCREASED
TONE.

Here! ¹³*Free* from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. ¹⁴Here, | *roaring, raging, shrieking, howling*, all night long. ¹⁵Hither come the sounding voices | from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping, a thousand miles away, ¹⁶so quietly in the midst of angry waves; and hither, to meet them, ¹⁷*rush the blasts* | from unknown desert places of the world. Here, in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm ¹⁸and buffet with each other; until the ¹⁹*sea, lashed into passion* like their own, ²⁰leaps up | in ravings | *mightier* than theirs, and the whole scene is *whirling madness*.

LOUD.

²¹On, on, ON, over the countless miles of angry space, roll the long heaving billows. ²²Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not; for what is *now* the one, is *now* the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. ²³Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending ²⁴in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; ²⁵incessant change of place, and form, and hue; constancy in nothing | but ²⁶*eternal strife*; ²⁷on, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and *louder* howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the ²⁸*million voices* in the sea—when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, ²⁹“A SHIP!”

VERY
LOUD.
RATHER
LOUD.

³⁰Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; *onward* she comes, now *high* upon the curling billows, now *low down* in the hollows of the sea, as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, ³¹“A SHIP!”

³²Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads | to look: and round about the vessel, ⁷far as the mariners on her

decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. ³⁴High over her they break, and round her surge and roar; and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and ³⁵dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger: still | she comes onward | *bravely*. And though the ³⁶eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train; *yet* bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, ³⁷with dim lights burning in her hull, and *people | there | asleep*: as if no deadly element³⁸ were peering in at every seam and chink; and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning | in the ³⁹*unfathomable depths below*.

¹ Shake right fist. ² Point downward to right. ³ Touch lips with fingers. ⁴ Advance—assume a listening attitude. ⁵ Spread out both hands in front—palms down. ⁶ Wave hand in front. ⁷ Repeat ⁵. ⁸ Send right hand upward—describe a quarter of a circle. ⁹ Make snake-like movement with arm and hand. ¹⁰ Bend down—look on ground. ¹¹ No. 1 hand plate. ¹² Outward movement as in No. 5 arm plate. ¹³ No. 8 arm plate—shake the hand. ¹⁴ Quickly raise arm and throw hand wildly about. ¹⁵ Inward movement, No. 7 arm plate. ¹⁶ Point downward. ¹⁷ Send out quickly both hands—palms outward. ¹⁸ Wave both hands from side to side. ¹⁹ Point down. ²⁰ Hands down by sides—palms out—bring them up quickly over head. ²¹ Take three steps to right—right hand up and waving. ²² Point up—then down. ²³ Point in front—quickly draw hand back—step forward and then retire. ²⁴ Throw the index finger up perpendicularly. ²⁵ Sweep left hand quickly across body. ²⁶ Throw out both arms. ²⁷ Repeat ²¹. ²⁸ Wide open gesture with both arms. ²⁹ Advance to right—shade eyes with hand. ³⁰ Point right. ³¹ Repeat ²⁹. ³² No. 7 hand plate. ³³ Point in front—move head as if looking intently. ³⁴ Toss one hand over the other, making a circular movement. ³⁵ Throw forward both hands. ³⁶ Both hands, No. 5 arm plate. ³⁷ Look intently to front and point. ³⁸ Both hands—fingers as in No. 6 hand plate. ³⁹ Both hands and fingers pointing downward in front.

85—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

Washington Irving.

MEASURED.

The sorrow for the dead is the ¹*only* sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every *other wound* we seek to heal—²*every other affliction* to forget; but *this* wound we consider it a duty to keep open³—*this* affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the *mother*⁴ who would willingly forget the infant | that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a *pang*? ⁵Where is the *child* that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to *remember* | be but to *lament*? ⁶Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is⁷ closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he ⁸feels his heart, as it were, *crushed* in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? ⁹No, the *love* which survives the tomb is one of the *noblest* attributes of the soul. If¹⁰ it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief | is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony | over the present ruins of all that we most loved,¹¹ is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—*who* would ¹²root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though | it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; ¹³yet | *who* would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? ¹⁴No, there is a voice from the tomb | sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. ¹⁵Oh, the *grave!*—*the grave!* It buries *every* error—covers¹⁶ *every* defect—extinguishes *every* resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none | but fond regrets and tender

SAD.

INTERROG-
ATIVE.

MONOTONE.

APOSTRO-
PHE.

recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even ¹⁷of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb | that he should *ever* have warred | with the ¹⁸*poor handful of earth*, that lies mouldering before him?

CHANGE
TONE.

¹⁹But the grave of those *we loved*—what a place for meditation! ²⁰*There it is* | that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; ²¹*there it is* | that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the *parting scene*. ¹⁸The bed of death, | with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The

PATHETIC.

SLOW.

last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—²³*oh*, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. ²⁴The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! ²⁵The faint, faltering accents, *struggling* in death to give *one more* assurance of affection!

CLIMAX.

²⁶Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can²⁷ *never—never—never* return, to be soothed by thy contrition!

ADMONI-
TION.

²⁸If thou art a *child*, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—²⁹if thou art a *husband*, and hast ever caused the fond blossom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt *one moment* of thy kindness or thy truth,—if ³⁰thou art a *friend*, and hast ever wronged, in *thought*, or *word*, or *deed*, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a *lover*, and hast ever given one unmerited ³¹pang to that *true heart* | which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—³²then | *be sure* | that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will

MODERATE
TONE AND
TIME.

come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully ³³at thy soul; then | be sure | that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard³⁴ groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because | *unheard* and *unavailing*!

³⁵Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; ³⁶console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the *dead*, and henceforth | be more faithful³⁷ and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the *living*.

¹ Place hand on upper part of breast. ² No. 1 hand plate. ³ Hand to breast. ⁴ Turn to right—right hand out—then bring it to heart. ⁵ Hand downward in front. ⁶ Both hands to front. ⁷ Wave index finger downward. ⁸ Touch breast. ⁹ Right hand up—palm out—turn head to left. ¹⁰ No. 1 hand plate—slightly vary gesture. ¹¹ Clasp hands—bend the head. ¹² Send closed fingers of right hand from heart outward. ¹³ Left hand, No. 7 hand plate—turn to left. ¹⁴ Point downward. ¹⁵ Clasp hands—look down. ¹⁶ Repeat ¹⁵. ¹⁷ Outward movement both hands—No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁸ Point downward. ¹⁹ No. 14 hand plate—look down. ²⁰ Continue same position. ²¹ Hands together as in prayer. ²² No. 11 hand plate—slowly shake head. ²³ Clasp hands under chin. ²⁴ Wave hand from the eye outward. ²⁵ Bend down—speak very low. ²⁶ Advance three steps—pointing down—head erect. ²⁷ Wave hands three times perpendicularly. ²⁸ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ²⁹ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ³⁰ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ³¹ Bring hand to heart. ³² Shake finger at audience. ³³ Touch breast twice. ³⁴ Touch palms together twice. ³⁵ Imitate the weaving of flowers. ³⁶ Bring hand to breast. ³⁷ No. 1 hand plate.

86—THE DEATH OF LITTLE DOMBEY.

Charles Dickens.

DESCRIP-
TIVE
STYLE.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there,¹ listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went,² but watching it, and watching everything about him, with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the³ rustling blinds,

RATHER
QUICK.

and quivered on the ⁴opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went ⁵creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, *deepen, deepen* | into night. Then he⁶ thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he ⁷thought how *black* it was, and how *deep* it would look, ⁸reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how ⁹*steadily* | it rolled away | to *meet the sea*.

His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to *try* to stop it—to *stem* it with¹⁰ his childish hands—or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on | *resistless*, he cried out! But a word¹¹ from his sister Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon¹² her breast, he told Floy of his dream, | and smiled.

CONVERSATIONAL.

¹³The people round him changed unaccountably—except Florence; Florence *never* changed—and what had been the doctors was now his father, sitting with his head upon¹⁴ his hand. And Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure,¹⁵ with its head upon its hand, returned *so* often and remained *so* long, and sat *so* still and solemn, *never* speaking, | *never* being spoken to, | and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder¹⁶ | languidly | if it were real; and, in the night-time, saw it sitting there, with fear.

CHANGE.

¹⁷“Floy,” he said, “what is that?” “Where, learest?”¹⁹ ²⁰“There! at the bottom of the bed.” “There’s *nothing* there, except papa!” The figure | lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—“My own boy,²¹ don’t you *know* me?” Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to

his thinking, *thrilled* while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure | turned ²²away quickly from a little bed, and went out of the door.

²³How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river *rolled towards the sea* | in spite of him; Paul never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; ²⁴but | whether they were many days, or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. ²⁵The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had *ever seen* his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his ²⁶mind. ²⁷“Floy, did I ever see mamma?” ²⁸“No, darling; why?” “Did I *never* see any kind face, like a mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?” he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. ²⁹“Oh yes, dear!” “Whose, Floy?” “Your old nurse’s; often.” “And where *is* my old nurse?” said Paul. ³⁰“Is *she* dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?”

³¹There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, ³²held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. “Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!” “She is not here, darling. ³³She shall come to-morrow.”—“Thank you, Floy!”

Little Dombey closed his eyes, and fell asleep. But he soon awoke—woke mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no ³⁴gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

LOW TONE.

SLOW
PAUSES.

ANXIOUS.

QUICKER.

³⁵"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. ³⁶Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her *dear boy*, her *pretty boy*, her own poor blighted child. No other woman³⁷ would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and ³⁸put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some *right* to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but *him* and ³⁹Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. ⁴⁰Don't go away, old nurse! *Stay here!*"

SOFTLY.

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound⁴¹ their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, *locked together*. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's *very near* the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? ⁴²He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so | behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy; I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs is not divine enough. The light about the head | is shining on me as I go!"

SLOW.

QUICKER.

⁴³The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. . . . The *old, old*⁴⁴ fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last | unchanged | until our race has run its course, and the⁴⁵ wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The *old, old* fash-

SOLEMN.

ion⁴⁶—DEATH! Oh, thank⁴⁷ God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of IMMORTALITY! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the ⁴⁸swift river bears us to the ocean!

¹ Point down. ² Raise head. ³ Point to right. ⁴ Hand to left and slightly wave it. ⁵ Slowly raise hands in front—palms down. ⁶ No. 7 hand plate—wave the finger three times. ⁷ Both hands as in No. 3 arm plate. ⁸ Raising finger from below, upward. ⁹ Move slowly right hand to the right. ¹⁰ Put quickly forward both hands—palms outward. ¹¹ No. 1 hand plate. ¹² Lean head on breast. ¹³ Two hands out—move head sideways—slowly drop hands. ¹⁴ Rest head on hand. ¹⁵ Point to figure. ¹⁶ Hand holding chin—nod the head twice. ¹⁷ Quick start and point. ¹⁸ Two hands out—look about inquiringly. ¹⁹ Point. ²⁰ Clasp hands—bend down. ²¹ Quick movement of arm and body to right. ²² Waving movement of hand to the left. ²³ Drop hand slow—attitude of dejection. ²⁴ Fingers of both hands to temples. ²⁵ Slightly vary the previous gesture. ²⁶ Clasp hands and look upward. ²⁷ Downward patting movement of the hand. ²⁸ Clasp hands—pleased expression. ²⁹ Slowly raise hands, then clasp them. ³⁰ Swing right arm quickly to right. ³¹ Bring right hand across and touch left arm, which is extended. ³² Gesture of soothing. ³³ Bring fingers of both hands to eyes—then an outward movement. ³⁴ No. 4 arm plate. ³⁵ Bending down—speaking very softly. ³⁶ No. 1 hand plate. ³⁷ Bring right hand to lips. ³⁸ No. 14 hand plate. ³⁹ Extend arms to front and upward. ⁴⁰ Place hands on opposite shoulders—keep this picture for some time. ⁴¹ Bring palms of both hands together. ⁴² Point to left. ⁴³ Wave the hand up and down. ⁴⁴ Bring fingers together over head, then let them drop either side, describing a circle. ⁴⁵ Point downward. ⁴⁶ Hands together prayerfully. ⁴⁷ Send hands from breast to the front.

87—THE FUNERAL OF LITTLE NELL.

Charles Dickens.

NARRATIVE.

Anon the bell—¹the bell she had so often heard, by night and day; ²and listened to | with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. ³Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches,—in the pride of strength and health—in the full blush of promise—in the mere dawn of life—⁴to gather | round her *tomb*. Old men were there,⁵ whose eyes were dim, and senses failing—⁶grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—⁷the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the *living dead* in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that ⁸early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to ⁹that which still could crawl and creep above it?

MEDIUM TONE.

RATHER
SLOW.

¹⁰Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat, when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed *again*; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

¹¹They carried her to one old nook, where she had *many* and *many* a time sat musing, and laid their burden ¹²softly | on the pavement. The light streamed on through¹³ the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her¹⁴ grave.

SOLEMN.

¹⁵"*Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!*" Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. *All* were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

BRISKER.

¹⁶The service done, the mourners stood apart; and the villagers closed round to look into the grave, before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her | sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with ¹⁷a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she, should be so daring; how she had never feared to enter the church *alone at night*, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet,¹⁸ and even | to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went¹⁹ about among the eldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind | how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it *might be so*, indeed.²⁰ Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and

SUBDUED.

glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

²¹They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. ²²Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when²³ the bright moon | poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them)²⁴ upon *her quiet grave*,—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, ²⁵and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts,²⁶ | they turned away, | and left the child ²⁷with *God*.

²⁸Oh! it is hard to take to heart | the *lesson* that such deaths will teach; but let *no* man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and it is a mighty, *universal Truth*. When Death | ²⁹strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free,³⁰ a hundred Virtues rise, in shapes of *Mercy*, *Charity*, and *Love*, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every³¹ tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of ³²light to HEAVEN.

NARRA-
TIVE.

DIRECT.

LOUDER.

¹ Point up to right—look to left. ² Bring right hand to ear. ³ Both hands extended to front. ⁴ Use same gesture, pointing downward. ⁵ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁶ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁷ Point to ear and eye. ⁸ Point down. ⁹ Both arms well extended downward—palms down. ¹⁰ Bring right hand from left shoulder—sweep it right. ¹¹ Still pointing right—walking to the right four steps. ¹² Point slowly downward. ¹³ Point and turn well to right—head erect. ¹⁴ Point down with left hand. ¹⁵ Hands clasped as in No. 13 hand plate—head on breast—keep this picture for four lines. ¹⁶ Throw hands apart—then bring them together. ¹⁷ Look upward. ¹⁸ Point and look upward. ¹⁹ Turn mysteriously from side to side. ²⁰ No. 1 hand plate. ²¹ Bring hands together downward. ²² Elevate hands and slowly drop them. ²³ Point upward and look. ²⁴ Point downward. ²⁵ Hand on breast and slowly drop it. ²⁶ Hand to heart. ²⁷ Point up—action of reverence. ²⁸ Clasp hands. ²⁹ Bring right hand down forcibly. ³⁰ Throw both hands up—keep them there till period. ³¹ Hand to eye—then point down. ³² Advance—point and look up.

88—GOD IS LOVE.

Richard Watson.

ARGU.
MENTA-
TIVE.

Where ¹shall we go for manifestations of the tenderness, the sympathy, the benignity of God?

²The Philosopher of this world leads us to Nature, its benevolent final causes, and kind contrivances to increase the sum of animal happiness; and there³ he stops—with half his demonstration!

But the ⁴Apostle leads us to the Gift bestowed by the Father for the recovery of man's intellectual⁵ and moral nature, ⁶and to the Cross endured by the Son on this high behalf. Go⁶ to the heavens,

which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals by their chronology;⁷ go to the atmosphere, which invigorates his spirits, and is to him the breath of life; ⁸go to the smiling fields, decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruits for his sus-

tenance; go to⁹ *every* scene which spreads beauty before his gaze, which is made harmoniously vocal to his ear, which fills and delights the¹⁰ imagination by its glow or by its greatness: we travel with you, we admire¹¹ with you, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you,—but we *stay not* with you.

¹²We hasten *onwards*, in search of a demonstration *more* convincing that "*God is love.*" we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyful scenes of ¹³*Calvary*; and amidst the ¹⁴throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples, and the mocking multitude, under the arch of the darkened¹⁵ heaven, and with ¹⁶earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze¹⁷ upon the *meek*, the *resigned*, but *fainting* SUFFERER;

and exclaim, ¹⁸"*Herein is love!*"—herein, and nowhere else, is it so ¹⁸affectingly, so unequivocally demonstrated,—¹⁹"not that *we* loved *God*, but that

¹⁹not that *we* loved *God*, but that

¹⁹not that *we* loved *God*, but that

DIRECT.

FULL
VOICE.

EMPHATIC.

God loved us, and sent His SON to be the propitiation for our sins."

¹ No. 5 arm plate, both hands—turn completely, taking in entire audience. ² Right hand out. ³ Lower the arm, still pointing. ⁴ Left hand out, then upward. ⁵ Touch forehead and breast. ⁶ Advance and use No. 4 arm plate. ⁷ Wave upward both hands—throw the head back. ⁸ No. 5 arm plate. ⁹ Repeat ⁸. ¹⁰ Touch right temple. ¹¹ Advance—look around—use No. 13 hand plate. ¹² Wave hand from breast outward. ¹³ Point upward—look of reverence. ¹⁴ No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁵ Describe arch above head with both hands. ¹⁶ Shake right hand in front. ¹⁷ Advance to right—hands crossed on breast—look up. ¹⁸ Same position. ¹⁹ Send both hands from breast upward—bring them back to breast—hold till finish.

89—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Translation from Bossuet.

EARNEST
DECLAMATION.

When our Redeemer ¹expired on the cross, sympathizing nature was convulsed! The sun² was suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness, and ³*confusion reigned!* But I shall pass these terrific events, in order to lead your attention to more important objects. ⁴The Cross erected on Mount Calvary was the standard of victory, to which even ⁵*Thought* was to be led captive, and before which *Imaginations* were to be cast down;—that is to say, human wisdom and skeptic reluctance. No voice sublime was heard⁶ sounding from a thunder-bearing cloud, as of old from the heights of Sinai! No approach was observed of that ⁷formidable Majesty, before whom the mountains melt as wax! ⁸Where, *where* was the warlike preparation of that power, which was to subdue the world? See the whole artillery collected on Mount Calvary—in the exhibition ⁹of a Cross, of of an *agonizing* SUFFERER, and a crown of thorns!

Religious truths was exiled from the earth, and idolatry sat¹⁰ brooding over the moral world. The ¹¹Egyptians, the fathers of philosophy; ¹²the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts; ¹³the Ro-

LOUD.

mans, the conquerors of the universe; were all unfortunately celebrated for the *perversion* of religious worship,—¹⁴for the *gross errors* they admitted into their belief, and the *indignities* they offered to the *true religion*.¹⁵ Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements, became objects of adoration; even abstract visionary¹⁶ forms, such as fevers and distempers, received the honors of deification: and to the most infamous vices, and dissolute passions, *altars*¹⁷ were erected. The world, which God had made to manifest His power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where everything was god¹⁸ but GOD HIMSELF!

FORCEFUL.

The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the ¹⁹Almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning that an error must be destroyed, which reasoning had not established.²⁰ Men gave the Divinity *their own* figure, and attributed to Him their *vices* and *passions*. Reasoning²¹ had no share in so brutal an error. It was a subversion of reason, a delirium, a frenzy.²² Argue with a frenetic person, you do but the more provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry.²³ What has learned antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses? her reasonings so artfully framed? ²⁴Did Plato, with that eloquence which was styled divine, overthrow²⁵ *one | single | altar |* where monstrous divinities were worshipped?

OBSERVE
PUNCTUA-
TION.

Experience hath shown that the overthrow of idolatry could *not* be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God²⁶ completed its confusion by the mystery of the Cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that ²⁷profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was | that the Pagan mythology²⁸ *teemed* with deities, who were subject to human passions, weaknesses, and vices. ²⁹When the mysterious Cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer,

incredulity exclaimed, it was foolishness! ³⁰But the darkening sun, Nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves, said, *it was wisdom!*

¹ Slowly raise hand—finger pointing upward. ² Place hands before face—palms out—then separate them. ³ Throw hands downward—wrist movement. ⁴ Same as ¹. ⁵ Touch forehead. ⁶ Shake finger of right hand, pointing upward. ⁷ Sweep hands majestically. ⁸ Step to right—right hand out—commanding bearing. ⁹ Hand up almost perpendicular—shake finger three times. ¹⁰ Put out both hands—fingers as in No. 6 hand plate. ¹¹ Put out right hand—turn to the right. ¹² Turn and gesticulate toward left. ¹³ Both hands to the front. ¹⁴ Bring right hand down forcibly. ¹⁵ No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁶ Touch forehead and wave hand outward. ¹⁷ Elevate right hand as in No. 4 arm plate. ¹⁸ Point upward—advance. ¹⁹ Repeat ¹⁸. ²⁰ Bring hands to breast. ²¹ Hand to forehead—then wave outward. ²² No. 12 hand plate. ²³ Walk four steps to left—left hand extended. ²⁴ Turn right to center—use right hand. ²⁵ Bring hand down three times on emphatic words. ²⁶ Use very dignified posture—point upward. ²⁷ Both hands on breast. ²⁸ Throw both hands forward—palms out. ²⁹ Point up. ³⁰ Hold out both hands—palms out.

90—ON INFIDELITY.

Dr. Andrew Thomson.

TEMPER-
ATE.

It is amidst trials and sorrows¹ that infidelity appears in its justest and most frightful aspect. When subjected to the ²multifarious ills “which flesh is heir to,” what is there to uphold³ our spirit, but the *discoveries* and the *prospects* that are unfolded to us by *revelation*? What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief ⁴that everything here below is under the management of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, and that there is an ⁵*immortality of bliss* awaiting us in *another* world? If *this* conviction be taken ⁶away, what is it that we can have⁷ recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? ⁸Where is the balm which I may apply with effect | to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? ⁹Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the *bread of sorrow* to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty,

ENER-
GETIC.

and on the thorny bed of disease; set ¹⁰*death* before me in all its terrors; do all this,—only let me *trust*¹¹ in my Saviour, } and “*pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence,*”—and I will “*fear*¹² *no evil*”—I will rise superior to affliction,—“I will rejoice in my tribulation.” But, let infidelity interpose between¹³ God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable¹⁴ veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectations to a few years as uncertain as they are short; and how¹⁵ shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burthen of distress? Or, where shall I find *one drop*¹⁶ of consolation to put into the *bitter draught*, which has been given me to drink? ¹⁷I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell; but I see ¹⁸*not one* covert from the storm, *nor one* leaf for the healing of my¹⁹ soul, *nor one* cup of water to refresh me, in the weariness and the faintings of my pilgrimage.

REGRET-
FUL.

¹ Slowly shake head—hand on breast. ² Both hands, No. 5 arm plate. ³ Hand on breast. ⁴ Send both hands outward—palms up—turn to both sides. ⁵ No. 4 arm plate. ⁶ Look inquiringly at audience—hands as in No. 11 hand plate. ⁷ Touch forehead. ⁸ Put out right hand and then place it over heart. ⁹ Lay open palms on chest—slowly turn head from side to side. ¹⁰ Fingers apart as in No. 6 hand plate. ¹¹ Slowly raise hand over head—raise eyes. ¹² Falling movement of hand—No. 3 arm plate. ¹³ Clasp hands fervently at breast. ¹⁴ Wave right hand outward. ¹⁵ Step forward—look of inquiry—hand on breast. ¹⁶ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁷ Swing right arm outward—follow gesture with look. ¹⁸ Shake finger several times. ¹⁹ Hand to breast.

91—THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

Translation from Massillon.

RATHER
QUICK
AND
LOUD.

The remembrance of the past, and the view of the present,¹ would be *little* to the expiring sinner, could he *confine* himself to these; but the thoughts² of a futurity convulse him with horror and despair. That futurity,³ that incomprehensible region of darkness, which he now approaches,⁴ *conscience* his *only* companion; that futurity, that ⁵unknown land | from which no traveller has ever returned, where he knows not *whom* he shall find, nor⁶ *what* awaits him; that futurity, that fathomless⁷ abyss, in which his mind is lost and bewildered, and into which he must now⁸ plunge, *ignorant* of his destiny; that ⁹futurity, that tomb, that residence of horror, where he must now occupy his place amongst the ashes and the carcasses of his ancestors; ¹⁰that futurity, that incomprehensible *eternity*, even the aspect of which he cannot support;¹¹ that futurity,—in a word, that dreadful judgment, to which, before the wrath of God, he must now appear, and render account of a life | of which every ¹²moment almost has been occupied by *crimes*:—*Alas!* ¹³while he only looked forward to this terrible futurity at a distance, he made an infamous boast of | *not dreading it*; ¹⁴he continually demanded, with a tone of blasphemy and derision, ¹⁵*Who is returned* from it? ¹⁶He ridiculed the vulgar apprehension, and piqued himself upon his undaunted courage. But, ¹⁷from the moment that the hand of God is upon him; from the moment that death approaches near, that the gates of eternity¹⁸ open to receive him, and that he touches upon that terrible futurity against which he seemed so fortified—¹⁹ah! he *then* becomes either ²⁰*weak, trembling, dissolved in tears*, ²¹raising up suppliant hands to Heaven!—or, *gloomy,*²² *silent, agitated*, revolving within himself the most dreadful thoughts, and

EARNEST.

no longer expecting more consolation or mercy from his weak tears and lamentations, ²³than from his frenzies and despair!

RATHER
QUICK.

²⁴In vain | the minister of the Church endeavors to soothe his terrors, by opening to him the bosom of Divine mercy;—a ²⁵*secret* and *terrible* voice resounds from the bottom of his heart, and tells him that there is *no*²⁶ salvation for the *impious*: his friends and relations are ²⁷assembled round his bed to receive his last sighs, and he ²⁸turns away from them his eyes, because he finds still amidst them | the remembrance of his crimes. Death, however, approaches: the minister endeavors to support by prayer that spark of life which still remains: ²⁹“Depart, *Christian soul!*” says he: he says not to him, “Prince, grandee of the world, depart!” During his life, the public monuments were hardly sufficient for the number and pride of his titles. ³⁰In his last moment, they give him that title alone which he had received in baptism; the *only* one to which he had paid *no* attention, and the only one which can remain to him *for ever*. ³¹“Depart, *Christian soul!*”

SOLEMN
TONE.

³²You had looked upon the Earth as your country, and it was only a place of pilgrimage from which you must depart. The Church thought to have announced the glad tidings to you,—the expiration of your exilement,—in announcing the dissolution of your earthly frame. Alas! and it only brings you ³³*melancholy* and *frightful* news, and opens the *commencement* of your miseries and anguish.

SORROW.

Then | the expiring sinner, finding, in the remembrance of the past,³⁴ only *regrets* which overwhelm him; in all which takes place around him, only ³⁵*images* which afflict him; in the thoughts of futurity, ³⁶only *horrors* which appal him; no longer knowing to whom to have recourse; ³⁷—neither to created beings, who now leave him; nor to the world, which vanishes; nor to men, who cannot save him from death;³⁸ nor to the just

RAPID.

God, whom he looks upon as a declared enemy, and from whom he has no indulgence to expect:—a ³⁹*thousand horrors*, occupy his thoughts; he *torments*, he *agitates* himself, in order ⁴⁰to fly from Death which grasps him, or at least to fly *from himself*. From his expiring eyes issues something⁴¹ I know not what, of dark and gloomy, which expresses the fury of his soul; in his anguish he utters words,⁴² interrupted by sobs, which are unintelligible, and to which they know not whether repentance or despair gives birth. ⁴³He deeply *sighs*; and they know not whether the remembrance of his past crimes, or the despair at quitting life, forces from him such groans of anguish. ⁴⁴At last, in the midst of these melancholy exertions, his eyes ⁴⁵*fix*, | his features *change*, | his countenance becomes disfigured, his livid lips convulsively separate; his whole frame quivers; and, by this last⁴⁶ effort, his unfortunate soul *tears itself* reluctantly from that body of clay, falls into the hands of its God, and ⁴⁷finds itself | *alone* at the foot of the *awful tribunal*!

CLIMAX.

¹ Stand erect—left foot back—chest out—use No. 1 hand plate.
² Touch the forehead and lift the hand upward. ³ Still pointing up.
⁴ Tapping the forehead twice. ⁵ Point up. ⁶ Falling movement of arm as in No. 3 arm plate. ⁷ Arm straight to front—finger pointing down.
⁸ Throw hands forward and downward—imitate the act of plunging. ⁹ No. 7 hand plate. ¹⁰ Repeat same. ¹¹ Raise right hand up—palm out. ¹² Both hands out, No. 5 arm plate. ¹³ Clasp hands and slowly rock body from side to side. ¹⁴ No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁵ Same as ¹⁴, but shake the hand.
¹⁶ Sway hand outward from breast—then bring fingers back to breast.
¹⁷ No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁸ Both hands in front of face—palms out—then separate them on the word “open.” ¹⁹ Nod the head twice. ²⁰ Let the hands tremble. ²¹ Raise both hands higher than head. ²² Clasp head with both hands. ²³ Wring both hands. ²⁴ Fold the arms—shake head. ²⁵ Shake index finger of right hand. ²⁶ Forcefully bring down right fist. ²⁷ No. 5 arm plate, both hands—look around, turning body. ²⁸ Wave hand to right—turn face and body to left. ²⁹ Hands together prayerfully. ³⁰ No. 1 hand plate. ³¹ Clasp hands. ³² No. 3 hand plate. ³³ Clasp hands—shake head sorrowfully. ³⁴ Head back—eyes up—opened hands laid on each cheek. ³⁵ Hands in front of face—palms out—fingers apart—look of horror.
³⁶ Repeat ³⁵. ³⁷ Right hand out—quickly turn it to right. ³⁸ Point up.
³⁹ Both hands placed on back of head—look up. ⁴⁰ Hands and arms out horizontally—hands clinched. ⁴¹ Touch eyes—move hands outward. ⁴² Hand grasping throat. ⁴³ Hand on breast—sigh. ⁴⁴ Clasp hands—advance—look of intense emotion. ⁴⁵ Touch eye—face—lip. ⁴⁶ Hands clutching breast—throw them violently forward. ⁴⁷ Shake right index finger upward solemnly—stand on the toes.

92—ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Lord Chatham.

LOUD AND
QUICK.

I cannot,¹ my Lords, I² *will* not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a³ *perilous* and *tremendous* moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery *cannot* save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the ⁴throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, ⁵*dispel* the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and ⁶display, in its *full danger* and *genuine colors*, the ruin which is brought to our doors. ⁷Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its *support* to measures | thus obtruded and forced upon it? ⁸Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to *scorn* and *contempt*! ‘But yesterday,’⁹ and Britain might have stood against the ¹⁰*world*: now, ¹¹none so poor as do her reverence!”—¹²The people, whom we at first despised as *rebels*, but whom we now acknowledge as *enemies*, are abetted against us, supplied with ¹³every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy; and ministers ¹⁴*do not*—and *dare not*—interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. ¹⁵No man | more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve ¹⁶anything but impossibilities; and I know | that the conquest of British America ¹⁷*is* an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords,¹⁸ you *cannot* conquer America. ¹⁹What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; ²⁰but we know that, in *three* campaigns, we have done *nothing*, and suffered *much*. You may swell ²¹every expense, accumulate every assistance, and ²²extend your traffic to the shambles of every

UPWARD
INFLECTION.

QUICK
AND
DIRECT.

ARGUMENTATIVE
STYLE.

German despot; your attempts will be for ever
²³*vain* and *impotent*—doubly so, indeed, from this
 mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates,
 to an incurable resentment, the minds of your
 adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary
 sons of rapine and plunder, devoting²⁴ *them* and
their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

²⁴If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*,
 while a foreign troop was landed in my country,

²⁶I *never* would lay down my arms;—NEVER,
 NEVER, NEVER!

VERY
 LOUD.

¹No. 1 hand plate. ²Repeat the same, but with force. ³Swing out both hands as in No. 5 arm plate. ⁴Point upward to the left and look toward the right. ⁵Both hands in front of face—palms outward—send them apart. ⁶Turn both hands—palms up. ⁷Take three steps to the right—shake hand—position as in No. 7 hand plate. ⁸Both hands out—palms up—look about. ⁹No. 7 hand plate. ¹⁰Both arms wide apart and out. ¹¹Shake the right index finger downward. ¹²No. 5 arm plate—look around. ¹³Repeat ¹². ¹⁴Forcible downward gesture on the two emphatic words. ¹⁵No. 12 hand plate. ¹⁶Both arms open. ¹⁷Bring right fist down strongly. ¹⁸Slap the left palm with the right three times. ¹⁹Quick turn to the right—hand extended. ²⁰No. 12 hand plate. ²¹No. 5 arm plate. ²²Right arm out straight—shake the hand. ²³Drop hand and retire two steps. ²⁴Both hands extended to front. ²⁵Draw yourself to full height—strike the breast several times. ²⁶Bring fist downward on the first “never”—then shake the fist in the air on the others (never).

93—ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Charles Phillips.

ORDINARY
 TONE.

*He is fallen!*¹ We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which² towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown | terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. ³Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. ⁴A mind *bold, independent, and decisive*⁵—a will, | *despotic* in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience | *pliable* to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—⁶the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever ⁷*rose, or reigned, or fell.*

Flung⁸ into life in the midst of a Revolution ! that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity. With *no friends* but his *sword*,⁹ and *no fortune* but his *talents*, he rushed¹⁶ into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves ; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew¹¹ *no* motive but *interest*—he acknowledged *no* criterion but *success*—he worshipped *no* God¹² but *ambition* ; and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the altar¹³ of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was *no* creed that he did not profess—there was *no* opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a *dynasty*, he ¹⁴upheld the Crescent ; for the sake of a *divorce*, he bowed¹⁵ before the Cross ; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic ; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, ¹⁶on the ruins both of the crown and the tribune, he reared¹⁷ the *throne of his despotism*. A professed Catholic,¹⁸ he imprisoned the Pope ; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country ; and under the name of *Brutus*, he ¹⁹grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the ²⁰*diadem of the Cæsars* !

²¹Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army ; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favor. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless ; and their²² first stipulation was | for the safety of their favorite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of *them*, he was prodigal of ²³*himself* ; and that if he exposed them to *peril*, he repaid them with plunder. For the *soldier*,²⁴ he subsidized every people ; to the people, he made even *pride* pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains ; and the capital, ²⁵gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of

LOUDER.

EMPHASIS.

CLIMAX
LOUD.

QUICK IN-
CREASE
TONE.

the press,²⁶ he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. ²⁷A royalist, | a republican, and an emperor | a Mahometan, | a Catholic, | and a patron of the Synagogue, | a traitor and a tyrant, | a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same,²⁸ stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible *self*—the man without a model, and without a shadow. ²⁹His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his ³⁰whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell *how* or *why* he was awakened from the reverie.

MORAL.

³¹Kings may learn from him | that their *safest* study, as well as their noblest, is—the *interest of the people*; the ³²people are taught by him that there is no despotism, however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise³³ upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if *ambition* can raise them from ³⁴the *lowest station*, it can also prostrate ³⁵them from the *highest*.

¹ No. 2 hand plate on the word "pause." ² Elevate hand perpendicularly. ³ No. 8 arm plate. ⁴ Touch forehead. ⁵ Touch head again. ⁶ Wave left hands downward in front—palms up. ⁷ Elevate hand and drop it. ⁸ Walk three steps to the left—both hands toward audience. ⁹ Touch left side of body where sword should hang. ¹⁰ Step forward—throw hands outward. ¹¹ Hand on breast. ¹² Point upward. ¹³ Point downward. ¹⁴ Close left hand and hold it over head. ¹⁵ Right hand to breast—bow head. ¹⁶ Point down. ¹⁷ Raise the hand. ¹⁸ Turn to right—use No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁹ Gesture of grasping. ²⁰ Make circular movement with finger for the crown. ²¹ Both hands in front—palms up. ²² No. 12 hand plate. ²³ Touch the breast. ²⁴ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁵ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁶ Left hand, No. 6 arm plate—afterward swing arm to left. ²⁷ Slight downward movement of right hand on the nouns following. ²⁸ Shake finger. ²⁹ Point downward. ³⁰ Both hands in front—palms up. ³¹ No. 4 arm plate. ³² No. 5 arm plate. ³³ Hands hanging—bring them up higher than head. ³⁴ Send hand up. ³⁵ Send the hand down.

94—SPEECH OF SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

Charles Dickens.

ORATORIAL.

Never,¹ in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me;² a responsibility, I will say, which I could *never* have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction³ so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much injured and most ⁴oppressed client, must prevail with the *high-minded* and *intelligent*⁵ dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

ASSUME A
SERIOUS
MANNER.

⁶The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a *widow*: yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of the royal revenues, glided ⁷almost *imperceptibly* from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can *never* afford.

EMPHATIC.

With her | ⁹*little* boy, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor ¹⁰window, a written placard, bearing this inscription,—¹¹*“Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Enquire within.”* I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—*“Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman!”* Mrs. Bardell’s opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of ¹²the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. ¹³She had *no* fear—she had *no* distrust—she had *no* suspicion. Mr. Bardell, said the widow; Mr. Bardell

was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word¹⁴—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—¹⁵Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: ¹⁶to single gentlemen I look for *protection*, for *assistance*, for *comfort*, for *consolation*;—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, ¹⁷when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best ¹⁸impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), ¹⁹ the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy ²⁰to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. ²¹Did it remain there long? ²²No. *The serpent*²³ *was on the watch*, | the train was laid, | the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the window *three days*—*three days*, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two²⁴ legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, ²⁵knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He enquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. That man was²⁶ *Pickwick*—Pickwick the defendant.

I shall show you, ²⁷gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside *constantly*, and without interruption or intermission, in Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you | that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, *waited* on him, *attended* to his comforts, *cooked* his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that,²⁸ on many occasions, he gave halfpence,²⁹ and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall *prove* to you, by a witness³⁰ whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he

LOUD.

patted the boy on the head; and, after enquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression,—³²“*How should you like to have another father?*”

LOUD.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. ³³Two letters have passed between these parties; letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the *character* of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. ³⁴They are *covert, sly, underhanded* communications; but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude³⁵ any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: ³⁶“Garraway’s, twelve o’clock.—Dear Mrs. B. Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.” Gentlemen, *what does this mean?* Chops and tomato sauce! yours, PICKWICK! ³⁷Chops! *gracious heavens!* and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? ³⁸The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious.—“Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till tomorrow. *Slow coach.*” And then follows this very remarkable expression—“Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.” ³⁹*The warming-pan!* Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? ⁴⁰When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? ⁴¹Why is Mrs.

CEREMONIOUS
READING.

EMPHATIC.

Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a ⁴²*mere cover* for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? ⁴³And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For ought I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally *slow coach* during the whole of this transaction; but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to ⁴⁴his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

⁴⁵But, gentlemen, enough of this; it is difficult to smile with an ⁴⁶aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill⁴⁷ is down—but there is *no tenant*. Eligible single gentlemen pass and⁴⁸ re-pass—but there is no invitation for them to enquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. His *alley tors* and *commoneys* are alike neglected; he forgets the old familiar cry of *knuckle down!* and at *tip cheese*, or *odd and even*, his hand is out. ⁵⁰But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—⁵¹Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. ⁵²Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages are the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. ⁵³And for those damages she now appeals to an

INCREASED
TONE.

CLIMAX.

enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

¹ Assume a serious but pompous manner—left hand resting on hip—right hand extended with elbow resting against body. ² Strike left palm with right hand. ³ Right hand on breast and bending toward audience. ⁴ Point to her. ⁵ Turn and put out both hands toward jury—bow to them. ⁶ Gesticulate toward right—indicate her. ⁷ Send right hand out front horizontally. ⁸ No. 12 hand plate. ⁹ Indicate his size by outstretched hand. ¹⁰ Point front. ¹¹ Emphasize with finger the different words italicized. ¹² Clasp hands. ¹³ Repeat ¹. ¹⁴ No. 1 hand plate—bring hand downward. ¹⁵ Repeat. ¹⁶ Both hands out—bend forward. ¹⁷ Raise right hand. ¹⁸ Touch breast and bow to audience. ¹⁹ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁰ No. 14 hand plate. ²¹ Point front. ²² No. 8 hand plate—bring hand down forcibly. ²³ Wave the index finger snake-like. ²⁴ No. 1 hand plate—stand very erect. ²⁵ Action of knocking on door. ²⁶ Put out right hand and use it emphatically. ²⁷ Both hands toward jury—keep this gesture, making it emphatic for six lines. ²⁸ Turn right—right hand extended. ²⁹ Pretend dropping money into hand of receiver. ³⁰ Right hand elevated in oratorical fashion. ³¹ Imitate patting boy's head. ³² Place hands on hips—bend forward. ³³ No. 12 hand plate. ³⁴ Repeat ³³. ³⁵ Point finger. ³⁶ Holding paper in hands. ³⁷ Crushing paper in hands. ³⁸ Open another paper. ³⁹ Crush that paper. ⁴⁰ No. 2 hand plate—shaking hand for three lines. ⁴¹ Left hand out—turn to left. ⁴² Place hand horizontally in front—palms down. ⁴³ Advance to right—right hand extended. ⁴⁴ Rest hands on hips—smile. ⁴⁵ Wave right hand carelessly. ⁴⁶ Hand on heart—then put right hand forward. ⁴⁷ Elevate hand—point and drop it. ⁴⁸ Sweep right hand from left side toward right. ⁴⁹ Slap the right hand on the left. ⁵⁰ Repeat the same and look around. ⁵¹ Advance to front and shake fist violently. ⁵² No. 5 arm plate—keep gesture until the end.

95—THE BASHFUL MAN.

I labor¹ under a species of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from this society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I shall give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

NARRATIVE
STYLE.

²My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but, my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made *him* happy—that is, a learned education.

³I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying myself for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid, bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkward-

RATHER
QUICK.

MEDIUM
VOICE.

ness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which, I now begin to fear, can never be amended. You must know, I am of such *extreme*⁴ susceptibility of shame, that, on the slightest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks,⁵ and I appear a perfect *full-blown rose*. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I had therefore resolved on living at the university, and taking pupils; when *two unexpected events*⁶ greatly altered the posture of my affairs—namely, my father's death, and the arrival of a rich uncle from the Indies.

This uncle also died, after a short illness; leaving me heir to all his property. ⁷And now, behold me, at the age of—no matter what,—well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics—possessed of an ample fortune—but so awkward, and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy*⁸ *learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds with what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially by those who have *marriageable daughters*. From these⁹ gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled; but the truth is, when I have ridden or walked with full intention to return their several visits—¹⁰my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I returned homewards, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my

BRISK
MOVE-
MENT.

NERVOUS.

timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine, this day, with one, whose open, easymanner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about three miles distant,¹¹ is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, adjoining that which I purchased. He has *two* | *small* | sons and *five* | *tall* daughters, all grown up, and living at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons from a professor, who teaches ¹²“grown-up gentlemen to dance;” and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, yet my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without¹³ tottering, and learned to make a *bow*,¹⁴ I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet’s invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: ¹⁵but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing whom or what I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-acquired bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately,¹⁶ bringing back my left foot into the *third position*, I trod upon the¹⁷ *gouty toe* of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. ¹⁸The confusion this accident occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The Baronet’s politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to

suppress ¹⁹his feelings, and to appear at perfect ease after so painful an accident.

VERY
QUICK.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics—in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own! To this subject I was led by observing an ²⁰edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes; which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I approached to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, ²¹I pulled it forcibly—when, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, ²²and, unlucky, pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm done. I saw the ink streaming ²³from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet; and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up.

LOUD.

QUICK.

SLOWER.

²⁴In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses; till I was desired to take my seat at table, betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand: and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of

the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding²⁵ contents *into my lap*. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, they were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and, for ²⁶some minutes, my legs and thighs seemed *stewed* in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his gouty toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distresses occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, *spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar*; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

EXAGGERA-
TION.

²⁷I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for part of a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding ²⁸into my mouth—hot as a burning coal! it was impossible to conceal²⁹ my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets! At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to—drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended *oil*, another *water*, but all agreed that *wine* was perhaps the best for drawing out the heat; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard—I snatched it up with eagerness: but oh!³² how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, I know not; but he gave me the strongest *brandy*, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits,

VERY LOUD

and the sharp terrors of a guilty mind poison your aged days! while all your nights, as on the earth you lay your houseless head, *out-horror horror!* May you quit the world *abhorred, self hated*, hopeless for the next—your life a burden, and your death a fear!

WILF. ¹³For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

SIR E. Hope this may fall upon thee:—¹⁴swear thou hop'st it, by every attribute which heaven or earth can lend to bind and strengthen conjuration, if thou betray'st me.

WILF. [*After a pause.*] ¹⁵I swear, by all the ties that bind a man, divine or human,—*never to divulge!*

SIR E. Remember¹⁶ you have sought this secret: yes, extorted it. I have not thrust it on you. 'Tis big with danger to you; and to me, while I prepare to speak, torment unutterable! ¹⁷Know, Wilford, that—*O, torture!*

WILF. Dearest sir! ¹⁸collect yourself. This shakes you horribly: you had this trembling, it is scarce a week, at Madam Helen's.

SIR E. There it is—her uncle—¹⁹

WILF. Her uncle!

INTENSE.

SIR E. Him. She knows it not;—*none* know it.—²⁰You are the first ordained to hear me say, I am—²¹*his murderer.*

WILF. O horror!²²

SIR E. His *assassin.*

WILF. What! you that—mur—the murderer—²³I am *choked!*

SIR E. Honor, ²⁴thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar sit war and homicide: O! to what madness will insult drive thy votaries! In truth, in the world's range, there does not breathe a man, whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe with long forbearance, kindness, courtesy, than *his* who fell by me. But he disgraced me, stained me ²⁵*oh, death and shame!*—the world looked on, and saw this sinewy savage strike me down, rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro, on the base earth,

QUICK AND
LOUD.

like carrion. Desperation, in every fibre of my frame, cried ²⁶*Vengeance!* I left the room which he had quitted: chance, (curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs, thrust me against him, darkling, in the street—²⁷*I stabbed him to the heart*—and my oppressor rolled lifeless, at my foot.

WILF. Oh! mercy on me! ²⁸How could this deed be covered?

QUICK.

SIR E ²⁹Would you think it? E'en at the moment when I gave the blow, butchered a fellow creature in the dark, I had all good men's love. But my disgrace, and my opponent's death thus linked with it, demanded notice of the magistracy. They summoned me, as friend would summon friend, to acts of import and communication. We met—and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumor, to put me on my trial. No accuser, no evidence appeared, to urge it on—'twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then? How cover it?—you say.—Why, *by a lie*—³⁰guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast, which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie, this tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale, smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth; so well compacted, that the o'erthronged court disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat, by shouting ³¹*"Innocence!"* ere I had finished. The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble bore me, in triumph, home. ³²Ay!—look upon me—I know thy sight aches at me.

CLIMAX.

WILF. Heaven ³³forgive you! It may be wrong—indeed I pity you.

SCORN.

SIR E. I disdain all pity,—³⁴I ask no consolation. Idle boy! think'st thou that this compulsive confidence was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame (for still I cling to it), has urged me, thus to quash thy curious mischief in its birth. Hurt honor, in an evil cursèd hour, drove me to murder—lying;—'twould again! My honesty,—sweet ³⁵peace of mind,—all, all, are bartered for a name. *I will maintain it!* ³⁶—Should Slander whisper o'er my sepulchre, and my soul's agency survive in death, I could embody it with heaven's lightning,

and the hot shaft of my insulted spirit should strike the blaster of my memory dead, in the churchyard. ³⁷Boy, I would not kill thee; thy rashness and discernment threatened danger! to check them there was no way left but this—save one—your death:—you shall *not* be my victim.

SURPRISE.

WILF. My death! ³⁸What, take my life?—my life! to prop this empty honor?

SIR. E. Empty? Grovelling food!

³⁹WILF. I am your servant, Sir, child of your bounty, and know my obligation. I have been too curious, haply: 'tis the fault of youth—I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you, I would lay down my life:⁴⁰ I'd give it freely: could you then have the heart to rob me of it? You *could not—should not*.

SIR E. How?

STRONG.

WILF. You *dare* not.⁴¹

SIR E. Dare not!

WILF. Some hours ago, you durst not. ⁴²Passion moved you—reflection interposed, and held your arm. But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it, my *innocence* would give me strength to struggle, and ⁴³wrest the murderous weapon from your hand. How would you look to find a peasant boy return the knife you levelled at his heart; and ask you which in heaven would show the best—a *rich man's honor*,⁴⁴ or a *poor*⁴⁵ *man's honesty*?

¹ Sir Edward, who is standing on right side of stage facing audience, beckons Wilford, who is on the left side. ² Hang the head. ³ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁴ Right hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁵ Left hand, No. 7 hand plate. ⁶ Point upward. ⁷ Hand on breast. ⁸ Both hands clasping head. ⁹ Turn toward W.—left hand extended. ¹⁰ Bring down forcibly the right hand on "swear." ¹¹ Advance to Sir E. ¹² Turn full upon him—raise hand threateningly—keep it shaking till end of speech. ¹³ Bend toward Sir E., clasping hand. ¹⁴ Pointing up—eyes glaring. ¹⁵ Raise hand in act of swearing. ¹⁶ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ¹⁷ Clasp hands in anguish—cross quickly down to left corner and back to position. ¹⁸ Following Sir E.—hands extended. ¹⁹ Quickly turn to him. ²⁰ Point to Wilford. ²¹ Hands on breast—look up. ²² Clasp hands. ²³ Clutch throat. ²⁴ No. 5 arm plate. ²⁵ Both hands to head. ²⁶ Raise up quickly right arm. ²⁷ Plunge forward—stabbing downward. ²⁸ Clasping hands. ²⁹ Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ³⁰ Clinch both hands and drop them by the sides. ³¹ Wave right hand in air. ³² Cover face with hands. ³³ Shake head sadly. ³⁴ Walk down to right corner—return—left hand out. ³⁵ Hand on breast, then on the forehead. ³⁶ Point down. ³⁷ Approach W.—both hands in the position of grasping. ³⁸ Step backward in surprise. ³⁹ Lay hand over heart. ⁴⁰ Advance toward Sir E.—arms wide apart. ⁴¹ Elevate hand—stand erect. ⁴² Right hand, No. 2 hand plate. ⁴³ Snatch arm back quickly. ⁴⁴ No. 4 arm plate. ⁴⁵ Hand on breast.

98—FROM THE PLAY OF “WILLIAM TELL.”

Knowles.

¹[Four Speakers: Tell, Albert, (his son), Gessler, Sarnem, and Attendant.]

COMMAND.

SAR. [*To Tell.*] Behold the governor.² *Down*, slave, upon thy knees, and beg for mercy.

GES. Does he hear?

SAR. He does, but braves thy power. ³*Down*, slave, and ask for life.

GES. [*To Tell.*] Why speak'st thou not?

TELL. For wonder! ⁴Yes, for wonder—that thou seem'st a man.

GES. What should I seem?

TELL. A *monster*!

GES. Ha! Beware!—think on thy chains.

TELL. Think on my chains! ⁵How came they on me?

GES. Dar'st thou question me? ⁶Beware my vengeance.

SCORN.

TELL. Can it more than *kill*?

GES. Enough; it may do that.

TELL. No, not enough:—⁷it cannot take away the grace of life—the comeliness of look that virtue gives—its port erect, with consciousness of truth—its rich attire of honorable deeds—its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:—it cannot lay its hand on these, no more than⁸ it can pluck his brightness from the sun, or with polluted finger tarnish it.

GES. But it may make thee writhe.

TELL. ⁹It *may*, and I may say, “*Go on!*” though it should make me groan again.

GES. Whence com'st thou?

TELL. From the mountains; ¹⁰there they watch no more the avalanche.

GES. Why so?

TELL. Because they look for ¹¹*thee*! The hurricane comes unawares upon them: from its bed the torrent breaks and finds them in its track——

GES. What then?

SCORN.

TELL. They thank ¹²kind Providence it is not thou!—Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked. ¹³There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but the thought of *thee* doth wither to a curse—as something they must lose, and had far better lack.

GES. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills—that never smile, though wanton summer tempt them e'er so much.

TELL. But they do sometimes smile.

GES. Ah!—when is that?

TELL. When they do pray for vengeance! and the true hands are ¹⁴lifted up to Heaven, on every hill, for *justice on thee!*

GES. [*To Sarnem.*] Now will I take exquisite vengeance. [*To Tell.*] I would see thee make a trial of thy skill with that ¹⁵same bow. 'Tis said thy arrows never miss.

TELL. What is the trial?

GES. Thou look'st ¹⁶upon thy boy as though instinctively thou guessedst it.

FEAR.

TELL. Look upon my boy! ¹⁷What mean you? Look upon my boy as though I guessed it!—Guessed at the trial thou wouldst have me make!—Guessed it instinctively! Thou dost not mean!—¹⁸no, no!—Thou wouldst not have me make a trial of my skill *upon my child?* Impossible! I do not guess thy meaning.

GUTTURAL.

GES. ¹⁹I'd see thee hit an apple on his head, three hundred paces off.

TELL. Great Heaven!

GES. On this condition I will spare his life and thine.

TELL. Ferocious monster! ²⁰make a father murder his own child!—'Tis beyond horror! 'tis too much for flesh and blood to bear!

GES. Dost thou consent?

TELL. My hands²¹ are free from blood, and have no gust for it, that they should drink my child's.

I'll *not* murder my boy for Gessler!

BOY. ²²You will not hit me, father. You'll be
 PLEADING. sure to hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?

TELL. Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.

BOY. Father——²³

TELL. Speak not to me;²⁴—let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb, and so should all things be—Earth should be dumb, and heaven, unless its thunder muttered at the deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—²⁵Give me my *bow and quiver*.

GES. Then all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence the distance—three hundred paces.

TELL. Will he do it fairly?

SARCASM. GES. What is't to thee, fairly or not?

TELL. O, nothing! a little thing! a very little thing! I only shoot at my child! [*Sarnem prepares to measure.*] ²⁶Villain, stop! You measure against the sun.

GES. And what of that? What matter whether to or from the sun?

TELL. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine upon the mark, and not on him that shoots:—*I will not shoot against the sun.*

GES. Give him his way.

[*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]

CONVERSATIONAL. TELL. I should like to see the apple I must hit.
 GES. There, take that.²⁷

TELL. You've picked the smallest one.

GES. I know I have. Thy skill will be the greater if thou hittest it.

TELL. True!—True! I did not think of that. I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one had given me a chance to save my boy.—²⁸Give me my bow and quiver.

GES...[*To an attendant.*] Give him a single arrow.

TELL. [*Looks at it, and breaks it.*] Let me see my quiver. It is not one arrow in a dozen I would use to shoot with at a dove, much less a dove like that.

GES. Show him the quiver.

QUIET IN-
TENSITY.

[Sarnem takes the apple and leads out the boy to place them; meanwhile Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow.]

TELL. Is the boy ready? ²⁹Keep silence now for Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses, that, if his life's in peril from my hand, 'tis only for the chance of saving it. For mercy's sake, | *keep motionless and silent!*

[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*]

SAR. The boy is safe—no hair of him is touched!

TELL. ³⁰Thank Heaven! [*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*]

GES. Unequall'd archer! *Ha! why this concealed?*

VERY LOUD. TELL. ³¹TO KILL THEE, TYRANT, HAD I SLAIN MY BOY.

¹ Positions are: Sarnems, right corner; Gesser, right center; Tell, left center; Albert, left corner—supposed to be facing audience. ² Point down. ³ Repeat gesture. ⁴ Arms folded. ⁵ Put out both arms. ⁶ Shake fist. ⁷ No. 5 arm plate. ⁸ Point upward. ⁹ Arms folded. ¹⁰ Point upward to back of stage. ¹¹ Point directly at Gesser. ¹² Both hands raised up. ¹³ Point up again. ¹⁴ Shaking finger—No. 4 arm plate. ¹⁵ Point to Tell's shoulder. ¹⁶ Point at Albert. ¹⁷ Look around. ¹⁸ Clasp hands in anguish. ¹⁹ Point at Albert's head. ²⁰ Rush quickly toward Gesser. ²¹ Look at hands. ²² Both hands extended toward Tell. ²³ Advance near Tell—clasp hands. ²⁴ Left hand as in No. 6 hand plate. ²⁵ Quick turn up stage. ²⁶ Raise hand. ²⁷ Hands apple. ²⁸ Puts out hand to take them. ²⁹ Goes up stage—takes position—with left hand motions for silence. ³⁰ Clasp hands—put them up—look up—drops arrow. ³¹ Come down stage and shake finger at Gesser.

99--FROM THE COMEDY OF "THE RIVALS."

Sheridan.

[Four Speakers: Sir Anthony Absolute, Captain Absolute, Fag, and Boy.]

FAG. Sir,¹ there is a gentleman below desires to see you.—Shall I show him into the parlor?

ABS. Ay—you may. ²But stay; who is it, Fag?

FAG. Your father, sir.

PLEASANT. ABS. You puppy! ³why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit Fag.*] Now for a parental lecture.—[*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*]—⁴Sir, I am delighted to see you here, looking so well!⁵ Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

SIR ANTH. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, ⁶you are recruiting here, eh?

ABS. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR ANTH. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you,⁷ though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

ABS. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more *strong and hearty*.

SIR ANTH. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now,⁸ Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, with what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

COMPLA-
CENT.

ABS. Sir, you are very good.

SIR ANTH. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you⁹ at once in a noble independence.

ABS. Sir, your kindness overpowers me;—¹⁰I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTH. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

ABS. *My wife, sir!*¹¹

AMAZE-
MENT.

SIR ANTH. Ay, ay, settle that between you—¹²settle that between you.

ABS. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

SIR ANTH. Ay, ¹³a wife—did I not mention her before?

ABS. Not a word of her, sir.

SIR ANTH. I mustn't forget her, though.—Yes,

¹⁴Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage;—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

ABS. Sir! You amaze me!

SIR ANTH. Why, what's the matter with the fool? ¹⁵Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

ABS. I was, sir;—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but *not* a word of a wife.

QUICK
DIA-
LOGUE.

SIR ANTH. Why, what difference does that make? Tut, tut, sir! if you have the estate,¹⁶ you must take it with the *live stock on it*, as it stands.

ABS. Pray,¹⁷ sir, who is the lady?

SIR ANTH. ¹⁸What's that to you, sir?—¹⁶Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

ABS. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

SIR ANTH. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

DECIDED.

ABS. ²⁰Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, once for all, that on this point I *cannot obey you*.

SIR ANTH. Hark'ee, Jack;—²¹I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; ²²but take care—you know I am compliance itself when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led, *when I have my own way*;—but | don't put me in a frenzy.

ABS. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTH. Now, *hang me!* ²³if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

ABS. Nay, sir, but hear me.

SIR ANTH. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word!—so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't——²⁴

LOUD
PASSION-
ATE.

ABS. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

SIR ANTH. ²⁶*Zounds!* sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each

shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her *one eye* shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.—None of your sneering, puppy! No grinning, jack-anapes!

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

SIR ANTH. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: ²⁷I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

QUIET.

ABS. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

²⁸SIR ANTH. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please!—It won't do with me, I promise you.

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR ANTH. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

ABS. Nay, sir, upon my word——

VERY LOUD.

SIR ANTH. So you will fly out! ²⁹*Can't you be cool like me?* What good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog!—you ³⁰play upon the *meekness* of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything that I choose, why—I may *in time* forgive you. ³¹If not, zounds! don't enter the *same hemisphere* with me! don't dare to breathe the *same air*, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission! I'll disown you! I'll disinherit you! and, hang me! ³²if ever I call you *Jack* again! [*Exit.*]

ABS. Mild, gentle, considerate father! ³³I dare

not trust him with the truth, that I am already engaged.

FAG. [*Enters.*] Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he³⁴ comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way: I and the cook's boy stand bowing at the door—³⁵rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane, bids me carry that to my master;³⁶ then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, curses us all for a puppy triumvirate.

ABS. Cease your impertinence, sir.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!³⁷ [*Pushes him aside and exit.*]

FAG. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; and he vents his spleen³⁸ on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——

BOY. [*Enters.*] Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

SPIRITED.

FAG. ³⁹Well, *you little dirty puppy*, you need not bawl so!

BOY. Quick, Mr. Fag!

FAG. Quick! you impudent jackanapes? Am I to be commanded by you, too? ⁴⁰*you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——*

[*Exit kicking and beating him.*]

¹ Capt. Absolute at right of stage—Fag left—facing audience. ² Fag going left. ³ Shake fist at him. ⁴ Sir Anthony enters left. ⁵ Shakes hands. ⁶ Looking around the room. ⁷ Cane under arm—rubbing hands together. ⁸ No. 12 hand plate. ⁹ Take the left corner—rubbing hands. ¹⁰ Bowing quite low. ¹¹ Start back—raise arm—turn to right. ¹² Make small, careless gesture—face audience. ¹³ Turn toward him full—No. 2 hand plate. ¹⁴ Twirling cane. ¹⁵ Strike stage with cane. ¹⁶ Strut down to left corner. ¹⁷ No. 5 arm plate. ¹⁸ Strike stage again with cane. ¹⁹ No. 1 hand plate. ²⁰ Place both hands behind back. ²¹ Both characters facing. ²² Shake finger. ²³ Take left corner. ²⁴ Turn and raise arm. ²⁵ Both hands toward Sir Anthony. ²⁶ Strike stage again—gesticulate with cane until the end of speech. ²⁷ Shake cane in his face. ²⁸ Repeat action. ²⁹ Swing cane and left hand wildly in air. ³⁰ Strikes his own chest with cane. ³¹ Open arms wide apart. ³² Walk very quickly up and down stage. ³³ Turn to right. ³⁴ Imitate Sir Anthony coming down stairs. ³⁵ Bring hand down forcibly from the head. ³⁶ Kick forward the right foot. ³⁷ Kick Fag around room. ³⁸ Feeling his bruises. ³⁹ Shakes fist. ⁴⁰ Kicks boy out of room.

100—FROM THE TRAGEDY OF “MACBETH.”

¹[Three Speakers: Macduff, Prince Malcolm, and Rosse.]

NATURAL
TONES
BUT SAD.

MACD. See,¹ who comes here?

MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin!—Welcome hither.²

MAL. I know him now. Kind Powers! be-
times remove the means which make us strangers!

ROSSE. Sir, amen.

MACD. Stands *Scotland* where it did?³

ROSSE. Alas,⁴ poor country, almost afraid to
know itself!—it cannot⁵ be called our *mother*, but
our *grave*; where nothing,—but who knows
nothing,—is once seen to smile; where sighs and
groans, and shrieks that rend the air, are made,
not marked; where violent sorrow seems⁶ a modern
ecstasy: the dead man’s knell is *there* scarce asked,
nor whom; and good men’s lives expire before the
⁷flowers in their caps—dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. Oh, relation too nice, and yet too true!

EARNEST
QUES-
TIONING.

MAL. What is the *newest* grief?⁸

ROSSE. That of an hour’s age doth hiss the
speaker; each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife?⁹

ROSSE. Why, *well*.

MACD. And all my children?¹⁰

ROSSE. *Well too*.

MACD. The tyrant has *not* battered at their
peace?

ROSSE. No; they were well *at peace*, when I did
leave them.

MACD. ¹¹Be not a niggard of your speech: how
goes it?

ROSSE. ¹²When I came hither to transport the
tidings, which I have heavily borne, there ran a
rumor of many worthy fellows that were out,—
which was to my belief witnessed the rather, for
that I saw the tyrant’s power a-foot: ¹³*now* is the
time of help: your eye in Scotland would *create*

soldiers, and make *women* fight to doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be't their comfort we're coming thither: gracious England¹⁴ hath lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; an older and a better soldier, none that Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. Would I could answer this comfort with the like! But I¹⁵ have words, that would be *howled out in the desert air*, where hearing should not catch them.

INTER-
ESTED.

MACD. ¹⁶What concern they? the general cause? or is it a fee-grief, due to some single breast?

ROSSE. No mind that's honest but in it shares some woe; though the main part pertains to *you alone*.

MACD. If it be mine, keep it not from me;¹⁷ quickly let me have it!

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, which shall¹⁸ possess them with the *heaviest sound* that ever yet they heard.

MACD. Ah! I guess at it!

LOW.

ROSSE. Your castle is surprised; your *wife* and *babes savagely slaughtered!*—to relate the manner, were, on the quarry of these murdered deer, to add the death of you.

LOUD.

MAL. Merciful powers! ¹⁹What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow; give sorrow | *words*;—the grief, that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. *My children too?*²⁰

LOW.

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, *all* that could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence!—²¹*My wife killed too?*

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted. Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge, to cure this deadly grief.

MACD. ²²*He has no children*—All my pretty ones? Did you say *all*? what, *all*?—Oh, hell-kite!—all? What! all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

QUICK.

PATHE-
TIC.

MACD. ²³*I shall do so!* but I must also *feel*²⁴ it as a man cannot but remember such things were, most precious to me! Did²⁵ Heaven look on, and would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, they were all struck for thee! Naught that I am; not for their own demerits, but for *mine*, fell slaughter on their souls!

MAL. Be ²⁶this the whetstone of your sword; let grief convert to wrath: blunt not the heart; enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the *woman* with mine eyes, and *braggart* with my tongue. But, gentle Heaven! cut short all intermission²⁷ *front* to *front*, bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; within my sword's length set him!—if he 'scape, *then Heaven forgive him too!*

VERY LOUD.

Position of characters: Macduff, center; Malcolm, right; Rosse, enters left at beginning of dialogue. ¹Point left. ²Takes his hand. ³Left hand, No. 1 hand plate. ⁴Shake head sadly. ⁵Put out hand—palm up—then point down. ⁶Hand on breast. ⁷Touch head with left hand. ⁸Left hand out toward Rosse. ⁹Turn toward Rosse—clasp hands. ¹⁰Repeat same. ¹¹Raise head—earnest manner. ¹²No. 1 hand plate. ¹³Raise clinched hand. ¹⁴Right hand out. ¹⁵Send hand from mouth outward. ¹⁶No. 5 arm plate—look from one to the other. ¹⁷Repeat same gesture. ¹⁸Hang the head—great sadness. ¹⁹Advance toward Macduff—hands extended. ²⁰Clasping head with hands. ²¹Turn toward Rosse. ²²Hands trembling violently. ²³Raise hand up—stand straight. ²⁴Both hands on breast—look up tearfully. ²⁵No. 4 arm plate. ²⁶Advance—No. 8 arm plate. ²⁷Kneel—action of drawing sword—hold it aloft—keep posture till finish.

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The orange blossom hides a thorn,
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That girls who fish may land their man?

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The next he walks with Mary Jane;
He whispers Blanche, behind her fan,
And he kisses May—the engaged young man.

He tires of Nell; at an early date
He gives a lock of his hair to Kate:
And he slips love verses (that do not scan)
Into Maud's bouquet—the engaged young man.

He finds that Clare is not his taste,
When his arm is round sweet Emmie's waist;
And he gives his photo next week to Ann,
For change is the motto of th' engaged young man.

François' Song

What a Crowd of Love Tokens, Etc.

What a crowd of love tokens I've promised
to keep;
What ribbons and letters I've burned in a
heap!
I have cherished old gloves (with the thumb
of them torn),
When I thought that these frailties my pop-
pet had worn.
Brief days of remembrance and short-
lived delight,
In a fortnight at most I'd forgotten them
quite;
Like the carte, yes the carte, by the sands
of the sea.

With my poppet of old, on the edge of the
deep,
I stood for my portrait—the likeness was
cheap;
But the lady next day had grown weary of
me,
And the talented artist still waits by the sea.
As I wandered no more on those seaweedy
sands,
The photographer's left with my carte on
his hands;
My carte! oh, my carte! on the sands of the
sea,
Oh, I thought not, I thought not, of paying
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A LITTLE COCK-SPARROW.

A little cock-sparrow,¹

He sat on a tree,
He hopped² and he skipped.
So merry was he.

A little boy came

With bow and arrow,³
And said, "I will shoot⁴
That little cock-sparrow."

"His head⁵ will make
A nice little stew;
His body will make
A nice pie too."

"Oh! no,"⁶ said the sparrow,
"That never will do,"
So he spread out his wings⁷
And away he flew.

¹ Cross the two forefingers so that the one represents the bough and the other the sparrow.

² Raise and lower the right forefinger to imitate hopping.

³ Curve the left arm to imitate the bow and let the right arm form the arrow.

⁴ Move the right arm quickly forward as in shooting the arrow.

⁵ Point to each part as it is named.

⁶ Shake the head.

⁷ Raise the arms and droop the hands, raise and lower them to imitate the action of flying.

Etc.



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